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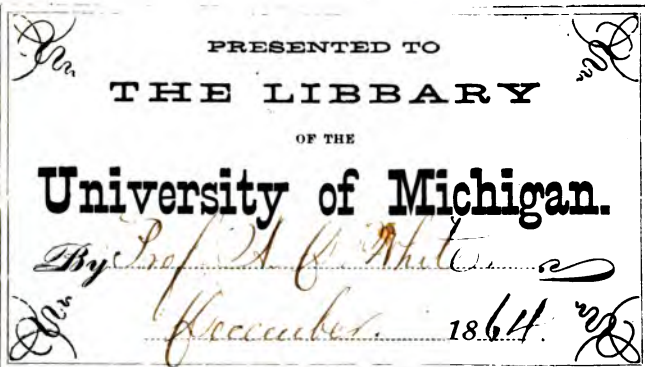
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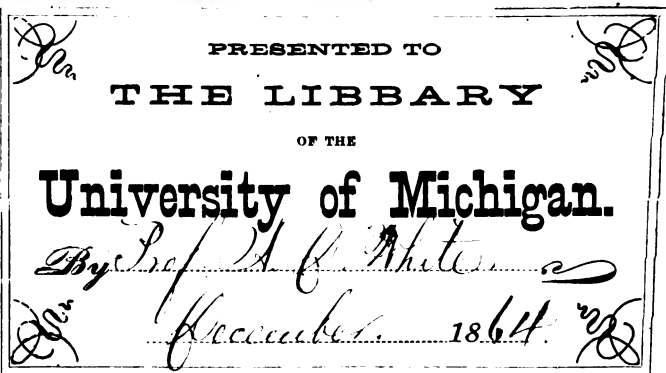


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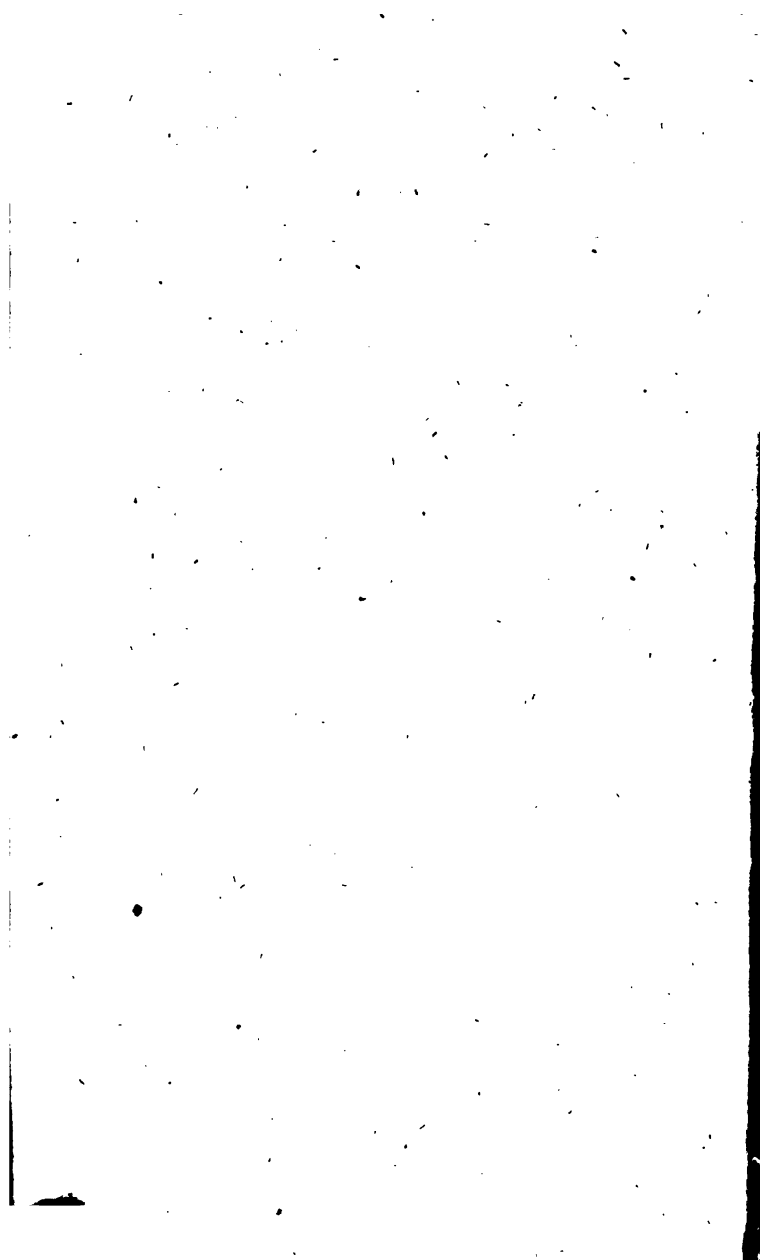
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AN
EXTRACT
OF THE
REV. MR. JOHN WESLEY'S
JOURNAL,

From MAY 27, 1765,
To MAY 13, 1768.

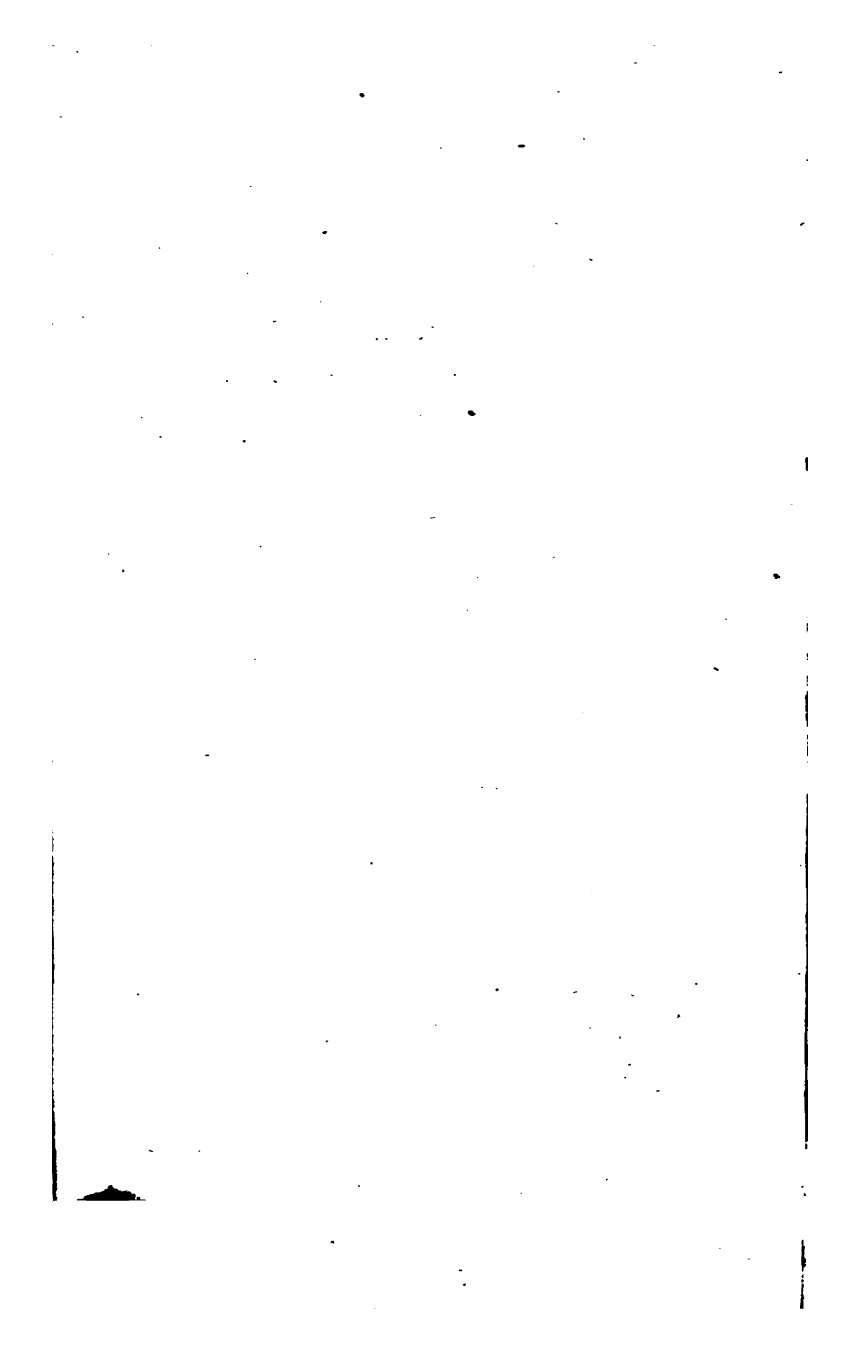
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AN
EXTRACT
OF THE



REV. MR. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

From MAY 27, 1765, to MAY 13, 1768.

MONDAY, May 27, 1765, I took my leave of Londonderry. Mr. Knox sent his servant to conduct me to Sligo, being now as affectionate as Mr. K. of Sligo, was the first time I was there. Keeping a steady pace, we rode fifteen miles, so called, in four hours and a half, and came at noon to Ballinacorney. Here we were shewn into a room, where lay a young man, brought near death by a vomiting of blood. Perhaps we were brought into this room, at this time, to save a poor man's life. As we were riding thro' the mountains in the afternoon, we overtook one who was just come from Derry, and had heard me preach all the time I was there, both in the evening and the morning. I talked plainly both to her and her husband, and they expressed all possible thankfulness.

At five we reached Donnegal, the county town. What a wonderful set of county towns are in this kingdom! Donnegal, and five more, would not all together make up such a town as Ilfrington. Some have twenty houses in them, Mayo, three, and Letrim, I think, not one. Is not this owing in part

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to the fickleness of the nation, who seldom like any thing long, and so are continually seeking new habitations, as well as new fashions, and new titles of every kind?

Tuesday 28. We breakfasted at Ballishannon, I believe, the largest and pleasanter town in the county. Beyond it, a good-natured man overtook me, with whom I talked largely and closely. He seemed much affected; if it continues, well: if not, I am clear of his blood.

About twelve we stopped at a little house. But a cloud of smoke soon drove us out of the first room, into another where the landlord lay, with a grievously bruised and swelled leg. I directed him how to cure it, and thence took occasion to give him some farther advice. Several eagerly listened as well as himself. Perhaps some will remember it.

In the evening, I took my usual stand in the market-house, at Sligo. But here how was the scene changed! I have seen nothing like this, since my entrance into the kingdom. Such a total want of good sense, of good manners, yea, of common decency, was shewn by not a few of the hearers! It is good to visit Sligo, after Londonderry: honour and dishonour balance each other. Have we done nothing here yet? Then it is high time to begin, and try if something can be done now. In the two following days, I spoke as strongly as I could: and my labour was not in vain. The congregation increased very considerably, and appeared to be of another spirit. They behaved better the second night, than the first, and far better the third night, than the second. Many of them, I believe, had a fresh call from God: and at the meeting of the Society, he was eminently present. So that notwithstanding their decay, I could not but hope there would be a "Blessing in the remnant."

I expected one to meet me at Sligo: but none appearing, I set out alone at five in the morning, June 1, proposing to ride the new road to Castle-barr. But on second thoughts, I rode straight on to Foxford. At the

the entrance of the town, I met three gentlewomen, one of them turned and cried out, "Is not that Mr. Wesley?" I thought it odd, but rode on. At the other end of the town a gentleman met me, and taking hold of my bridle, said, "Sir, I must beg you to turn back, and dine with me at the barracks. There is a lady whom you know, and who will be very glad to see you." I went back, and found one whom I had wished to see, more than most persons in the nation, but scarce ever expected to see her more: it was Miss B—n of Sligo. And I found Mrs. S—n, now a widow, just the same amiable woman that Miss B—n was. I spent an hour or two in close, serious conversation, admiring the good providence of God! So I could not go the new road, which misses Foxford, because God had work for me to do there.

About seven I preached at Castle-barr, on, "The excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ." I found another kind of people here, than those at Sligo, and was much refreshed among them. Sunday 2, most of the gentry in the town being at the Court-house in the evening, my text was, "We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness." I know not that ever I spake more plain, tho' I supposed many would be offended. But I was mistaken: high and low seemed to approve. Some, I hope, were profited.

Monday 3. I rode to Newport, and preached at one, to the largest congregation I remember to have seen there. And on Tuesday evening, I took a solemn leave of the congregation at Castle-barr.

Wednesday 5. At five I took horse with a friend, who undertook to bear me company to Galway. We faced the sun all the day; but light clouds and a small breeze made the heat tolerable. After resting an hour at Hollymount, (where the gardens, water-works, and once lovely walks, swiftly running to ruin, give a striking proof, that the fashion of this world passeth away,) we rode on to Mr. Lambert's, near Head-

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ford, a plain, open, hospitable man, and thence to Galway, one of the largest towns, I have seen since I left Glasgow. Our room being small, some of our well-meaning friends, were earnest for my preaching in the Exchange. Because I would not disoblige them, I began at seven; and was suffered to go on, for a full quarter of an hour; "the beasts of the people," just as I expected, then roaring louder and louder, I walked thro' them without any hindrance or affront, and returned quietly to my lodgings. A large retinue attended me to the door; but it was only to gape and stare: none taking the pains either to lift up a hand, or to say any thing, bad or good.

Thursday 6. I was brought on my way by Lieutenant Cook, who was in all the actions, at Fort-William-Henry, at Louisbourg, Quebec, Martinico, and the Havannah, and gave a more distinct account of those eminent scenes of Providence, than ever I heard before. Altho' he was so often in the front of the battle, both against Indians, French and Spaniards, and in the hottest fire, both advancing and retreating, he never received one wound. So true is the odd saying of King William, that "every bullet has its billet." Between five and six we reached Ennis, after a warm day, which much exhausted my strength. But it was soon repaired: and the serious, well-behaved congregation, (tho' many of them were people of fortune,) made amends for the turbulent one at Galway. Such is the chequer-work of life!

Friday 7. I rested at Ennis; and it was well I did: for even in the house the heat was scarce supportable. Saturday 8. I rode to Limerick, and found the preaching-house just finished. I liked it the best of any in the kingdom, being neat, yea, elegant, yet not gaudy. Sunday 9, in the evening, I preached at Mardyke. The heat was violent, even at six: nevertheless there was a numerous congregation, both of Protestants and Papists. Some of the latter behaved with remarkable indecency, talking and laughing, as at a play. I turned and reproved them. They took it well, and neither laughed nor talked any more.

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In the following week I spoke to each member of the Society, and had much satisfaction among them. Concerning several of them, there is all reasonable proof, that they have given God all their heart. Many others are groaning after full salvation, and all the rest are free from outward blame. Why may not every christian community come as far as this?

Wednesday 12. In the evening, I preached near Mardyke, on a smooth grassy place, to, I think, the largest congregation which I ever saw in Limerick. A solemn awe seemed to sit on every face, while I declared in strong words, "He died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him." The next day the rain began, so that all the following days I was constrained to preach in the house.

Friday 14. About noon I preached at Ballygarane, to the small remains of the poor Palatines. As they could not get food and raiment here, with all their diligence and frugality, part are scattered up and down the kingdom, and part gone to America. I stand amazed! Have landlords no common sense, (whether they have common humanity or no,) that they will suffer such tenants as these, to be starved away from them? In the evening I preached at Newmarket, to a larger congregation of Papists, as well as Protestants, both in the evening and morning, than I remember to have seen there before. For the present, many were full of good resolutions: and "Why should ye revolt any more?"

Sunday 16. Was a Sabbath indeed. Both in the morning and afternoon, many were filled with consolation. Few were absent at five, Monday 17, when I cheerfully recommended them to the grace of God.

Two or three of them were desirous to bear me company, for a day's journey. Before noon we were met by a violent shower, which drove us into a little cabin, where were a company of children, with their mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. They
seemed

seemed much frightened : but one of our company, who spoke Irish, soon took away their fears. We then sang a hymn, and went to prayer. They gaped and stared abundantly : and when we went away, after giving them a small piece of money, followed us with a thousand blessings.

At seven I preached in the Market-house, at Killfinnam. Well nigh all the town, Irish, English, and Germans, Protestants and Papists, presently gathered together. At first, most of the Papists stood aloof ; and so did several of the genteeler people : but by degrees they drew in, and mixed with the congregation. And I believe all of them felt, that God was there.

When I went to my lodging, they crowded after me, so that the house was quickly filled. I exhorted and prayed again, till I found it was full time both for them and me to go to rest.

To-day I received from Prudence Nixon herself, the strange account of her late husband. In November last, on a Sunday evening, he was uncommonly fervent in prayer, and found such a desire as he never had before, "to depart and be with Christ." In the night she awaked, and found him quite stiff, and without either sense or motion. Supposing him to be either dying or dead, she broke out into a vehement agony of prayer, and cried for half an hour together, "Lord Jesus ! Give me George ! Take him not away." Soon after he opened his eyes, and said earnestly, "You had better let me go." Presently he was raving mad, and began to curse and blaspheme in the most horrid manner. This he continued to do for several days, appearing to be under the full power of an unclean Spirit. At the latter end of the week, she cried out, "Lord, I am willing ! I am willing he should go to thee." Quickly his understanding returned, and he again rejoiced with joy unspeakable. He tenderly thanked her for giving him up to God, kissed her, lay down and died.

Tuesday

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Tuesday 18. The town seemed to be all alive a little after four o'clock. So finding the congregation ready, I began a little before five. A cry soon arose of young and old, on the right hand and on the left. But in many, it was not so much the voice of sorrow, as of joy and triumph. A fair beginning this! But who can tell what the end will be?

About nine we rode thro' Doneraile, one of the pleasantest towns in the kingdom. But a man came galloping after us, and said, "All the town begs you will stop, and give them a sermon." I turned back, and took my stand in the main street. Men, women, and children, flocked from all sides. There was no disturbance of any kind, while I declared, "the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." Fair blossoms again! And who knows but some of these may bring forth fruit unto perfection?

In the evening I came to Cork, and at seven was surprised at the unusual largeness of the congregation. I had often been grieved at the smallness of the congregation here; and it could be no other, while we cooped ourselves up in the house. But now the alarm is sounded abroad, people flock from all quarters. So plain it is, that field-preaching is the most effectual way of overturning Satan's kingdom.

Thursday 20. At seven in the evening I stood in a vacant place near Blackpool, famous from time immemorial for all manner of wickedness, for riot in particular, and cried aloud, "Why will ye die, O house of Israel!" Abundance of Papists, gathered at a distance; but they drew nearer and nearer, till nine parts in ten mingled with the congregation, and were all attention. Surely this is the way to spread religion: to publish it in the face of the sun.

Friday 21. I rode over to Bandon, and preached at seven in the main street. The congregation was exceeding large: So it was, in proportion, at five in the morning. Sunday 23. I preached at eight, near the upper market-house. Till now I did not observe that all I could say, made any impression upon the hearers.

hearers. But the power of God, was now eminently present; and all seemed to be sensible of it. About five I began in George's-street at Cork, the opposite corner of the town from the New Room. Many of the chief of the city were of the audience, clergy as well as laity. And all but two or three, were not only quiet, but serious and deeply attentive. What a change! Formerly we could not walk thro' this street, but at the peril of our lives.

Monday and Tuesday, I spoke, one by one, to the members of the Society. They are now, two hundred and ninety-five, fifty or sixty more, than they have been for some years. This is owing, partly to preaching abroad, partly to the meetings for prayer, in several parts of the city. These have been the means of awakening many gross sinners, of recovering many backsliders, of confirming many that were weak and wavering, and bringing many of all sorts to the public preaching. At seven I went once more to Blackpool, where the congregation was far larger than before. Abundance of Papists stole in among them, a very few standing aloof. O what a day of God's power is this! May he fulfil in us, all his good pleasure!

Friday 28. After giving our brethren a solemn caution, not to "love the world, nor the things of the world," I left them with more satisfaction than ever, as there is reason to hope, that they will be to it to and fro no more, but steadily adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour.

About seven in the evening, I began in the Exchange at Youghal. Four or five noisy men, disturbed those that were near them, till I reproved them sharply. The whole congregation then behaved with the utmost decency.

Saturday 29. I preached at five in a room, that would contain four or five hundred people. But the word does not yet sink into their hearts: many are *pleased*; but few *convinced*. In the evening I went to the Exchange again. The congregation was almost

doubled, whom I exhorted to ask *for the old path, the good way*, and to *walk therein*. Afterwards I met the infant Society, consisting of nineteen members: all of whom are full of good desires, and some know in whom they have believed.

Sunday 30. At eight the congregation was both larger and more affected than ever. I was glad to see a large and tolerably serious congregation in the church. It was once a spacious building: but more than half of it now, a common thing in Ireland! lies in ruins. In the evening I preached to a multitude of people, in the main street. A few gentry soon walked away: but the bulk of the congregation were deeply attentive. What a harvest is ready for zealous labourers! When wilt thou thrust them out into thy harvest?

Monday, July 1. I rode to Waterford, and preached in a little court, on our "Great High Priest, who is passed into heaven for us." But I soon found, I was got above most of my hearers: I should have spoke of death or judgment. On Tuesday evening I suited my discourse to my audience, which was considerably increased: but much more the next evening. And deep attention sat on almost every face. The room was well filled on Thursday morning, and the poor people were so affectionate, that it was with difficulty we were able to break from them, amidst abundance of prayers and blessings.

At seven in the evening I preached in the assembly room at Killkenny, to many well dressed, reputable people; some of whom attended again at five in the morning. In the evening the congregation was increased, in seriousness as much as in number, while I enforced those awful words, "God now commandeth all men, every where to repent." I never spoke plainer. Yet I did not hear of any that were offended. What an alteration is there in this city, within six or eight years!

Saturday 6. We rode to Portarlington. At seven I preached in the market-house, to a numerous congregation

gregation. Near as many were present at eight in the morning. I had great liberty of speech: and the manner wherein they *suffered the word of exhortation*, persuaded me it would not be in vain.

We came to Mountmelick, before the church began, and were glad to find it was a Sacrament Sunday. In the evening I preached on one side of the Market-place, on "our Lord's lamentation over Jerusalem," to almost all the Protestants in the town, and not a few of the Papists. To these I made a particular application, in the conclusion of my discourse. Indeed I never found so great a concern for them, as since I came last into the kingdom.

Monday 8. I preached in the Market-place, once more, and it was a solemn hour. I left many of the people much alive to God, and athirst for his whole image. I preached at Tullamore in the evening. At five in the morning the house was near full. While I was preaching on Tuesday evening, in the Market-place, we had several showers: but few went away. Here likewise I was constrained to address myself to the Papists in particular, and to exhort them, never to rest, till they were partakers of *the common salvation*.

About eleven we were waked with a cry of fire, which was at the next door but one. The flame shone so, that one might see to pick up a pin, and the sparks flew on every side. So that it was much feared, the neighbouring houses would take fire, as several of them were thatched. But the violent rain, which fell an hour before, had made the thatch so wet, that it could not catch quickly. And in less than two hours all the fire was quenched. So we slept the rest of the night in peace.

Wednesday 10. I preached at Clara, about noon, and in the evening at Athlone. The two next evenings, I preached in the Market-house, for the sake of the Papists, who durst not come to the room. Saturday 13, I read, Sir Richard Cox's History of Ireland. I suppose it is accounted as authentic as
any

any that is extant. But surely never was there the like in the habitable world! such a series of robberies, murders, and burning of houses, towns and countries, did I never hear or read of before. I do not now wonder, Ireland is thinly inhabited, but that it has any inhabitants at all! probably it had been wholly desolate before now, had not the English come, and prevented the implacable wretches from going on, till they had swept each other from the earth.

In the afternoon I rode to Aghrim, and preached about seven, to a deeply, serious congregation, most of whom were present again, at eight in the morning, on Sunday 14. About five I began in my usual place at Athlone, on the Connaught side of the river. I believe the congregation, both of Protestants and Papists, was never so large before. Some were displeased at this: and several pieces of turf, were thrown over the houses, with some stones. But neither one nor the other, could in the least, interrupt the attention of the people. Then a Popish miller, prompted by his betters, so called, got up to preach over against me. But some of his comrades throwing a little dirt in his face, he leaped down in haste, to fight them. This bred a fray, in which he was so roughly handled, that he was glad to get off with only a bloody nose.

Monday 15. I had the pleasure of meeting many of my friends, from various parts at Coolylough. I preached at twelve under the shade of some spreading trees, and again at six in the evening. Tuesday 16, I preached at Tyrells-pass, with a peculiar blessing from God, tho' many persons of fortune were in the congregation. But the poor, and the rich are his.

Wednesday 17. I preached in the grove at Edin-derry. Many of the Quakers were there, it being the time of their general meeting, and many of all sorts. I met here with the Journal of William Edmundson, one of their preachers in the last century.

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If the original equalled the picture, which I see no reason to doubt, what an amiable man was this? His *opinions*, I leave: but what a *spirit* was here? What faith, love, gentleness, longuffering? Could *mistakes* send such a man as this to hell? Not so. I am so far from believing this, that I scruple not to say; "Let my soul be with the soul of William Edmundson!"

Thursday 18. The wind in our face tempering the heat of the sun, we had a pleasant ride to Dublin. In the evening I began expounding the deepest part of the holy Scripture, namely, the first epistle of St. John; by which, above all other, even inspired writings, I advise every young preacher to form his stile. Here are sublimity and simplicity together, the strongest sense and the plainest language! How can any one that would *speak as the oracles of God*, use harder words than are found here?

Sunday 21. Between eight and nine I began preaching in the Barrack-square, to such a congregation, as I never saw in Dublin before. And every one was as quiet, as if we had been in the New-Square at Bristol. What a change, since Mr. Whitefield, a few years ago, *attempted* to preach near this place!

Monday 22. I rode to Donard, a little town in the county of Wicklow. Here I met with more noise and stupid, senseless impudence, than I have found since I left England. But the chief man of the town, having handled one of the disturbers roughly, and another of them being knocked down, not by a Methodist; I concluded my discourse without any farther hindrance.

July 23. I began, as usual, at five. About the middle of the sermon, the rain, which was exceedingly wanted, began, and drove us into our friend's house; where I found his daughters, five sisters, all rejoicing in God their Saviour. Hence, I rode to Baltinglass. But I had scarce spoken five minutes, when the rain drove us into the house here also. I had designed to preach at Carlow in the evening: But the
difficulty

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difficulty was, where to find a place? Our house was too small: and there was little prospect of preaching quietly in the street. While we were considering, one of the chief persons in the town, sent to desire I would preach in her Court-yard. This I did, to a multitude of people, rich and poor. And there was no disturbance at all. Nor did I observe, that any went away, tho' we had a sharp shower, almost as soon as I began.

Wednesday 24. I rode, in the hottest day I have felt this year, to Dublin. Thursday and Friday morning, I spent in a Conference with our Preachers: in the afternoons, I spoke to the members of the Society. I left four hundred and forty, and find above five hundred; more than ever they were, since my first landing in the kingdom. And they are not increased in number only; but many of them are rejoicing in the pure love of God. And many more refuse to be comforted, till they can witness the same confession.

Sunday 28. I preached in the Barrack-Square, both morning and afternoon. The morning congregation was far larger than last week: but this was doubled in the afternoon. At both times my heart was much enlarged towards them, and my voice so strengthened, that I suppose, several thousands more, might have distinctly heard every sentence.

Monday 29. I was desired by some friends to take a ride to the Dargle, ten or twelve miles from Dublin: one of the greatest natural curiosities, they said, which the kingdom afforded. It far exceeded my expectation. You have a high and steep mountain, covered with stately wood, up the side of which a path is cut, and seats placed at small distances. A deep vale, thro' which a clear river runs, lies between this, and another high mountain, whose sides are clothed with tall trees, row above row, from the river to the very top. Near the summit of the first mountain, you have an opening on the one hand, which commands the fruitful counties of Kildare, Dublin

and Lowth, as far in a clear sunshiny day, as the huge mountains of Newry: on the other hand, is a fine landscape of meadows and fields, that terminates in a sea-prospect. Adding this to the rest, it exceeds any thing which I have seen in Great Britain. And yet *the eye is not satisfied with seeing!* It never can, till we see God.

Wednesday 31. At the earnest desire of a friend, I suffered Mr. Hunter, to take my picture. I sat only once, from about ten o'clock, to half an hour after one. And in that time he began and ended the face; and with a most striking likeness.

Friday, August 2. One informed me, that the Captain, with whom I had agreed for my passage, was gone without me, but had taken my horse. I was content, believing all was for the best. But we soon heard, he was only fallen down a few miles. So we took a boat and followed him; and about ten, we went on board the Felicity, bound for Whitehaven. In about an hour we set sail. Soon after the wind turned, and was against us most part of Saturday and Sunday. On Sunday I preached to our little congregation, thirteen in all, on, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel." In a short time, the wind sprung up fair, but with intervals of calm. So that we did not reach Whitehaven Key, till Tuesday 6, between twelve and one in the morning. After sleeping two or three hours, I hastened away, and in the afternoon, came to Carlisle. Some friends waited for me here. We purposed setting out early in the morning: but one of our company being taken ill, we waited some hours, so that we did not reach Newcastle, till about one on Thursday morning.

I scarce ever saw the people here so much alive to God; particularly, those who believed they are saved from sin. I was ready to say, *It is good for me to be here;* but I must not *build* Tabernacles. I am to be a wanderer on earth, and desire no rest, till my spirit returns to God.

Sunday

Sunday 11. I preached about seven at the Fell, to our honest, lively Colliers: and about two in the afternoon, in the Square at Hartley, eleven miles from Newcastle. Thence I hastened back to the Garth-heads, where was the largest congregation, which has been there for many years. Afterwards several hundreds of us met at the room, and solemnly renewed our covenant with God. About eight I was so tired, I could hardly stand: but after speaking another hour, all my weariness was gone, and I was as lively and strong as at eight in the morning.

Monday 12. I went to Sunderland. Here likewise is a people ready prepared for the Lord. Tuesday 13, I purposed to preach abroad at Durham; but the rain hindered. As many as could hear, behaved well; and many felt that God was there. At Yarm, in the evening, one would have thought, the whole congregation loved or feared God: so much thought appeared in all their faces: so much decency in their behaviour.

Wednesday 14. I preached in the evening at Leeds, and the next morning rode to Huddersfield. Mr. Venn, having given notice on Sunday of my preaching, we had a numerous congregation. We had a warm ride from hence to Manchester. But as my day, so was my strength.

Friday 16. I rode over to Chester, and preached to as many as the new house would well contain. We had likewise, a numerous congregation on Saturday morning as well as evening. How the grace of God concurs with his providence? A new house not only brings a new congregation, but likewise, what we have observed again and again, a new blessing from God. And no wonder, if every *labour of love* finds even a present reward.

Sunday 18. The house contained the morning congregation. But in the evening multitudes were constrained to go away. So does truth win its way against all opposition, if it be steadily declared with meekness of wisdom.

Monday 19. I preached in Northwich at ten, and at Manchester in the evening. Our Conference began on Tuesday 20, and ended on Friday the 23. Sunday 25, having been all the week greatly straitened for room, I preached at seven in the New Square; the congregation was exceeding large; yet generally and deeply attentive. About one I preached at Stockport, on a Green; at the South end of the town. It was sultry hot; but few regarded it; for God *sent a gracious rain upon his inheritance.*

At six in the evening I preached at Macclesfield, and setting out early in the morning, by long stages came to Birmingham, where a large congregation waited for me. I began immediately to apply those comfortable words, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." I soon forgot my weariness, and the heat of the place. God was there, and it was enough. On Tuesday 27, I rode on to Stroud, and the next morning to Bristol. After resting three or four days, on Monday, September 2, I set out for Cornwall, and preached that evening at Middlesey. Tuesday 3, I rode to Tiverton, and in the evening preached near the East end of the town, to a large and quiet audience. Wednesday 4, I rode on to North Taunton; a village where several of our Preachers had preached occasionally. About six I went to the door of our Inn: but I had hardly ended the Psalm, when a Clergyman came, with two or three, (by the courtesy of England,) called gentlemen. After I had named my text, I said, "There may be some truths, which concern some men only. But this concerns all mankind." The Minister cried out, "That is false doctrine, that is Predestination." Then the roar began, to second which they had brought a huntsman with his hounds. But the dogs were wiser than the men: for they could not bring them to make any noise at all. One of the gentlemen supplied their place. He assured us he was such, or none would have suspected it. For his language was as base, foul, and portently, as ever was heard at Billingsgate. *Dog, rascal, puppy,* and the like terms, adorned almost every

every sentence. Finding there was no probability of a quiet hearing, I left him the field, and withdrew to my lodging.

Thursday 5. We had a pleasant ride to Millhouse, where I preached at five to a deeply serious congregation. The next day at noon, I preached in a field near Camelford, it being the Fair-day, on, "Come and buy wine and milk, without money and without price." I preached within at Port Isaac, because of the rain: but many were constrained to stand without. It was a glorious opportunity; God showering down his blessing on many souls.

Saturday 7. I rode to St. Cuthbert, (that is the true spelling,) and found Mr. Hoskins weak in body, but happy in God. He was just able to ride to the Church-town, in the evening, where a serious congregation soon assembled. Sunday 8, about eight I preached at St. Agnes: at one, in the main street at Redruth. But a still larger congregation was at Gwenap, in the evening, equal to any I have seen in Moorfields. Yet, I think, they all heard, while I enforced, "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

After preaching I returned to Redruth: where hearing an exceeding strange story, I sent for the person herself, Grace Paddy, a well-bred, sensible, young woman. I can speak of her now without restraint, as she is safe in *Abraham's* bosom. She said, "I was harmless, as I thought, but quite careless about religion," till about Christmas, when my brother was saying, "God has given to me all I want: I am as happy as I can live." This was about ten in the morning. The words went like an arrow to my heart. I went into my chamber and thought, 'Why am not I so? O, I cannot be, because I am not convinced of sin.' I cried out vehemently, 'Lord, lay as much conviction upon me as my body can bear.' Immediately I saw myself in such a light, that I roared for the disquietness of my heart. The maid running up, I said, 'Call my brother.' He came; rejoiced over me; said, 'Christ is just ready
to

to receive you! Only believe!’ and went to prayer. In a short time all my trouble was gone, and I did believe all my sins were blotted out. But in the evening, I was thoroughly convinced of the want of a deeper change. I felt the remains of sin in my heart, which I longed to have taken away. I longed to be saved from all sin, to be *cleansed from all unrighteousness*. And at the time Mr. Rankin was preaching, this desire increased exceedingly. Afterwards he met the Society. During his last prayer I was quite overwhelmed with the power of God. I felt an inexpressible change, in the very depth of my heart. And from that hour I have felt no anger, no pride, no wrong temper of any kind: nothing contrary to the pure love of God, which I feel continually. I desire nothing but Christ: and I have Christ always reigning in my heart. I want nothing: he is my sufficient portion, in time and in eternity.”

Such an instance I never knew before: such an instance I never read of: a person convinced of sin, converted to God, and renewed in love, within twelve hours! Yet it is by no means incredible; seeing one day is with God as a thousand years.

Monday 9. The room would by no means contain the congregation, at five in the morning. How is the town changed! Some years since a Methodist Preacher could not safely ride thro’ it. Now high and low, few excepted, say, “Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!”

About one I preached at Portkellis: at six, in Crowman. I admired the depth of grace in the generality of this people: so simple, so humble, so teachable, so serious, so utterly dead to the world!

Tuesday 10. They filled the house at five. I preached in Breag, at twelve, under a lovely shade of trees. About six, I began at St. John’s, near Helston, once as furious a town as Rodruth. Now almost all the gentry of the town were present, and heard with the deepest attention.

Wednesday 11. Perceiving my voice begin to fail, I resolved to preach, for awhile, but twice a day. In the evening I preached in a little ground at Newlin, to a numerous congregation. None behaved amiss but a young gentleman, who seemed to understand nothing of the matter.

Thursday 12. Coming to St. Just, I learned that John Bennets, had died some hours before. He was a wife and a good man, who had been above twenty years a father to that Society. A little before his death, he examined each of his children, concerning their abiding in the faith. Being satisfied of this, he told them, "Now I have no doubt but we shall meet again, at the right hand of our Lord." He then cheerfully committed his soul to him, and fell asleep.

On the numerous congregation in the evening, I enforced those solemn words, "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

Friday 13. I rode to St. Ives, and in the evening preached on the sea-shore. But tho' there was little wind, yet the noise of the waves prevented many from hearing. Saturday 14, about noon I preached at the Hale, a small arm of the sea, which runs up into the land, two or three miles from St. Ives, and makes a tolerable harbour. In the evening we procured a more convenient place at St. Ives, a meadow on the side of the hill, where the people stood before me, row above row, to a considerable distance. On Sunday 15, we had nearly the same congregation at seven in the morning: to whom I explained, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with the Son Jesus Christ." At one I preached in Lelant, three miles from St. Ives: and at five in the same meadow, to a larger congregation than before. Indeed the whole town seems moved: the truths we preach being so confirmed by the lives of the people.

Monday 16. We had our Quarterly meeting at Redruth: and it appeared, by the accounts from all parts, that the flame, which was kindled the last year, tho'

tho' abated, is not extinguished. At fix, I began on the Market-house steps, as usual, to a very numerous congregation. But I had not finished the hymn, when Mr. C. came, and read the act against riots. I said. "Mr. C. I did not expect this from *you*: I really thought you had more understanding." He answered not, but stood like one astonished, neither moving hand nor foot. However, I removed two or three hundred yards, and quietly finished my discourse.

Tuesday 17. I rode to Medras, near St. Awfile, where we had the Quarterly meeting, for the Eastern Circuit. Here, likewise, we had an agreeable account of a still increasing work of God. This Society has eighty-six members, and *all* rejoicing in the love of God. Fifty-five or fifty-six of these, believe he has saved them from all sin. And their life no way contradicts their profession. But how many will endure to the end?

Wednesday 18. I set out for Plymouth-Dock. In the way we called on one of our friends near Liskard, and found his wife, once strong in faith, in the very depth of despair. I could not but admire the Providence of God, which sent us so seasonably thither. We cried strongly to God in her behalf, and left her not a little comforted.

The Society at the Dock, had been for some time in a miserable condition. Disputes had run so high, concerning a worthless man, that every one's sword, was set, as it were, against his brother. I shewed them how, *Satan had desired to have them, that he might sift them as wheat*: and afterwards told them, there was but one way to take, to pass an absolute act of oblivion: not to mention, on any pretence whatever, any thing that had been said or done on either side. They fully determined so to do: if they keep that resolution, God will return to them.

Thursday 19. I rode to Tiverton, and preached to a deeply serious congregation. Friday 20, I preached at noon in Hillfarrance, near Taunton, where I had not been for fifteen years. Saturday 21.

I preached

I preached about noon at Shepton-mallet, and then went on to Bristol.

Wednesday 25. About one I preached at Paulton, under a large, shady tree. My own soul, and I trust many others were refreshed, while I was describing "Our fellowship with the Father and the Son."

After visiting the other neighbouring places, on Saturday 28, at noon I preached at Bath. But I had only the poor to hear, there being service at the same time, in Lady H's chapel. So I was just in my element. I have scarce ever found such liberty at Bath before.

Monday 30. And the two following days, I examined the Society at Bristol, and was surprised to find fifty members fewer, than I left in it last October. One reason is, christian perfection has been little insisted on. And wherever this is not done, be the Preachers ever so eloquent, there is little increase, either in the number or grace of the hearers.

Saturday, October 5. I spent some time with the children at Kingswood. They are all in health. They behave well. They learn well. But alas! two or three excepted, there is no life in them!

About this time the oldest Preacher in our connexion, Alexander Coats, rested from his labours. A little account of his death, one who was in the house sent me in these words.

Newcastle, October 7, 1765.

"I had an opportunity the last evening of seeing our dear aged brother Coats. A few days before, he was sore tempted by the enemy; but near the close, he had perfect peace. His faith was clear, and he found Christ precious, his portion and his eternal all. I asked him a little before he died, if he had "followed cunningly-devised fables?" He answered, "No, no, no." I then asked him. Whether he saw land? He said, "Yes, I do." And after waiting a few moments at anchor, he put into the quiet harbour."

Wednesday

Wednesday 9. I read Mr. Jones's ingenious Essay on the Principles of Natural Philosophy. He seems to have totally overthrown the *Newtonian* Principles. But whether he can establish the *Hutchinsonian*, is another question.

Friday 11. We observed as a day of fasting and prayer. Sunday 13, we met in the evening, jointly to renew our covenant with God. It was, as usual, a time of remarkable blessing.

Monday 14. In the evening I preached at Shaftesbury, and on Tuesday, at Wincaunton. Riding homeward we saw the pond, in which a great man, a few weeks since, put an end to a wretched life. And is death more welcome than life, even to a man that wallows in gold and silver?

Sunday 20. I preached a funeral sermon at Kingwood, over the remains of Susanna Flook: who a few days before rose up and said, "I am dying;" and dropped down dead. So little security is there in youth or health! "Be ye therefore likewise ready!"

Monday 21. I went in the coach to Salisbury, and on Thursday 24, I came to London. Monday 28, I breakfasted with Mr. Whitefield, who seemed to be an old man, being fairly worn out in his Master's service, tho' he has hardly seen fifty years. And yet it pleases God, that I, who am now in my sixty-third year, find no disorder, no weakness, no decay, no difference from what I was at five and twenty: only that I have fewer teeth, and more gray hairs!

Thursday, November 7. A fire broke out, near the corner of Leadenhall-Street, which, the wind being exceeding high, soon seized on both the corners of the street, and both the corners of Cornhill, and, in a few hours destroyed above threescore houses. Yet no lives were lost. Even Mr. Rutland, at whose house it began, and his whole family were preserved, part escaping thro' the chamber window, part over the top of the house.

Sunday

Sunday 24. I preached on those words, in the lesson for the day, "The Lord our righteousness." I said not one thing, which I have not said, at least, fifty times within this twelvemonth. Yet it appeared to many entirely new, who much importuned me to print my sermon, supposing "it would stop the mouths of *all* gainfayers." Alas for their simplicity! In spite of all I can print, or say, or do, will not those who *seek* occasion of offence, *find* occasion?

Monday, December 2. I went to Canterbury, I had received most tragical accounts, as if the Society were *all fallen from grace*, if ever they had any. I determined to search this to the bottom. To this end I examined them one by one: and was agreeably surprized, to find them all, (none excepted,) upright and blameless in their behaviour.

Tuesday 3. I rode to Dover, and found a little company more united together, than they have been for many years. While several of them continued to rob the king, we seemed to be ploughing up the sand. But since they have cut off the right hand, the word of God sinks deep into their hearts.

Wednesday 4. I preached about noon at Sandwich, and in the evening at Margate. A few people here, also, joined in helping each other, to work out their salvation. But the Minister of the parish earnestly opposes them, and *thinks* he is *doing God service*!

Thursday 5. I rode back to Faversham. Here I was quickly informed, that the mob and the magistrates, had, agreed together, to drive *Methodism*, so called, out of the town. After preaching, I told them what we had been constrained to do, by the Magistrate at Rolvenden; who perhaps, would have been richer by some hundred pounds, had he never meddled with the *Methodists*: concluding, "Since we have both God and the law on our side, if we can have peace by fair means, we had much rather, we should be exceeding glad: but if not, we *will* have peace."

Saturday 7. I returned to London. Wednesday 11, I had much conversation with Mr. D—e, lately a Romish Priest. What wonder is it, that we have so many converts to Popery, and so few to Protestantism; when the former are sure to want nothing, and the latter almost sure to starve?

Thursday 12. I rode over to Layton-stone, and found one *truly Christian family*. This is, what that at Kingswood *should be*; and *would*, if it had such governours. Friday 13, I examined the children one by one. Several of them *did* find the love of God. One enjoys it still, and continues to walk humbly and closely with God.

Saturday 14. I buried the remains of Henry Peronnet, who had been a child of sorrow from his infancy. But from the time he was taken ill; his mind was more and more composed. The day and night before his death, he was praying continually, till all fear being taken away, he cheerfully gave up his spirit to God.

Wednesday 18. Riding thro' the Borough, all my mare's feet flew up, and she fell with my leg under her. A gentleman stepping out, lifted me up, and helped me into his shop. I was exceeding sick, but was presently relieved, by a little hartshorn and water. After resting a few minutes, I took a coach; but when I was cold found myself much worse, being bruised on my right arm, my breast, my knee, leg and ankle, which swelled exceedingly. However, I went on to Shoreham, where by applying treacle twice a day, all the soreness was removed, and I recovered some strength, so as to be able to walk a little on plain ground. The word of God does at length bear fruit here also, and Mr. P. is comforted over all his trouble. Saturday 21. Being not yet able to ride, I returned in a chariot to London.

Sunday 22. I was ill able to go thro' the service at West-Street. But God provided for this also. Mr. Greaves, being just ordained, came straight to the chapel, and gave me the assistance I wanted.

Thursday

Thursday 26. I should have been glad of a few days rest: but it could not be at this busy season. However, being electrified morning and evening my lameness mended, tho' but slowly.

Wednesday, January 1, 1766. A large congregation met in the Foundry, at four o'clock, and ushered in the New Year with the voice of praise and thanksgiving. In the evening we met, as usual, at the church in Spitalfields, to renew our covenant with God. This is always a refreshing season, at which some prisoners are set at liberty.

Friday 3. Mr. B. called upon me, now calm and in his right mind. God has repressed his furious, bitter zeal, by means of Mr. Whitefield: He made the breach among the *Methodists*: O that God may empower him to heal it!

Sunday 6. In the evening I went to Lewisham. Thursday 9. I read Bishop Lowth's answer to Bishop W. If any thing human could be a cure for pride, surely such a medicine as this would!

Monday 13. I went in the machine to Bury, and preached to a small, serious congregation. Tuesday 14, the frozen road being exceeding rough, our machine broke down before day. However, it was patched up so as to carry us to Budfdale; and in the evening I preached at Yarmouth. The work of God was increased here, when poor B. W. was converted to *Calvinism*. Immediately he declared open war, tore the Society in pieces, took all he could to himself, wholly quited the church, and raised such a scandal as will not soon be removed. Yet doubtless, he who turned the young man's head, thinks he has done *God service*!

Thursday 16. I rode to Norwich, and preached at seven in a large place called the Priory. The room, I suppose, was formerly the chapel; I like it the better on that account. After spending three days here, more agreeably than I had done for many years, on Monday 20; I left a Society of a hundred and seventy members, regular and well united together.

gether. In the evening the machine put up at the White Elm. On Tuesday morning I reached Colchester.

I found the Society here slowly recovering from the mischief done by offence and disputing together. I had great liberty of speech both morning and evening, and God seemed strongly to apply his word. Surely they will at length learn to *bear one anothers burdens*: then will *the wilderness blossom and bud as a rose*.

Friday 24, I returned to London. Tuesday 28, our brethren met together to consider our temporal affairs. One proposed, that we should in the first place, pay off the debt of the Society, which was five hundred pounds. Towards this, a hundred and seventy were subscribed immediately. At a second meeting, this was enlarged to three hundred and twenty. Surely God will supply the rest.

Friday 31. Mr. Whitefield called upon me. He breathes nothing but peace and love. Bigotry cannot stand before him, but hides its head wherever he comes.

Sunday, February 2. I dined with W. Welsh, the father of the late Society for reformation of manners. But that excellent design is at a full stop. They have indeed convicted the wretch, who by wilful perjury carried the cause against them in Westminster-hall. But they could never recover the expence of that suit. Lord, how long shall the ungodly triumph!

Wednesday 5. One called upon me, who had been cheated out of a large fortune, and was now perishing for want of bread. I had a desire to clothe him and send him back to his own country; but was short of money. However, I appointed him to call again in an hour. He did so; but before he came, one from whom I expected nothing less, put twenty guineas into my hand. So I ordered him to be clothed from head to foot, and I sent him straight away to Dublin.

Monday 10. And the four following days, I wrote a catalogue of the Society, now reduced from eight

eight and twenty hundred, to about two and twenty. Such is the fruit of George Bell's enthusiasm, and Thomas Maxfield's gratitude!

Monday 17. I preached at Sundon, and many dooked, as if they understood something of what was said. Tuesday 18, I went on to Bedford, and found James Glasbrook had just buried his wife, a woman of fine understanding, and an excellent spirit; snatched away in the dawn of her usefulness. "What thou dost, we know not now!" We wonder and adore! The next day I rode over to Copley, where she died, and preached her funeral sermon. In the evening I preached at Bedford, and found God was there also. And "where thy presence is display'd, is heav'n."

Thursday 20. I preached at Hertford, and in the evening at Layton-stone. Friday 21, I preached at Old-ford, near Bow. Part of the congregation were deeply serious; the other part wild and stupid enough. But the bridle was in their mouth, so that they made no noise; nay, and were, in a manner, attentive.

Sunday 23. In the evening I went to Lewisham, and finished the notes on the book of Job. About this time, one of Henry Jackson's daughters gave me the following letter from her sister.

Newcastle, Feb. 23, 1766.

"On Thursday the 13th of this month, my honoured father looked so beautiful and comely, that we all wondered. At night, in his first sleep, he was taken very ill. On Friday morning I asked him, 'what he could take?' He answered, 'I am to eat no more.' His illness increased: but he was still calm and composed, and resigned to the will of God. Indeed I always beheld in him such faith, love and divine resignation, as I never saw in any other. On Sunday he said, 'Now my soul is prepared, and made ready to meet the Lord.' From this time he was filled with longing desires, to depart and be with Christ; crying out, 'I cannot stay: I must go to my Beloved, to be with him for ever.' Monday 17, he

said, "I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of *glory*, which the righteous Judge shall give me at that day." Tuesday 18, after receiving the blessed sacrament, he declared to the Minister, "My anchor is cast within the veil, both sure and immovable." And as long as he had his speech, he preached Christ to every one that came to see him. Indeed his whole life for many years, was but one dedication of his body and soul to God, praying continually, and being lost in praise and thanksgiving to his adorable Saviour. In all the various dispensations of God's providence towards him and his family, he was still magnifying and praising his holy name, always thankful, humble, loving, and obedient. Nothing was able to move him one moment, or put him out of temper; but he received every thing from the hand of God, with faith, patience, and resignation. Before his speech failed, he blessed all his children, grand-children, and great-grand-children; and on Thursday morning, February 20, yielded up his soul to God, being ninety-nine years and five months old."

Saturday, March 1. I read Bishop Lowth's ingenious *Lectures de Poesi Hebræa*, far more satisfactory than any thing on that subject which I ever saw before. He shews clearly, that the noblest poetry may subsist, without being beholden either to rhyme or fixed measures.

Thursday 6. Our brethren met once more, on account of the public debt. And they did not part, till more than the whole, which was six hundred and ten pounds, was subscribed.

Sunday 9. In the evening I went to Knightbridge, and in the morning, took the machine for Bristol, where I preached, as I had appointed, on Tuesday evening, and met the Society. Wednesday 12, I rode over to Kingwood, and having told my whole mind to the masters and servants, spoke to the children in a far stronger manner than ever I did before.

I will

I will kill or cure: I *will* have one or the other; a *Christian* school, or none at all.

Sunday 16. I preached in Princes-street at eight, on, "Awake thou that sleepest:" and at the square in the evening, to a listening multitude, on, "Come, Lord Jesus!" At Kingswood we had such a congregation at ten, as has not been there for several years. And I had the satisfaction to find four of our children again rejoicing in the love of God.

Monday 17. I rode to Stroud, the sun shining as in May. Seventeen such days in the beginning of March, I suppose few men have known. But on Tuesday the weather entirely changed: and the piercing North-East wind, this and the two following days, was scarce supportable. At seven I preached in the room at Painwick, and about ten came to Cheltenham. Here I was in a strait: the house would not hold half the people; and the wind was keen enough. However, I thought this the less evil of the two, and so preached abroad, where we were tolerably sheltered. And I did not observe, that any, rich or poor, went away till I concluded.

I reached Evesham about five in the evening, and preached about six with tolerable quiet. But as we returned, the mob, encouraged by the wretched Magistrate, were rude and noisy enough. Yet as they neither saluted us with stones, nor dirt, we were well contented.

Wednesday 19. We called at a little Inn, about fifteen miles from Evesham. But as Duncan Wright and I had our hoods on, the good woman was frightened, and did not care to take us in. So we rode a mile or two farther to another house, where we came in season. After a little talk, the woman of the house said, "I fear, it is not so well with me as it was once. Before I married, I used to kneel down in the cow-house, to pray to God for all I wanted. But now I am incumbered with worldly cares; and yet God has not forgotten me. Last winter, when my husband had lost the use of all his limbs, I prayed to

to God for him, and he was well." This woman knew nothing about the *Methodists*: but God is nigh to all that call upon him.

In the evening I preached at Birmingham. Towards the close, the mob gathered; but they were restrained till I had concluded.

Thursday 20, It was as much as we could do, to bear the cold before sun-rise. However, we came well to Burton before eleven, where I preached to an exceeding serious congregation. In the evening I preached at Nottingham in the new house, thoroughly filled with serious hearers. Indeed there is never any disturbance here. And there could be none any where, if the magistrates were lovers of peace, and exerted themselves in the defence of it.

Sunday 23, I had thoughts of preaching in the Market-place. But the snow which fell in the night made it impracticable. In the morning the house contained the congregation: but in the evening many were constrained to go away. There seems to be now, what never was before, a general call to the town.

Monday 24, we rode to Derby, I never saw this house full before, the people in general being profoundly careless. I endeavoured to shew them their picture, by enlarging on those words, "Gallio cared for none of these things."

Tuesday 25. At ten, I preached in their new house at Creitch, about twelve miles from Derby, to a loving, simple-hearted people, many of whom felt what I spoke of "fellowship with the Father and with the Son." Thence we rode on thro' several heavy showers of snow to Sheffield, where at six we had a numerous congregation. There has been much disturbance here this winter. But to night all was peace.

Thursday 27. I preached in the morning at a little village, near Eyam, in the High-Peak. The eagerness with which the poor people devoured the word, made me amends for the cold ride over the snowy mountains.

April, 1766.

33

mountains. The same earnestness I observed in the congregation at Macclesfield: and yet hardly a third part of those I formerly examined, now retain the glorious liberty which they then enjoyed.

March 28. Being Good-Friday, as soon as we came from church, I began at Stockport, on, "We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness." At six in the evening I preached at Manchester, and on Saturday and Easter-day. In the evening I explained to the Society, the nature of the yearly subscription. On this one sent me the following letter.

Good Sir,

March 31, 1766.

"I thought proper to send you a few lines, concerning what you spoke of last night. How good it was, that you put us all together as one family! That each might do his utmost to help all his brethren! Had you spoke of this sooner, and opened your mind freely as you did yesterday, where I have given one shilling, I would have given one pound. My heart was rejoiced at the good news, so as my tongue cannot express. I was ready to cry out with Zaccheus, "Lo, the half of my goods I give to the poor." I have sent you two guineas, towards carrying on the work of the Lord. And may the blessing of the Lord go with it: for I give it freely: I would rather it had been two-score."

W. N.

Tuesday, April 1. On a close examination, out of more than fifty persons, who two or three years ago were filled with the love of God, I did not find above a third part who had not suffered loss. But almost all were deeply sensible of their loss, and earnestly groaning for what they once enjoyed.

Wednesday 2. We rode thro' heavy rain to Chester. Friday 4, I visited a poor woman, who has been ill eight years, and is not yet weary or faint in her mind. A heavy laden sinner desired to receive the sacrament with her, and found rest to her soul; and

and from that hour increased every day in the knowledge and love of God.

Monday 7. I preached at Warrington about noon to a large congregation, rich and poor, learned and unlearned. I never spoke more plain: nor have I ever seen a congregation listen with more attention. Thence I rode to Liverpool, and thoroughly regulated the Society, which had great need of it. Wednesday 9. I took much pains with a sensible woman, who had taken several imprudent steps. But it was labour lost: neither argument, nor persuasion made the least impression. O what power less than Almighty can convince a thorough-paced Enthusiast!

Thursday 10. I looked over the wonderful Deed, which was lately made here: on which I observed, 1. It takes up three large skins of parchment, and so could not cost less than six guineas: whereas our own Deed, transcribed by a friend, would not have cost six shillings. 2. It is verbose beyond all sense and reason, and withal so ambiguously worded, that one passage only might find matter for a suit of ten or twelve years in Chancery. 3. It every where calls the house a *meeting-house*, a name which I particularly object to. 4. It leaves no power either to the assistant or me, so much as to place or displace a steward. 5. Neither I, nor all the Conference have power to send the same Preacher two years together. To crown all. 6. If a Preacher is not appointed at the Conference, the trustees and the *congregation* are to choose one by *most votes*! And can any one wonder I dislike this Deed, which tears the Methodist discipline up by the roots?

Is it not strange, that any, who have the least regard either for me or our discipline, should scruple to alter this uncouth Deed!

Friday 11. I preached near Wigan to a large number of serious, well-behaved people, mixt with a few as stupidly insolent creatures, as I ever saw. Finding them proof both against reason and persuasion, at length I rebuked them sharply. This they understood, and quickly retired. So I concluded in peace.

Saturday

Saturday 12. I was desired to preach at Brinsly, three or four miles from Wigan. The sun shone hot; but I had some shelter: and the artless people drank in every word. About six I began in the street at Bolton. The wind was then high and cold enough. But I soon forgot it, and so did most of the people, being almost as thirsty as those at Brinsly. When I began on Sunday in the afternoon, the wind was exceeding sharp; but it fell in a few moments, and we had a mild, agreeable summer-evening.

Monday 14. I preached at Middleton, six miles from Manchester. A sharp shower of hail began in the middle of the sermon; but scarce any went away. Tuesday 15, We rode to *Chapel in the Frith*. We had a rough salutation in riding thro' the town: at the end of which a multitude of people gathered together, in a convenient meadow. I preached on, "By grace ye are saved thro' faith." God spoke in his word. It was an acceptable time, and few went empty away.

In riding over the dreary mountains of the High-Peak, we met with several storms. But we were no worse when we came to Rotherham, where I preached in the evening. The spirit of the congregation was able to enliven the dullest preacher. Indeed it was *good to be there*. Wednesday 16. About two in the afternoon, I had another kind of congregation at Doncaster, wild and stupid enough. Yet all were tolerably civil, many attentive and some affected. Thence we hastened to Epworth. Here I took knowledge of the same spirit as at Rotherham. What a blessing is it, to be with those who are alive to God! But how few duly value this blessing?

Friday 18. I set out for the eastern part of Lincolnshire, and after preaching at Awkboro' and Barrow in the way, came the next day to our old friends at Grimby. It put me in mind of Purrysburg in Georgia. It was one of the largest towns in the county. It is now no bigger than a middling village, containing a small number of half-starved inhabitants, without

without any trade, either foreign or domestic. But this they have; they love the gospel, hardly fix families excepted. And a large proportion of them have found, "it is the power of God unto salvation."

Monday 21. Between nine and ten I began preaching in an open place at Lowth. The mob here used to be exceeding boisterous; but none now opened his mouth. How easily, when it seems him good, does God "still the madness of the people!"

Hence we rode to Truethorp in the Marsh, where a multitude of plain, simple hearted people assembled. When I met the Society after preaching, abundance of them crowded in: many of whom, while we were wrestling with God in prayer, cried out with a loud and bitter cry. But it was not long before some of them rejoiced, with joy unspeakable.

Tuesday 22, I preached to a congregation of a very different kind at Horncastle. John Hill has done more mischief here than a man of far greater talents can do good. By that unhappy division of the Society, he has opened the mouths of all the gainfayers; and to complete the scandal, he and six and twenty more have been dipped! "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excell!"

Wednesday 23, I preached at five, in Torrington at nine, and about two at Scotter, where the poor people now enjoy great quietness, by means of Sir N. H. About six I preached at Ferry. I do not choose to preach above twice or thrice in a day. But when I am called to do more, it is all one. I find strength according to my need.

Thursday 24. I rode to Epworth, and the next day thro' heavy rain, to Swainfleet. I supposed, as the rain kept many from coming, the preaching-house would contain the congregation; but it would not. However, as the door and windows were open, I believe most of them could hear. And the eagerness with which they heard made me hope, they will not be forgetful hearers.

Sunday 27, I rode over to Mifferton, and visited a young woman who a year or two since, was struck first with deep melancholy, and soon after with utter distraction. We were quickly convinced whence her disorder came. Let Physicians do all they will or can; yet it will be found in the end, that, "this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

After preaching I hastened away to Haxey, and came thither before the church began. The Curate preached a very harmless sermon against the *Methodists*. Between one and two I preached at Westwoodside, on "Behold, now is the day of salvation!" And it seemed as if all had ears to hear. About four I began in the Market-place at Epworth, on, "He beheld the city, and wept over it." And such a call I think the inhabitants of this town have scarce ever had before.

Monday 28, I preached at Thorne. Altho' a great part of the congregation, had never heard one preach under a tree before, yet they behaved extremely well. Before we came to York, I was thoroughly tired. But my strength quickly returned: so that after preaching to a large congregation, and meeting the Society, I was fresher than when I began.

Tuesday 29, I preached at noon in the new house at Thirsk, *almost* equal to that at Yarm. And why not *quite*, seeing they had the model before their eyes, and had nothing to do but to copy after it? Is it not an amazing weakness, that when they have the most beautiful pattern before them, all builders will affect to mend something? So the *je ne sçai quoi* is lost, and the second building scarce ever equals the first.

I preached at Yarm in the evening, and the next at Newcastle. I know not to what it is owing, that I have felt more weariness this spring, than I had done for many years; unless to my fall at Christmas, which perhaps weakened the springs of my whole machine, more than I was sensible of.

Thursday, May 1, I *enjoyed* a little rest. I do not find the least change in this respect. I love quiet-

ness and silence as well as ever: but if I am called into noise and tumult, all is well.

Sunday 4, the rain constrained me to preach in the room, both in the morning and evening. But it was fair at two while I preached abroad at the Fell, where the room could not contain one half of the congregation.

Tuesday 6, I rode to Sunderland. On Wednesday and Thursday evening, I preached in Monk-Wearmouth church. Saturday 10, I spent an agreeable hour at a Quaker's, a man of large substance. His spirit put me in mind of Thomas Keene. May thy last end be like his!

Sunday 11. The weather not permitting me to preach abroad, I preached in the room, morning and evening, and about eleven in Monk-Wearmouth church. In the evening some hundreds of us, solemnly renewed our covenant with God; and he answered many, in the joy of their hearts. Monday 12, after preaching at South-shields about noon, and at North-shields in the evening, I returned to Newcastle. In the following days I preached at as many of the neighbouring places as I could: and on Monday 19, set out Northward. About two I preached to the honest colliers at Placey, and in the evening at Morpeth. Tuesday 20, about noon I preached at Felton. There were many hearers, tho' the wind was extremely sharp. And most of them were attentive; but very few seemed to understand any thing of the matter. I preached at Alnwick in the evening. Wednesday 21, we spent an hour in the castle and the gardens, which the Duke is enlarging and improving daily, and turning into a little paradise. What pity, that he must leave all these, and die like a common man!

Thursday 22. At eleven I preached in the street at Belford, fifteen miles beyond Alnwick. The hearers were seriously attentive, and a few seemed to understand what was spoken. Between six and seven I preached in the town-hall at Berwick. I had
uncommon

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uncommon liberty in speaking, and a solemn awe sat on the faces of all the hearers. Is God again visiting this poor, barren place!

Friday 23. When I came to Old-Camus I found notice had been given of my preaching, about a mile off. So I took horse without delay, and rode to Coppersmith, where the congregation was waiting. I spoke as plain as I possibly could. But very few appeared to be at all affected. It seems to be with them, as with most in the North; they *know* every thing, and *feel* nothing.

I had designed to preach abroad at Dunbar, in the evening. But the rain drove us into the house. It was for good. I now had a full stroke at their hearts; and I think some *felt* themselves sinners.

Saturday 24. In the afternoon, notice having been given a week before, I went to the room at Preston-pans. And I had it all to myself; neither man, woman nor child offered to look me in the face. So I ordered a chair to be placed in the street: then forty or fifty crept together. But they were mere flocks and stones; no more concerned, than if I had talked *Greek*. In the evening I preached in the New-Room at Edinburgh, a large and commodious building.

Monday 26, I spent some hours at the meeting of the *National Assembly*. I am very far from being of Mr. Whitefield's mind, who greatly commends the solemnity of this meeting. I have seen few less solemn: I was extremely shocked at the behaviour of many of the members. Had any Preacher behaved so at our Conference, he would have had no more place among us.

Wednesday 28, I preached at Leith, and spoke exceeding plain. A few received the truth in the love thereof.

Sunday, June 1, many of the Ministers were present at seven, with a large and serious congregation. In the afternoon I heard a thundering sermon in the New Kirk, occasioned by Mr. Jardin, a

Minister's dropping down dead in the assembly a day or two before. I preached in the evening, on, "The spirit and the bride say, Come!" A few, I trust, closed with the invitation.

Monday 2, I came to Dundee wet enough. But it cleared up in the evening; so that I preached abroad, to a large congregation; many of whom attended in the morning. Tuesday 3, the congregation was still larger in the evening: but on Wednesday the rain kept us in the house. Thursday 5, it being fair, we had a more numerous congregation than ever: to whom, after preaching, I took occasion to repeat most of the plausible objections which had been made to us in Scotland. I then shewed our reasons for the things which had been objected to us: and all *seemed* to be thoroughly satisfied.

The sum of what I spoke was this:

I love plain dealing. Do not you? I will use it now. Bear with me.

I hang out no false colours, but shew you all I am, all I intend, all I do.

I am a member of the church of England: but I love good men of every church.

My ground is, the Bible. Yea, I am a Bible-bigot. I follow it in all things, both great and small.

Therefore, 1. I always use a *short, private prayer*, when I attend the public service of God. Do not *you*? Why do you not? Is not this according to the Bible?

2. I *stand* whenever I sing the praise of God in public. Does not the Bible give you plain precedents for this?

3. I always *kneel* before the Lord my Maker, when I pray in public.

4. I generally in public use *the Lord's prayer*: because Christ has taught me, When I pray, to say—

I advise every Preacher connected with me, whether in England, or Scotland, herein to tread in my steps.

Friday

Friday 6, we went on to Aberdeen, about seventy measured miles. The congregation in the evening was larger than the usual one at Edinburgh. And the number of those who attended in the morning, shewed they were not all curious hearers.

Sunday 8. Knowing no reason why we should make God's day the shortest of the seven, I desired Joseph Thompson to preach at five. At eight I preached myself. In the afternoon I heard a strong, close sermon, at Old Aberdeen: and afterward preached in the College-Kirk, to a very genteel, and yet serious congregation. I then opened and enforced, "the way of holiness," at New Aberdeen, on a numerous congregation. Monday 9, I kept a Watch-night, and explained to abundance of genteel people, "One thing is needful:" a great number of whom would not go away, till after the noon of night.

Tuesday 10, I rode over to Sir Archibald Grant's. The church was pretty well filled. And I spoke exceeding plain. Yet the hearers did not appear to be any more affected than the stone walls.

Wednesday 11, I returned to Aberdeen, where many of the people are much alive to God. With these our labour has not been in vain. And they are worth all the pains we have taken in Scotland.

Friday 13, we reached Brechin, a little before twelve. Quickly after, I began preaching in the Flesh-market, on the "one thing needful." It being the Fair-day, the town was full of strangers: and perhaps some of them were found of him they sought not. I preached in the evening at Dundee, with greater liberty than ever before. Saturday 14, it rained from the moment we set out, till (about one,) we came to King-horn. Finding the boat was not to move till four o'clock, I purposed to hire a pinnace. But the wind springing up fair, I went into the large boat. Quickly it fell calm again: so that we did not get over till past seven.

Sunday 15. Our room was very warm in the afternoon, thro' the multitude of people: a great number

of whom were people of fashion, with many Ministers. I spoke to them with the utmost plainness: and I believe not in vain. For we had such a congregation at five in the morning, as I never saw at Edinburgh before. It is scarce possible to speak *too plain* in England: but it is scarce possible to speak *plain enough* in Scotland. And if you do not, you lose all your labour: you plough upon the sand.

Monday 16, I took a view of one of the greatest natural curiosities in the kingdom; what is called Arthur's seat, a small, rocky eminence, six or seven yards across, on the top of an exceeding high mountain, not far from Edinburgh. The prospect from the top of the castle is large: but it is nothing in comparison of this. In the evening we had another Sunday's congregation; who seemed more affected than the day before. Tuesday 17, it rained much; yet abundance of people came: and again, God made bare his arm. I can now leave Edinburgh with comfort: for I have fully delivered my own soul.

Wednesday 18, I set out for Glasgow. In the afternoon the rain poured down, so that we were glad to take shelter in a little house, where I soon began to talk with our host's daughter, eighteen or nineteen years old. But to my surprise I found her as ignorant of the nature of religion as an Hottentot. And many such I have found in Scotland; able to read, nay, and repeat the Catechism: but wholly unacquainted with true religion, yea, and all genuine morality. This evening we were in the house: but the next I preached abroad, to many more than the house could contain. On Friday the number was greatly increased; but much more on Saturday. I then enlarged upon "Communion with God," as the only real, scriptural religion. And I believe many felt, that with all their *orthodoxy*, they had no *religion* still.

What a difference there is between the Society here, and that at Dundee? There are about sixty members there, and scarce more than six scriptural believers.

believers. Here are seventy-four members, and near thirty among them lively, zealous believers; one of whom was justified thirty years ago, and another of them two and forty. And several of them have been for many years rejoicing in God their Saviour.

Sunday 22. At seven I was obliged to preach abroad, and the word sank deep into the hearers. I almost wondered at myself for speaking so plain, and wondered how they could bear it. It is the Lord's doing! In the afternoon, Mr. Gillies was unusually close and convincing. At five I preached on, "O that thou hast known, at least in this thy day, the things that make for thy peace!" I almost despaired of making the whole congregation hear; but by their behaviour it seemed they did. In the close I enlarged upon their prejudices, and explained myself with regard to most of them. Shame, concern, and a mixture of various passions, were painted on most faces. And I perceived the Scots, if you touch but the right key, receive as lively impressions as the English.

Monday 23. We rode in a mild, cool day to Thorny-hill, about sixty measured miles from Glasgow. Here I met with Mr. Knox's history of the church of Scotland. And could any man wonder if the members of it were more fierce, sour, and bitter of spirit than some of them are? For what a pattern have they before them! I know it is commonly said, "The work to be done *needed* such a spirit." Not so: the work of God does not, cannot *need* the work of the devil to forward it. And a *calm* even spirit goes thro' *rough* work far better than a *furious* one. Altho', therefore, God did use at the time of the reformation, sour, over-bearing, passionate men, yet he did not use them *because* they were such, but *notwithstanding* they were such. And there is no doubt, he would have used them *much more*, had they been of a humbler and milder spirit.

Tuesday 24. Before eight we reached Dumfries, and after a short halt we pushed on, in hopes of reaching

reaching Solway-frith, before the sea was come in. Designing to call at an Inn by the Frith-side, we enquired the way, and were directed to leave the main road, and go straight to the house, which we saw before us. In ten minutes Duncan Wright was embogged. However, the horse plunged on, and got thro'. I was inclined to turn back. But Duncan telling me I needed only go a little to the left, I did so, and sunk at once to my horse's shoulders. He sprung up twice, and twice sunk again, each time deeper than before. At the third plunge he threw me on one side, and we both made shift to scramble out. I was covered with fine, soft mud, from my feet to the crown of my head: yet, blessed be God, not hurt at all. But we could not cross, till between seven and eight o'clock. A honest man crossed with us, who went two miles out of his way, to guide us over the sands to Skilborneze: where we found a little, clean house, and passed a comfortable night.

Wednesday 25, we rode on to Whitehaven. Here I spent the rest of the week. Sunday 29, I appointed the children to meet me; and desired Mr. Atlay to meet them for the time to come. At one, Robert Williams preached in the Market-place, to some thousands of people, all quiet and attentive. About five I preached near the town to a willing multitude, many of whom seemed to be cut to the heart!

Monday 30, about two we reached Penrith. Two of our friends guided us thence to Appleby, a county-town worthy of Ireland, containing at least, five and twenty houses. I was desired to preach here; but being very wet, I chose to ride on to Arthur Johnson's near Brough.

I would willingly have preached, (tho' we had rode upwards of seventy miles,) but it was a lone house, and there was not time to gather a congregation. Tuesday, July 1, the neighbours soon came together, to whom I preached at seven, and then rode on to Barnard-castle, and met the stewards of
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the Societies, greatly increased since I was here before. At six I preached in an open space, adjoining to the preaching-house. As the militia were in the town, the far greater part of them attended, with a large congregation from town and country. It rained most of the time I was speaking: but I believe hardly six persons went away. At the love-feast which followed, several spoke their experience, with all simplicity. One poor mourner was set at liberty, and many greatly comforted.

Wednesday 2. About noon I preached in Teesdale, and at Weardale at six in the evening. Here a poor woman was brought to us, who had been disordered several years, and was now raving-mad. She cursed and blasphemed in a terrible manner, and could not stand or sit still for a moment. However, her husband constrained her to come to the place where I was going to preach. And he held her there by main strength, altho' she shrieked in the most dreadful manner. But in a quarter of an hour, she left off shrieking, and sat motionless and silent, till she began crying to God, which she continued to do, almost without intermission, till we left her.

Thursday 3. We rode thro' a pleasant vale to Woolfingham, where I began singing near the middle of the town. A few soon gathered together, and their number increased all the time I was preaching. Only one young man behaved amiss, striving to divert them that were near him. But they would not be diverted: so that after a while he grew serious too.

In the evening we came once more to Newcastle. On Saturday I rode to Sunderland: and at eight the next morning preached at the East end of the town, to a huge multitude, the greater part of whom had little thought of God or devil. Thence we returned to Gateshead-Fell. where was a multitude of another kind, ripe for the whole Gospel. Here therefore, as well as at the Garth-heads about five, I enlarged on those solemn words, "To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

Monday

Monday 7, I rode to Durham, and preached about noon on our Lord's lamentation over Jerusalem. In the evening, the rain hindering me from preaching in the street, at Hartlepool, I had a large congregation in the assembly-room. Many of them were present again in the morning, and seemed *almost persuaded to be Christians*.

Tuesday 8. While I was preaching at Stockton, a drunken man made some disturbance. I turned and spoke strongly to him. He stood reproved, and listened with much attention. Wednesday 9, we had our quarterly meeting at Yarm. The Societies in this Circuit increase: that is, among the poor; for the rich, generally speaking, care for none of these things.

Thursday 10. About two in the afternoon I preached at Pottō, and in the evening, at Hutton-Rudbey. Here is the largest Society in these parts, and the most alive to God. After spending some time with them all, I met those apart, who believe they are saved from sin. I was agreeably surprised. I think not above two, out of sixteen or seventeen whom I examined, have lost the direct witness of that salvation, ever since they experienced it.

Friday 11. I preached at five on "the spies, who brought up an evil report on the good land." I breakfasted at —'s and met with a very remarkable family. He himself, his wife, and three of his daughters, are a pattern to all round about them. About nine I preached in the new house at Stokesly: but it would by no means contain the congregation. I came to Gisborough a little before twelve, and found notice had been given of my preaching there. So having no time to lose, I began without delay, in the street, where I alighted. I had a serious congregation in a few minutes, and did not at all repent of my labour. After riding on to Whitby, and preaching at seven, I was no more tired than when I rose in the morning.

Sunday

Sunday 13. I preached at seven in the room ; at one in the main-street, on the other side the water. A vast multitude quickly ran together, and were deeply attentive. At five I preached in the new market-place, to a still larger congregation. A great number of them attended at five in the morning, and we had a solemn parting.

About one I preached in the little square at Robin-hood's Bay, and rode on to Scarborough. We were met near the town by a furious thunder-shower, but it was quickly over. And a fair evening following, I preached in the garden, to a tolerably serious congregation.

Tuesday 15. I had much conversation with Mr. C. whom some had again taken true pains to prejudice. I think he is once more set right, but fear, it will not continue long. It rained hard at six ; but was fair at seven. Just as I ended my sermon, the rain began again.

Wednesday 16. About ten I reached Middleton, near Pickering. The church was pretty well filled. I preached on part of the second lesson, John iv. particularly the 24th verse. And all the congregation seemed earnest to know, how they might worship God, in *spirit and in truth*.

In the evening most of the congregation at Malton, were of another kind. But a whole troop of the Oxford-blues, who stood together, and were deeply serious, kept them in awe. So that all behaved decently, and many of the soldiers were present again in the morning.

Thursday 17. In the way to Beverley, I called upon Sir Charles Hotham, and spent a comfortable hour. I preached before the time appointed at Hull, by which means the room was but moderately filled. It was near full at five in the morning : at noon I believe few were unaffected. When we took horse in the afternoon, it was quite calm, and the sun was extremely scorching. But the wind soon rose and brought on the clouds : so we had a pleasant ride to Beverley.

Beverley. I preached at fix in a house as warm as an oven; and the people were tolerably attentive. Who knows but we may *find again after many days*, the bread we are now *casting upon the waters*?

Saturday 19. I took a view of Beverley-Minster, such a Parish-church as has scarce its fellow in England. It is a most beautiful as well as stately building, both within and without, and is kept more nicely clean than any Cathedral, which I have seen, in the kingdom. But where will it be when the "earth is burnt up, and the elements melt with fervent heat?" About one I preached at Pocklington, tho' my strength was much exhausted, and in the evening at York.

Sunday 20. After preaching at eight, I went to St. Saviourgate-church. Towards the close of the prayer, the Rector sent the Sexton to tell me, "The pulpit was at my service." I preached on the conclusion of the gospel for the day, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven." I did not see one person laugh or smile, tho' we had a most elegant congregation.

Wednesday 23, I went on to Tadcaster. Here Mr. I---m had once a far larger Society than ours: but it is now shrunk into nothing: ours mean time is increasing. In the evening rich and poor flocked together, to whom I explained, *We know that we are of God: namely, by the spirit which he hath given us: by the witness of the Spirit, and by the fruit confirming that witness.*

Thursday 24. I preached at Patley-bridge. Such a congregation, both for number and seriousness, I have not seen since we left Newcastle. As it rained, I desired the men to put on their hats: but in two or three minutes they pulled them off again, and seemed to mind nothing but how they might *know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Friday

Friday 25, We rode to Skipton in Craven. I designed to preach in the Market-place; but the rain prevented: so I stood near Mr. Garforth's house, where many were under shelter. But many remained without, seeming not to think whether it rained or not. Will all these be *barren and unfruitful*?

Saturday 26, I preached at Adlingham about nine, and at Guiseley in the evening. Sunday 27, As Baleden church would not near contain the congregation, after the prayers were ended I came out into the church-yard, both morning and afternoon. The wind was extremely high, and blew in my face all the time: yet, I believe, all the people could hear. But at Bradford there was so large a multitude, and the rain so damped my voice, that many in the skirts of the congregation could not hear distinctly. They have just built a preaching-house, fifty-four feet square, the largest Octagon we have in England. And it is the first of the kind where the roof is built with common sense, rising only a third of its breadth: yet it is as firm as any in England: nor does it at all hurt the walls. Why then does any roof rise higher? Only thro' want of skill, or want of honesty, in the builder.

Tuesday 29, I preached at Colne, and here I found one whom I had sent for, several years ago. She lives two miles from Colne, and is of an unblamable behaviour. Her name is Ann A—n. She is now in the twenty-sixth year of her age. The account she gave, is as follows:—"I cannot now remember the particulars, which I told Mr. Grimshaw from time to time. But I well remember, that from the time I was about four years old, after I was in bed; I used to see several persons walking up and down the room. They all used to come very near the bed, and look upon me, but say nothing. Some of them looked very sad, and some looked very cheerful. Some seemed pleased, others very angry: and these frayed me sore. Especially a man and a woman of our own parish, who seemed fighting, and died soon

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after. None of them, spake to me but a lad about sixteen, who, a week before, died of the small-pox. I said to him, 'You are dead! How did you get out of the other place?' He said, 'Easily enough.' I said, 'Nay, I think, if I were there, I should not get out so easily.' He looked exceedingly angry. I was frightened and began to pray, and he vanished away. If it were ever so dark, when any of them appeared, there was light all round them. This continued till I was sixteen or seventeen. But it frightened me more and more. And I was troubled, because people talked about me: and many told me, I was a witch. This made me earnestly cry to God, to take it away from me. In a week or two it was all at an end. And I have seen nothing since."

In the evening I preached near the Preaching-house at Paddiham, and strongly insisted on Communion with God, as the only religion that would avail us. At the close of the sermon came Mr. M. His long, white beard, shewed that his present disorder was of some continuance. In all other respects he was quite sensible; but he told me, with much concern, "You can have no place in heaven without—a beard! Therefore I beg you will let your's grow immediately."

Wednesday 30, I rode to Rosendale, which, notwithstanding its name, is little else than a chain of mountains. The rain in the evening obliged me to preach in the new house, near a village called New Church. As many as could, crowded in, and many more stood at the door. But many were constrained to go away. Thursday 31, I preached at Bacup, and then rode on to Hepton-stall. The tall mountain, on which it stands, is quite steep and abrupt, only where the roads are made: and the deep vallies that surround it, as well as the sides of the mountains beyond, are well clothed with grass, corn, and trees. I preached with great enlargement of heart, on, "Now is the day of salvation." The renegade *Methodists*, first turning Calvinists, then Anabaptists, made much confusion here for a season. But as they now have taken

taken themselves away, the poor people are in peace again.

Friday, August 1, I rode to Ewood. The last time I was here, young Mr. Grimshaw received us in the same hearty manner as his father used to do. But he too is now gone into eternity! So in a few years the family is extinct! I preached at one in a meadow near the house, to a numerous congregation. And we sang with one heart,

“ Let sickness blast and death devour,
 If heaven will recompence our pains :
 Perish the grass and fade the flower,
 Since firm the Word of God remains.”

In the evening I preached at Halifax. When I began, the sun was intensely hot. But quickly the clouds covered him.

Sunday 3, When the prayers at Haworth were ended, I preached from a little scaffold on the South side of the church, on those words in the gospel, “O that thou hadst known the things that belong unto thy peace!” The communicants alone, (a sight which had not been seen since Mr. Grimshaw’s death,) filled the church. In the afternoon the congregation was supposed to be the largest which had ever been there. But strength was given me in proportion; so that I believe all could hear.

Monday 4, At one I preached at Bingley, but with a heavy heart, finding so many of the Methodists here, as well as at Haworth, perverted by the Anabaptists. I see clearer and clearer, none will keep to us, unless they keep to the Church. Whoever separate from the Church, will separate from the Methodists. In the afternoon I went to Otley. But the town seemed to be run mad. Such noise, hurry, drunkenness, rioting, confusion, I know not when I have met with before. It was their feast-day! A feast of Bacchus, or Venus, or Belial? O shame to a christian country! However, both the small and great rabble were so engaged, that they had no leisure

to molest us: so that I preached to a large congregation under the hill, with perfect quietness.

Tuesday 5, I rode to Bradford. Wednesday 6, I preached at one in Great Gummeral; in the evening at Dewsbury. The congregation was as large as at Bradford, and as attentive, altho' a few years since the people of Daw-Green were as eminently savage and irreligious, as even the Colliers of Kingswood.

Thursday 7, We had as hot a day as most I have known in Georgia. However, about noon I rode to Horbury: but it was impracticable to preach abroad. So we retired into the New House: but this too was as hot as an oven. Some of the people behaved exceeding ill at first: but it was soon over. In a few minutes the whole congregation was as serious and attentive as that at Daw-Green.

Friday 8, I rode over to Huddersfield. The Church, tho' large, was exceeding hot, thro' the multitude of people: on whom I enforced St. Paul's words, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the crosses of our Lord Jesus Christ." How we should have rode back, I knew not: but that the wind which was in our face as we came, was again in our face as we returned. At Birstal we found many of our brethren from various parts. One of them was mentioning a remarkable case. David Prince, of Thorner, near Leeds, had been stone-blind for many years, and was without God in the world, till past four-score. At about eighty-one he received remission of sins, and from that hour he never lost a sense of it. When he was asked, How he did? His answer was, "Happier and happier." In the eighty-fifth year of his age, his spirit returned to God.

Sunday 10, After Mr. Eastwood had read prayers, I came out into the Church-yard, and preached to four-times as many as the Church could contain, on, "Are not Arbana and Pharpar better than all the waters of Israel?" About one I preached at Daw-Green. I judged the congregation closely wedged together, to extend forty yards one way, and

and about an hundred the other. Now suppose five to stand in a yard square, they would amount to twenty thousand people. I began preaching at Leeds between five and six, to just such another congregation. This was the hardest day's work I have had since I left London; being obliged to speak at each place, from the beginning to the end, to the utmost extent of my voice. But my strength was as my day.

Tuesday 12, Our Conference began, and ended on Friday evening. A happier Conference we never had, nor a more profitable one. It was both begun and ended in love, and with a solemn sense of the presence of God.

Sunday 17, After preaching at Leeds, at seven, I rode to Birstal, and heard a sound, useful sermon, on, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden." At one I preached to an immense multitude, on, "Come, Lord Jesus!" I then set out for Rotherham. But the next day I turned off from the road I had designed to take, and, going on to Leicester that night, on Wednesday reached London.

It was at the earnest request of —, whose heart God has turned again, without any expectation of mine, that I came hither so suddenly. And if no other good result from it, but our firm union with Mr. Whitefield, it is an abundant recompence for my labour. My brother and I conferred with him every day: and let the honourable men do what they please, we resolved, by the grace of God, to go on, hand in hand, thro' honour and dishonour.

Sunday 24, The Chapel was sufficiently crowded, both morning and afternoon. And God was eminently present. In the evening I went to Brentford, and saw a remarkable monument of mercy: a man, who in the full career of sin, was so hurt by a fall, that there was no hope of his life. But after deep repentance, God broke in upon his soul, and gave him a better hope. So that he is now little concerned about life or death, but praises God all the day long.

Monday 25, we fet out early from Breatford, and reached Bath on Tuesday in the afternoon.

Many were not a little furprised in the evening, at seeing me in the Countess of H's. Chapel. The congregation was, not only large, but serious: and I fully delivered my own soul. So I am in no concern, whether I preach there again, or not. I have no choice concerning it.

Wednesday 27, I rode to Bristol, and the next day delivered the management of Kingswood-house, to stewards on whom I could depend. So I have cast a heavy load off my shoulders. Blessed be God for able and faithful men, who will do his work, without any temporal reward!

Friday 29, In my way to Cornwall, I preached at Shepton-mallet at nine; in Wincaunton at one. I was thoroughly tired before we came to Shaftsbury: However, at fix I preached in the New House, filled within and without, to the no small astonishment, it seemed, of most of the hearers. But it was a time of consolation, as well as conviction. I trust, many will experience both, in this house.

Saturday 30, We rode to Stallbridge, long the seat of war, by a senseless, insolent mob, encouraged by their betters, so called, to outrage their quiet neighbours. For what? "Why they were mad: they were Methodists." So to bring them to their senses, they would beat their brains out. They broke their windows, leaving not one whole pane of glass, spoiled their goods, and assaulted their persons, with dirt, rotten eggs, and stones, whenever they appeared in the street. But no magistrate, tho' they applied to several, would shew them either mercy or justice. At length they wrote to me. I ordered a lawyer to write to the rioters: he did so; but they set him at naught. We then moved the Court of King's-Bench. By various artifices they got the trial put off, from one assizes to another, for eighteen months. But it fell so much the heavier on themselves,

selves, when they were *found guilty*. And from that time, finding "there is law for *Methodists*," they have suffered them to be at peace.

I preached near the main street, without the least disturbance, to a large and attentive congregation. Thence we rode on to Axminster, but were thoroughly wet before we came thither. The rain obliged me to preach within at six. But at seven on Sunday morning, I cried in the Market-place, "The kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye; and believe the gospel."

In the evening I preached in the street at Ashburton. Many behaved with decency: but the rest, with such stupid rudeness as I have not seen for a long time in any part of England.

Monday, September 1, I came to Plymouth-Dock, where, after heavy storms, there is now a calm. The house, notwithstanding the new galleries, was extremely crowded in the evening. I strongly exhorted the backsliders to return to God. And, I believe, many received the word of exhortation.

Tuesday 2, Being invited to preach in the Tabernacle at Plymouth, I began, about two in the afternoon. In the evening I was offered the use of Mr. Whitefield's Room at the Dock: but, large as it is, it would not contain the congregation. At the close of the sermon, a large stone was thrown in at one of the windows, which came just behind me, and fell at my feet, the best place that could have been found. So no one was either hurt or frightened, not many knowing any thing of the matter.

Wednesday 3, I rode to Medros, where there was last year the most lively Society in Cornwall. But they are decreased both in number and in strength; many who were then strong in the Lord, being now weak and faint. However, we had a deeply serious congregation in the evening, and a remarkable blessing at the meeting of the Society.

Thursday 4, At noon I preached in Truro. I was in hopes, when Mr. Walker died, the enmity in those who were called *his people*, would have died also.

Monday 15, I preached at St. Cuthbert's, and the next morning rode on to St. Columb's. Being desired to break the ice here, I began preaching without delay, in a gentleman's yard, adjoining to the main-street. I chose this, as neither too public, nor too private. I fear the greater part of the audience, understood full little of what they heard. However, they behaved with seriousness and good-manners.

Hence I rode to Port-Isaac, now one of the liveliest places in Cornwall. The weather being uncertain, I preached near the house. But there was no rain while I preached; except the gracious rain which God sent upon his inheritance.

Here Mr. B. met me. For fear of offending the Bishop, he broke off all commerce with the *Methodists*. He had no sooner done this, than the Bishop rewarded him, by turning him out of his curacy: which, had he continued to walk in christian simplicity, he would probably have had to this day.

Wednesday 17, I twice stopt a violent bleeding from a cut, by applying a brier-leaf. The room at Launceston would not near contain the congregation in the evening, to whom I strongly applied the case of *the impotent man* at the pool of Bethesda. Many were much affected. But O! how few, are *willing to be made whole!*

Thursday 18, I rode to Collumpton, preached at six, and then went on to Tiverton. Friday 19, came a messenger from Jo. Magor, dangerously ill at Sidmouth, four or five and twenty miles off, to tell me, he could not die in peace, till he had seen me. So the next morning, after preaching, I set out: spent an hour with him, by which he was exceedingly refreshed; and returned to Tiverton time enough to rest a little, before the evening preaching.

Sunday 21, I preached, morning and evening, in the market-house, and at one, in an open place at Bampton. Monday 22, I preached in the street at Culumb-stock, to almost all the inhabitants of the town.

town. A little before six in the evening I preached at Mr. Jones's door in Middlesey. Many of the hearers did once run well: some of whom resolve to set out anew. Tuesday 23, at eleven I preached to a large and serious congregation at Lymsham-Green. When I concluded, a Clergyman began to entertain the people, with a dispute concerning lay-preachers. In the instant began a violent shower: so they left him to himself. But it was fair again in the afternoon, and we had a pleasant ride to Bristol.

Sunday 28, I preached in Princes-street at eight, in Kingwood at two, and at five near the New Square. The last especially was an acceptable time: particularly while I was explaining, "Neither can they die any more, but are the children of God, being children of the resurrection."

In the following days, I preached at Pensford, Paulton, Coleford, Buckland, Frome, Beckington, Freshford, and Bradford. Sunday, October 5, At eight I administered the sacrament at Lady H's. chapel in Bath. At eleven I preached there on those words in the gospel for the day, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." The word was quick and powerful, and I trust many, even of the rich and great, felt themselves sinners before God.

Several evenings this week I preached at Bristol, on the Education of Children. Some answered all by that poor, lame, miserable shift, "O, he has no Children of his own." But many of a nobler spirit, owned the truth, and pleaded guilty before God.

Thursday 9, I waited on the good old Bishop of Londonderry, and spent two or three hours in useful conversation. In the evening I preached again at my Lady's chapel, to another numerous congregation. Who, knows but a few amongst his gay multitude, may *work out their salvation with fear and trembling?*

Friday 10, I took a ride to Cheltenham. It being too cold to preach abroad, at six I preached in the chapel, and fully declared the whole counsel of God. Afterwards I examined the little Society, and found the

the greater part of them lively believers, and quite free from bigotry, which is uncommon among Churchmen, and still more among Dissenters. The next day, after preaching at five, and at eight in Gloucester, I had a pleasant ride to Bristol.

Sunday 12, I took my leave of Princes-street for this season. We had such a congregation at Kingwood at ten, as I have scarce seen there for these twenty years. And at two I was obliged to preach abroad. Sunday 19, I preached once more in the square: and in the morning, Monday 20, left Bristol, with a firm hope, that both here and at Kingwood, things will now be conducted to the glory of God, and the honour of true religion. In the evening I preached a healing sermon at Bath, on Col. iii. 9. The next day I went on to Salisbury, and preached in as rousing a manner as I could, on, "One thing is needful." Thursday 23, I preached at Rumsey: the next day, at Winchester, Whitchurch, and Basingstoke: where many attended at five on Saturday morning. In the afternoon I came to London.

Sunday 26, I preached at West-street in the morning to a crowded audience, and in the evening at the Foundry. How pleasing would it be, to play between Bristol and London, and preach always to such congregations as these! But what *account* then should I *give* of my *stewardship*, when I can be no longer *steward*?

Monday 27, I rode to Wycombe. The room was much crowded; and yet could not contain the congregation. In the morning too they flocked together in such a manner, as had not been seen here before. In the evening I preached at Witney, (where a little company stand fast together,) and thrice the next day, endeavouring to lay *line upon line, and precept upon precept*.

Thursday 30, at one I preached in Wattleton, and thence rode with some difficulty, the wind being exceeding high, over the mountain to Wycombe, the congregation was as before both for number

and earnestness. So at length we see the fruit of our labour.

Friday 31. At my return to London, I found it needful to hasten to Layton-stone. But I came too late. Miss Lewen died the day before, after an illness of five days. Some hours before, she witnessed that good confession,

“ Nature’s last agony is o’er,
And cruel sin subsists no more.”

A while after she cried out, earnestly, “ Do not you see him? There he is! Glory, glory, glory! I shall be with him for ever, for ever, for ever!”

So died Margaret Lewen! A pattern to all young women of fortune in England: A real Bible christian. So she *rests from her labours, and her works do follow her.*

Saturday, November 1. “ God who hath knit together his elect in one communion and fellowship,” gave us a solemn season at West-street, (as usual) in praising him for all his saints. On this day in particular, I commonly find the truth of these words;

The church triumphant in his love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They praise the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

Monday 3, I rode to Brentford, where all was quiet, both in the congregation and the Society. Tuesday 4, I preached at Brentford, Battersey, Deptford and Welling, and examined the several Societies. Wednesday 5, I rode by Shoreham to Seven-oaks. In the little journies which I have lately taken, I have thought much of the huge encomiums, which have been for many ages bestowed on a *country-life*. How have all the learned world cried out,

*O Fortunati nimium, bona si sua norint,
Agricolæ!*

☞ But after all, what a flat contradiction is this to universal experience? See that little house, under the wood, by the river-side! There is *rural life* in perfection! How happy then is the farmer that lives there? Let us take a detail of his happiness. He rises, with or before the sun, calls his servants, looks to his swine and cows; then to his stables and barns. He sees to the ploughing and sowing his ground, in winter or in spring. In summer and autumn he hurries and sweats, among his mowers and reapers. And where is his happiness in the mean time? Which of these employments do we envy? Or do we envy the delicate repast that succeeds, which the poet so languishes for?

*O quando faba, Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo!*

O the happiness of eating *beans well greased with fat Bacon!* Nay, and *cabbage* too! Was *Horace* in his senses when he talked thus? Or the servile herd of his imitators? Our eyes and ears may convince us, there is not a less happy body of men in all England than the country farmers. In general, their life is supremely dull; and it is usually unhappy too. For of all people in the kingdom they are the most discontented; seldom satisfied either with God or man.

Monday 10. I set out early for Northampton. But before we came to Luton, James Glasbrook met me, and informed me, that he had given notice of my preaching every day, at one place or another, in Bedfordshire. Upon reflection, we thought it best for Mr. Blackwell to go to Northampton, and for me to keep the appointments which had been made. So I preached in Luton at two, and in the evening at Sundon. Tuesday 11, I preached between one and two, at a village called Milbrook, to a company of plain, serious people, and in the evening at Wotton-Pillidge: where several have already found this word to be *the power of God unto salvation*. Wednesday 12, I preached at two in Lidlington, to another company

company of plain, country people. Thence we crossed over to Copel, where is at present the most lively of all the little Societies in Bedfordshire. Thursday 13, I rode to Bedford, and in the evening spoke with more plainness, I may indeed say roughness, than ever I did before, if haply God might rouse some of these drowsy people. Friday 14, I preached at Luton, and on Saturday I returned to London.

Sunday 16. I strongly inculcated *family religion*, the grand desideratum among the *Methodists*. Many were ashamed before God, and at length adopted Joshua's resolution, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Thursday 27. I conversed with a young Clergyman full of good resolutions. But I judge it impossible they can hold: for he has not the least conception of his own weakness.

Sunday 30. I preached on the *education of children*, wherein we are so shamefully wanting. Many were now deeply convinced of this. I hope they will not all flit that conviction.

Monday, December 8. I went to Canterbury, and on Wednesday 10, to Dover. At all the sea-ports, we have a multitude of hearers. Is not this a token for good to the nation? Surely mercy *embraces us on every side*. Will it not likewise *go through the land*?

Thursday 11. I preached at Dover, Sandwich, Ramsgate and Margate: On Friday, at Canterbury. I have not seen this Society so at unity among themselves for many years. Saturday 13, I left them with much satisfaction, and cheerfully returned to London.

Saturday 20. I spent an hour with —, just of the same spirit as she was twenty years ago. So hitherto all the bad labour of my *small friends*, is lost.

Monday 29. At five in the morning, I again began a course of sermons on Christian Perfection:

if haply that thirst after it might return, which was so general a few years ago. Since that time, how deeply have we grieved the Holy Spirit of God? Yet two or three have lately received his pure love: and a few more are brought to the birth.

Thursday, January 1, 1767. The whole Society met in the evening, in Spitalfields church, and solemnly renewed their covenant with God. Sunday 4, I buried the remains of Mary Clarke (formerly, Gardiner,) who having been much hurt in the late contests, was, during a lingering illness, first thoroughly convinced of her fall from God, and afterward thoroughly restored. She then vehemently exhorted all, not to stray from the fold; and died, rejoicing in the full salvation of God.

Sunday 11. I made a push for the lending-stock, speaking more strongly than ever I had done before. The effect was, that it was raised from about fifty to one hundred and twenty pounds.

Tuesday 20. I buried the remains of Ann Wheeler, who, while she was hearing the preaching in Moorfields, four or five and twenty years ago, was struck in the forehead with a stone; being then big with child. The daughter with whom she then went, retains the mark of the stone in her forehead to this day.

Wednesday 21. I had a conversation with an ingenious man, who proved to a demonstration, that it was the duty of every man that could, to be *clothed in purple and fine linen*, and to *fare sumptuously every day*; and that he would do abundantly more good hereby than he could do by *feeding the hungry and clothing the naked*. O the depth of human understanding! What may not a man believe, *if he will*?

Saturday 31. From the words of our blessed Lord, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness," I largely shewed, that God never *deserts* any man, unless he first *deserts* God: and that, abstracting from bodily disorders on the one hand, and violent temptation on the other, every believer may

be

be happy as well as holy, and *walk in the light all the days of his life.*

Thursday, February 5. I heard a melancholy relation. One who had run well for many years, a year or two ago, took violent offence at a person she thought had used her ill. A week or two since she was taken ill. But as her illness increased, so did her anger. She often cried out, "I cannot forgive, I will not forgive," and intermixed horrid shrieks, till she died.

Tuesday 10. I baptized a young woman, who had been educated among the Anabaptists. God bore witness to his ordinance, and gave her such a blessing, as she could not find words to express.

Thursday 12. I preached at Layton-Stone. O what a house of God is here! Not only for decency and order, but for the life and power of religion! I am afraid, there are very few such to be found, in all the king's dominions.

Sunday 15. I buried the remains of Richard Morris, who had been in the Society twenty years; and was a right honest man, but never convinced of sin, till death began to look him in the face. And then he rather *saw* than *felt* his need of Christ. Yet when he called upon Him even in his dull way, he was soon assured of his love; and continued praising and rejoicing, till his spirit returned to God.

Monday 16. I rode to Colchester, and found more life there, than for several years. Why should we despair of seeing good done in any place! How soon can God turn the wilderness into a fruitful field?

Wednesday 18, I preached at Herringswell, and the next day came to Norwich. Here I spent a few days much to my satisfaction, finding the people far more settled than ever. Monday 23, I rode to Yarmouth, and found the Society, after the example of Mr. W—p, had entirely left the church. I judged it needful, to speak largely upon that head. They stood reprov'd, and resolv'd, one and all, to go to it again.

Tuesday 24. I was desired to ride over to Leostoff. The house would not contain one fourth of the people: so that I was obliged to preach in the open air. And all behaved with great seriousness.

Wednesday 25. I took a list of the present Society in Norwich, consisting of one hundred and sixty members. But I have far more comfort in it now than when it consisted of six hundred. These know what they are about, and the greater part are not ignorant of Satan's devices.

Thursday 26. I set out for London. A good part of the day, we had furious wind and rain full in our faces. However, we pushed on to Lakenheath. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, the church was pretty well filled in the evening. The next evening we reached Hockerill, and London on Saturday in the afternoon.

On Ash-Wednesday, March 4, I dined at a friend's with Mr. Whitefield, still breathing nothing but love. Thursday 5, I at length obliged Dr. D. by entering into the lists with him. The letter I wrote, tho' not published till two or three weeks after, was as follows:

" To the Editor of Lloyd's Evening-Post.

" SIR,

" Many times the publisher of the *Christian Magazine*, has attacked me without fear or wit. And hereby he has convinced his impartial readers, of one thing at least, that (as the vulgar say) "his fingers itch to be at me;" that he has a passionate desire to measure swords with me. But I have other work upon my hands: I can employ the short remainder of my life to better purpose.

" The occasion of his late attack, is this: five or six and thirty years ago, I much admired the character of a perfect christian drawn by Clemens Alexandrinus. Five or six and twenty years ago, a thought came into my mind, of drawing such a character

rafter myself, only in a more scriptural manner, and mostly in the very words of scripture: this I intitled the "Character of a Methodist," believing that curiosity would incite more persons to read it, and also that some prejudice might thereby be removed from candid men. But that none might imagine, I intended a panegyric either on myself or my friends, I guarded against this in the very title page, saying both in the name of myself and them, *Not as tho' I had already attained, either were already perfect.* To the same effect I speak in the conclusion, "These are the principles and practices of our sect; these are the marks of a true Methodist," (i. e. a true christian, as I immediately after explain myself.) 'By these alone do those, who are in derision so called, *desire* to be distinguished from other men,' p. 11. "By these marks do we *labour* to distinguish ourselves from those whose minds or lives are not according to the gospel of Christ," p. 12.

"Upon this Rusticulus, or Dr. Dodd, says, 'A Methodist, according to Mr. Wesley, is one who is perfect, and sinneth not in thought, word, or deed.'

"Sir, have me excused. This is not *according to* Mr. Wesley. I have told all the world *I am not perfect*: and yet you allow me to be a Methodist. I tell you flat, *I have not attained* the character I draw. Will you pin it upon me in spite of my teeth?

"But Mr. Wesley says, the other Methodists have." "I say no such thing. What I say, after having given a scriptural account of a perfect christian, is this: 'By these marks the Methodists *desire* to be distinguished from other men; by these we *labour* to distinguish ourselves.' And do not you yourself *desire* and *labour* after the very same thing?

"But you insist, 'Mr. Wesley affirms the Methodists, i. e. all Methodists, to be perfectly holy and righteous.' Where do I affirm this? Not in the *Tract* before us. In the front of this, I affirm just the contrary; and that I affirm it any where else, is
more

more than I know : be pleased, Sir, to point out the place ; till this is done, all you add (bitterly enough) is mere *brutum fulmen*. And the Methodists so called may still declare, (without any impeachment of their sincerity,) that *they do not come to the holy table trusting in their own righteousness, but in God's manifold and great mercies.*

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

JOHN WESLEY."

Sunday 8. In the evening I left London, and reached Bath on Tuesday in the afternoon, time enough to wait on that venerable man, the Bishop of Londonderry. After spending an agreeable and a profitable hour with him, my brother read prayers, and I preached at lady H's. chapel. I know not when I have seen a more serious, or more deeply attentive congregation. Is it possible? Can the gospel have place, where Satan's throne is?

Thursday 12, and the two following days, I examined the Society in Bristol. Still I find the most to be in peace and love, and none blameable as to their outward conversation. But life, power, and "struggling into God" are wanting. Few are agonizing to be altogether Christians.

Monday 16. Finding no ship which could take over me and my horses, I set out with Thomas Dancer for Liverpool. Wednesday 18, I reached Wednesbury, but with difficulty. For my horse, which I left in October, to rest for six months, had been rode all the winter, and was now galled, jaded, and worn to skin and bones.

Thursday 19. Pushing thro' the rain and violent wind, we came in the evening to Namptwich. But I knew not where to go, till a good woman in the street asked me, "If Mr. Wesley was come?" And conducted me to the place where the people were waiting. Many were noisy at first, because they could not get in. But when they did, all were silent.

Friday

Friday 20, I rode on thro' more storms to Liverpool. But here too, I found no ship to carry my horses. So Monday 23, I set out for Portpatrick. This day we rode but about forty miles: the next to Kendal, where I preached at six, and spent a comfortable evening at Serjeant Southwell's. Wednesday 25, the rain, which began yesterday noon, continued till noon to-day, without intermission: but, tho' driven against us by a strong wind, it was nothing so troublesome as the piercing cold, while we rode between the snowy mountains, the road also being covered with snow. However, after a short bait at Kefwick, we reached Cockermouth in the afternoon.

The mare Thomas Dancer rode being now quite lame, I left him, to cross over at Whitehaven. And Mr. Atlay, who came just in time, offered to accompany me to Portpatrick. Thursday 26, we rode thro' miserable roads to Solway Frith. But the guides were so deeply engaged at a cock-fight, that none could be procured to shew us over. We procured one however between three and four. But there was more sea than we expected: so that notwithstanding all I could do, my legs and the skirts of my coat were in the water. The motion of the waves made me a little giddy: but it had a strange effect on Mr. Atlay. He lost his sight, and was just dropping off his horse, when one of our fellow travellers caught hold of him. We rode on nine or ten miles, and lodged at a village called Ruthwell. Friday 27, we rode by Dumfries and the Bridge of Orr, over the Military way, to Gatehouse of Fleet. But the house was filled with so much noisy company, that we expected little rest. Before eleven however I fell asleep, and heard nothing more, till between three and four in the morning.

Saturday 28, We rode to Portpatrick. Sunday 29, the Pacquet-boat was ready in the morning; but waited for the mail, hour after hour, till past three in the afternoon. Hereby we avoided a violent storm,
and

and had only what they called a *fresh breeze*. However this breeze drove us to Donaghadee, thirty miles in about three hours.

Monday 30, I rode to Newtown, and in the evening preached in the Market-house to a large number of serious hearers. The Society, I found had been shattered in pieces, but were uniting again. To these I spoke more particularly in the morning. It may be they will yet have ears to hear.

Tuesday 31, After meeting the Society at Belfast, I rode on to Lisburn. At six I preached in the Linnen-Hall, (a small Square so called,) as also the following evenings. We had many people of fashion there, and the congregation increased continually. Friday, April 3, at the end of Dromore I met Robert Williams, who took my bags, and shewed me the way to Newry. A little after six I went to the Market-house. But when I began I had only four hearers. A good number assembled before I had done; only none of the gentry. They were hindered by a business of more importance! Dressing for the *Assembly*.

Sunday 5, I was in hopes of reaching Tanderagee, before the church service began. But it was farther off than we expected. At five in the evening we had the largest congregation I had seen in Ulster. And I believe many found much of the presence of God, but still more at the meeting of the Society. Monday 6, the congregation was surprisingly large this morning, and still larger every morning and evening. Wednesday 8, I preached at noon to our old Society at Terryhugan, the Mother-church of all these parts. Thursday 9, the house would not contain the people at Tandragee, even at five in the morning. So I went to the Market-house, where God gave us a solemn and affectionate parting.

I was not glad to hear that some of the Seceders had settled in these parts also. Those of them who have yet fallen in my way, are more uncharitable than the Papists themselves. I never yet met a Papist, who

who *avowed* the principle of murdering Hereticks. But a Seceding Minister being asked, "Would not you, if it was in your power, cut the throats of all the Methodists?" Replied directly, "Why, did not *Samuel hew Agag in pieces before the Lord?*" I have not yet met a Papist in this kingdom, who would tell me to my face, "All but themselves must be damned." But I have seen Seceders enough, who make no scruple to affirm, "None but themselves could be saved." And this is the natural consequence of their doctrine: for as they hold, 1. That we are saved by faith alone; 2. That faith is, The holding such and such opinions: it follows, All who do not hold those opinions, have no faith, and therefore cannot be saved.

About noon I preached near Dawson's Grove, to a large and serious congregation: but to a far larger in the evening at Killmararty. I do not wonder the gospel runs so swiftly in these parts. The people in general have the finest natural tempers which I ever knew: they have the softness and courtesy of the Irish, with the seriousness of the Scots, and the openness of the English.

Friday 10, at one I preached at Portadown, a place not troubled with any kind of religion. I stood in the street and cried, "Now God commandeth all men every where to repent." The people gathered from all sides. and when I prayed, kneeled down upon the stones, rich and poor, all around me. In the evening I preached again at Killmararty. At five in the morning the house was well filled: and a little after six I cheerfully commended them to the grace of God.

Saturday 11, about three I preached at a village called the Grange. The people came from several miles round, and seemed to hear with the spirit, and with the understanding also. At six I preached near Cock-hill: where, at nine in the morning, Sunday 12, we had a congregation from all parts. But this was more than doubled at five in the evening. All were serious,

ferious, and, according to the custom of the country, when I went to prayer, immediately kneeled, tho' it was in the high road. I believe, not a few were deeply wounded. O may none heal the wound slightly!

Monday 13, I preached at Mount-Roe, a gentleman's seat, about three miles from Cock-hill: Tuesday 14, at Clanmain. This, I believe, was two years since, the only Society in these parts. I think there are now one or two and twenty, within the compass of ten miles.

Wednesday 15, I rode to Armagh. Half an hour before the time of preaching, an officer came and said, "Sir, the sovereign or mayor, orders me to inform you, you shall not preach in his town." In order to make the trial, I walked to the market-house at six. I had just began when the sovereign came. I was informed his name was Harcourt. He was talking very loud, and tolerably fast, when a gentleman came and said, "Sir, if you are not allowed to preach here, you are welcome to preach in Mr. M'Gough's avenue." Mr. M'Gough, one of the chief merchants in the town, himself shewed us the way. I suppose thrice as many people flocked together there, as would have heard me in the market-house. So did the wise providence of God draw good out of evil! And his word has indeed free course.

Thursday 16, about one I preached to a large congregation at Dungannon, in the county of Tyrone: and in the evening before the gate of the great old house at Castle-Caulfield. The Society here, the first fruits of this county, seemed to be all alive. Early in the morning I took horse, and got to Londonderry just at seven, where the congregation was waiting for me. My voice was weak; but I think most of them could hear: and some I trust, heard the voice of God.

Saturday 18, I found we were still honourable men here, some of eminence in the city being both *hearers*

and doers of the word. I employed Monday, Tuesday, and part of Wednesday, in speaking severally to the members of the Society, and was glad to find the greater part of them had tasted that the Lord is gracious. Saturday 25, I rode to Mr. Knox's farm, and preached to a little company on, "By grace ye are saved, thro' faith." I spoke exceedingly plain to them at Derry in the evening, on, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" And more plain, if possible, both morning and evening, on Sunday 26. Surely this is *an understanding people*. But it is only *love that edifies*.

Monday 27, I rode to Augher, and preached at six in the Castle-yard, to a large and deeply serious congregation. Tuesday 28, I preached near Athenacly, after riding thro' one of the finest countries in the kingdom. Wednesday 29, a little beyond Swadling-bar I found a lively congregation, of plain, country people, as simple and artless as if they had lived upon the Welsh mountains. So has God *chosen the foolish things of the-world, to confound the wise*.

Thursday 30, some of the chief persons in the town, desiring I would give them a sermon there, I went thither in the morning. A large room was offered: but it was quickly so full and so hot, that I was obliged to go out into the street. I had hardly named the text, before a poor Papist, at a small distance from me, began blowing a horn. But a gentleman stepping up, snatched his horn away, and without ceremony knocked him down. In the evening I preached in the country again, to a still larger congregation. And God made his word quick and powerful. Many were wounded, and many comforted.

Friday, May 1, we rode by a large seat, elegantly built, and finely situated. But to my surprise, the gates of the grand avenue were painted blue, green and yellow, like a child's rattle. Surely the owner has never seen the pretty bauble. But will no one inform him of it? In the evening I preached in the

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Market-house at Sligo, to a larger congregation, as well as better behaved, than when I was here before. The next evening was exceeding cold and blustering. However, the Provost refusing me the use of the court-house, abundance of people stood with me in the street, and most of them behaved well. Sunday 3, I preached, morning and evening, in the market-house, and had much hope, both from the number and behaviour of the hearers, that even here, our labour will not be in vain.

Monday 4, we rode to Castle-barr, thirty old Irish, about fifty-six English miles. Between six and seven I began preaching in the court-house; but few of the rich were there. These seldom hear me above once: they find it is playing with edge tools. Many of the poor were present at five in the morning, and many more, both rich and poor, in the evening. *And the power of the Lord was present to heal: but how many rejected his counsel against themselves!*

Wednesday 6, I rode to Newport, and preached in the evening, and at six in the morning. Rich and poor behaved extremely well, and seemed almost persuaded to be christians. In the evening I took my leave of the congregation at Castle-barr, by speaking from those words, "Come, Lord, Jesus!" But who will abide his coming in the clouds? Those who are partakers of his holiness.

Friday 8, we rode to Galway, (above fifty English miles.) It rained almost every step of the way. I preached at Ballinrobe in the court-house between eight and nine, and at Galway about six. Colonel E——, and all his family, were there. Perhaps a word might reach their hearts.

Saturday 9, I rode to Ennis, but found the preaching had been discontinued, and the Society was vanished away. So having no business there, I left it in the morning, preached at Clare about eight, and in the evening at Limerick. The continued rain kept me from preaching abroad this week: and I was scandalized

lized at the smallness of the congregation in the house. I am afraid my glorying, touching many of these Societies, is at an end. Almost throughout the province of Ulster, I found the work of God increasing: and not a little in Connaught, particularly at Sligo, Cattle-barr, and Galway. But in Munster, a land flowing with milk and honey, how widely is the case altered! At Ennis the god of this world has wholly prevailed: at Clare, there is but a spark left: and at Limerick itself, I find only the remembrance of the fire which was kindled two years ago. And yet one of the two preachers who was here last, was almost universally *admired*! But, alas! how little does this avail! "He is the best physician, said a sensible man, not who talks best, or who writes best, but who performs the most cures."

Sunday 17, the weather being fair, I took my stand in the old camp, and had, I believe, as many hearers as all the preceding week put together. There was a solemn awe throughout the congregation, and I began to hope God would revive his work. Monday 18, I spoke to the members of the Society severally: most of them appeared to be honest and upright. But a general faintness seemed to have spread among them; there was no zeal, no vigour of grace.

Thursday 21, I preached about noon at Ballygarane, to what is left of the poor Palatines. Many are gone to America; many scattered up and down in various parts of the kingdom. Every where they are patterns of industry and frugality. In the evening I preached at Newmarket. Sunday 24, the old camp would ill contain the congregation, closely wedged in together. Afterwards we had a solemn hour at the meeting of the Society: in which God caused many of the bones which had been broken to rejoice. So they are set upon their feet once again. Now let them run with patience the race set before them!

Monday 25, I rode to Shronill, and preached at twelve to the largest congregation I have ever seen

there. Thence we crossed the country to Kilmannan. I had hardly begun to speak, when a young person, a kind of a gentleman, came, and took great pains to make a disturbance. Mr. Dancer mildly desired him to desist; but was answered with a volley of oaths and a blow. One of the town then encountered him, and beat him well. But the noise preventing my being heard, I retired a few hundred yards, with the serious part of the congregation, and quietly finished my discourse.

Tuesday 26, I went to Cork, and on Thursday 28, to Bandon. This evening I preached in the house; the next, in the main street; but the wind was so high and so cold, that none either could or would bear it, but those who really desired to save their souls. I judged the house would hold these. So the next evening I preached within, and when the benches were removed, it held the greatest part of the congregation. And those who could not get in, heard tolerably well, either at the doors or windows. Sunday 31, we had most of them again at seven: and I took my leave of them with much satisfaction, after having strongly enforced, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

I would fain have preached abroad at Cork in the evening, but the wind and rain would not permit. Two years ago I left above three hundred in the Society. I find a hundred and eighty seven. What has occasioned so considerable a reduction? I believe the real cause is this:

Between two and three years ago, when the Society was nearly as low as it is now, Thomas Taylor and William Penington came to Cork. They were zealous men and sound preachers; full of activity and strict in discipline, without respect of persons. They set up meetings for prayer in several places, and preached abroad at both ends of the city. Hearers swiftly increased; the Society increased: so did the number both of the convinced and the converted. I came when the flame was at the height, and preached abroad,

abroad, in the heart of the city, on the South-side of it, near the barracks, and several times in Blackpool, which lies on the North-side of it. More and more were stirred up, and there was a greater awakening here than in any part of the kingdom.

But misunderstandings crept in between the Leaders, and between some of them and the Preachers. And these increased sevenfold, when one of the Leaders was expelled the Society: some believing him faulty; some not, and neither side having patience with the other. Hence a flame of anger succeeded the flame of love, and many were destroyed by it. At the same time some of our brethren learned a new opinion, and warmly propagated it. This heat was almost as destructive as the former: and the effect of both was, the Spirit of God was grieved; his blessing was withheld, and of course the flock was scattered. When they are convinced of their sin, and humbled before him, then, and not before, he will return.

Wednesday, June 3. As it was fair, tho' the wind was high and extremely sharp, I preached in an open place at Blackpool, to a large number of quiet hearers. On the three following evenings the wind and rain confined us in the house: much against my will, as those who wanted us most, could not or would not come thither.

Sunday 7, (Whitsunday) the weather turning fair, between four and five in the afternoon I began preaching in George's street, to such a congregation as that in the old camp at Limerick. A solemn awe sat on the faces of the whole assembly, while I explained, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." Surely some of them found the promise fulfilled, and did drink of the living water!

Monday 8; I rode to Youghall. When I was here two years ago, a flame was kindled among the people. But it was gone out. And I could not wonder at it: for they have scarce had any preaching since. I purposed staying only a night: but observing the number and deep attention of the congregation; I

stayed another day, and on Tuesday 9, preached in the Exchange again. The hearers were much increased, and all but a few gentlemen, so called, behaved with great seriousness. Wednesday 10, after preaching to a multitude of people, I took horse, and in the evening of a very hot day reached Waterford.

Here I found a small, poor, dead Society, and but a handful of even dull, careless hearers. However, I preached in the yard, and found more life among them than I expected. In the morning I spoke to the several members of the Society, some of whom seemed much devoted to God. I desired Mr. Morgan to preach at noon. God gave him acceptable words: and the whole congregation, rich and poor, appeared to be greatly moved. They seemed to be still more affected in the evening. What pity, that this should pass away like a cloud!

Friday 12, we rode to Kilkenny. The sun was exceeding hot: but did not incommode us much, as we had the wind in our face all the way. The congregation at the town-hall in the evening was large and tolerably serious: a few of the gentry excepted, who seemed neither to understand, nor *care for any of these things*. We had great part of them at five in the morning. At noon, when Mr. Morgan preached, I expected to have seen the largest company of all. But I was mistaken. The ladies could not rise *so soon*: at least they could not *huddle on* their clothes fit to be seen. In the evening I spoke exceeding plain, both to the rich and poor. And a few, at least, received the truth in love. But who will endure to the end?

Sunday 14, in the evening I preached at Birr, to a wilder congregation than I ever saw at Kilkenny. However, as I stood near the Barracks, the number of soldiers that attended, kept them so far in awe, that they durst only laugh and make a little noise, till the whole body of the Papists ran away together. The rest were then tolerably
attentive,

attentive, and grew more and more serious till I concluded.

Monday 15, I rode thro' a pleasant and well cultivated country to Aghrim. For many years I have not seen so large a congregation here, and so remarkably well-behaved. At the prayer, both before and after sermon, all of them kneeled upon the grass. A few of the poor Papists only remained standing, at a distance from the rest of the people. These would come in droves at every place, if the priests, as well as the king, would grant them liberty of conscience.

At the desire of the good, old widow, Mrs. M—, I went with Mr. S— to C—. Lord and lady M— were there before us; to whom I was probably

“ A not expected, much-unwelcome guest.”

But whatsoever it was to *them*, it was a heavy afternoon to *me*, as I had no place to retire to, and so was obliged to be in genteel company, for two or three hours together. O what a dull thing is life, without religion! I do not wonder, that time hangs heavy upon the hands of all who know not God, unless they are perpetually drunk with noise and hurry of one kind or another.

Wednesday 17, we came to Athlone. Here the scene was changed: I was among those that both feared and loved God. But to this day they have not recovered the loss which they sustained, when they left off going to church. It is true, they have long been convinced of their mistake; yet the fruit of it still remains. So that there are very few who retain that vigour of spirit, which they before enjoyed.

At seven I preached in the New House, which Mr. S. has built entirely at his own expence. The congregation was, as usual, both large and serious. I rested the four following days, only preaching morning and evening. Sunday 21, we had a solemn meeting of the Society at five. After preaching at eight, I would willingly have gone to church, but

was

was informed, there had been no service for near two years, and would be none for a year or two longer, the inside of the church wanting to be repaired! In the evening, I preached in the barracks. I knew not that ever I saw such a congregation at Athlone before. Rich and poor, Protestants and Papists, gathered together from every side. And deep attention sat on all, while I explained that solemn declaration, (part of the gospel for the day,) "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded tho' one rose from the dead."

It was about this time, that a remarkable passage happened at Macclesfield in Cheshire. One Ellen Stanyers, a young woman of that town, very religious in her own way, but quite a stranger to the scripture-way of salvation, had her work from one of the shops in the town. A young man belonging to the same shop, fell in love with her. Fearing lest her refusing him would disoblige her master, she gave him encouragement; and afterwards, tho' she never intended it, promised to marry him. One day as she was sitting at her work, this sin was brought to her remembrance, and lay so exceeding heavy upon her mind, that she was utterly distressed. She took her work, and carried it to her master, telling him, she had destroyed her soul with it. At the same time she told the young man, she was resolved never to have him. He came to her and said, "If you do not keep your word, I will hang myself at your door. And then I will come and take you away with me to the devil." She was so frightened, that she fell into black despair. Her father carried her to a clergyman, and afterwards to another, who seemed to pity her case, but knew not how to comfort her. Willing to try every way, he ordered one to read to her in Burkitt upon the New Testament, till she cried, "Take it away; I cannot bear it;" and attempted to run away. But her father held her, and when she struggled, beat her, and told her, she *should* hear it, whether she would or no. She grew worse and worse;

worse; could neither eat, drink, nor sleep; and pined away to a mere skeleton. She wandered about, as one distracted, in the fields and lanes, seeking rest, but finding none. She was exceedingly tempted to destroy herself: but that thought came into her mind, "If I do, I shall leap into hell immediately. I must go thither; but I will keep out of it as long as I can." She was wandering about one day, when a person met her, and advised her to hear the *Methodists*. Altho' she hated them, yet she was willing to do any thing for ease, and so one evening came to the preaching. After the service was over, she desired to speak to the preacher, Mr. Pawson: but she talked quite wildly. However, he encouraged her to come to the Saviour of sinners, and cry to Him for deliverance. "The next day [so Mr. P. continues the account] about twelve of us met together, and prayed with her. I found great freedom, and a full confidence, that God would deliver her. After prayer, she said, 'I never felt my heart pray before. I felt my heart go along with the Preacher's words. They have done me good at my heart. My despair is all gone, I have a hope that I shall be saved.' The next morning two or three prayed with her again. She spent all the day with one or another of the *Methodists*, and did not go home till night. Her father then asked, 'Nelly, where have you been all this time?' She answered, 'I have been among the *Methodists*!' 'The *Methodists*!' said he, 'have you got any good there!' She replied, 'Yes, I bless God, I have. I now hope, I shall be saved.' 'Well,' said he, 'I care not where you go, if you only get relief.' She then went to bed, but could not sleep. While she was meditating on what she had heard, those words were brought to her mind, *Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there?* With the words the Lord spoke peace to her soul: and in one and the same moment, all pain and sorrow fled away, and she was entirely healed, both in body and mind. Early in the morning she came to the house of one of our friends, and clapping her hands together,

together, cried out in an ecstasy of joy, 'O my Jesus, my Jesus, my Jesus! What is it, that he has done for me? I feel, he has forgiven all my sins.' Taking up a hymn-book, she opened it on those words,

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!"

"She was quite transported, being overwhelmed with peace and joy unspeakable. At the same time she was restored to the full use of her reason, and in a little while was strong and healthy as ever. She immediately desired to be admitted into the Society, and for about a year enjoyed unspeakable happiness. She then received a call from her Beloved, and died full of faith and love."

Tuesday 23, about one I preached in the Market-place at Clara. I admired the seriousness of the whole congregation. Indeed one or two gentlemen appeared quite unconcerned. But the presence of greater gentlemen, kept them within bounds. So that they were as quiet—as if they had been at the Play-house.

This and the following evening I preached in the Market-place at Tullamore. Thursday 25, I was desired to look at the Monument lately erected for the Earl of Charleville. It observes, "That he was the last of his family, the great Moore's of Croghan." But how little did riches profit either him, who died in the strength of his years; or his heir, who was literally overwhelmed by them; being so full of care, that sleep departed from him, and he was restless day and night: till after a few months, life itself was a burden, and an untimely death closed the scene!

In the evening I preached at Mountmelick, near the Market-house. The congregation was exceeding large: and God made his word *quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword.*

Friday 26, finding some of the most earnest persons in the Society were deeply prejudiced against each

other; I desired *them* to come face to face, and laboured much to remove their prejudice. I used both argument and persuasion; but it was all in vain. Perceiving that reasoning profited nothing, we betook ourselves to prayer. On a sudden the mighty power of God, broke in upon them. The angry ones on both sides burst into tears, and fell on each other's necks. All anger and prejudice vanished away, and they were as cordially united as ever.

Saturday 27, the congregation in the Market-house at Portarlington was widely different from that at Mountmelick. I endeavoured to suit my subject to my audience, preaching from, "Gallio cared for none of these things." But some of them were quite above conviction. So, finding that they had neither sense, nor good-manners, (of religion I did not suspect them) the next day I adjourned to the shell of our new house, in which I preached, morning and evening. And here the greatest part of the congregation, both Papists and Protestants, behaved with decency.

Monday 29, we took horse about a quarter past three, and before eight reached Coolyough. At twelve I preached in the shady walk: afterwards we had the Quarterly meeting. I found no reason to complain of any of the Societies: only they want more life and zeal.

Tuesday 30, I observed more good-manners at Tyrrels-pass, in rich as well as poor, than at Portarlington. Wednesday, July 1, a friend carried me to Belvidere, a seat built on the side of a clear lake, with walks and gardens adjoining, so curiously laid out, as to exceed even the late Earl of Charleville's. One would scarce think it possible, to have such a variety of beauties in so small a compass. But

How soon, alas! will these "upbraid
Their transitory Master dead!"

We went on to Molingar, where for many years no Methodist Preacher could appear. The Sessions-house

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house here was used as a guard-house. I sent to the commanding Officer, and desired leave to preach there. This he not only gave, but came himself. So did many of the soldiers, as well as the townsmen. In the evening, notwithstanding the cold and blustering winds, I was obliged to preach abroad at Tyrrelspass. But the rain, on the two following evenings, drove us into the house at Edinderry. Saturday 4, having now finished my Circuit, I went on cheerfully to Dublin.

Sunday 5, our house was thoroughly filled, a sight which I have seldom seen. Friday 10, we observed as a day of fasting and prayer. It was at our last meeting, that we found the answer of our prayers. It seemed as if the windows of heaven were opened; the Spirit of grace and supplication was poured out. Many were filled with consolation; and many who had grown weary, resolved to set out anew.

Tuesday 14, A poor backslider, whom I found ten days ago dying in black despair, told me, "Now I am not afraid to die. I see Jesus just before me; and his face is all glory." Instances of this kind do by no means prove that a saint *cannot* fall, even for ever: but only that God is *pitiful and of tender mercy, not willing any should perish.*

Thursday 16, about ten I reached Donard, seven or eight and twenty English miles from Dublin. Standing under some shady trees, I inforced upon a serious congregation, "All things are ready: come unto the marriage." From hence I rode on to Baltinglass, and preached on, "By grace ye are saved thro' faith." It was sultry hot as we rode to Carlow: so that I was weary and faint when we came in: but I soon recovered, and at seven preached in the Sessions-house, to a numerous congregation. But the greater part of them were like blocks, and some like wild asses colts. I was constrained to reprove them sharply. They received it well, and behaved with more decency.

Friday

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Friday 17, we lost our way in setting out of the town. It rained most of the day. However, this was better than sultry heat. In the evening we returned to Dublin,

In my scraps of time this week, I read over that wonderful Poem, Fingal. If it be genuine, if it be really extant, (as many assure me it is,) in the Erse language, it is an amazing proof of a genius in those barbarous times, little inferior to Homer or Virgil!

Monday 20. A friend shewed me the apartments in the Castle, the residence of the Lord Lieutenant. The Duke of Bedford made a noble addition to the lodgings, which are now both grand and convenient. But the furniture surprised me not a little. It is by no means equal to the building. In England, many gentlemen of five hundred a year, would be utterly ashamed of it,

Tuesday 21. I received an account of a young woman, the substance of which was as follows:

“ Katherine Murray, was born February 2, 1729, at Carrick on Sure. She feared God from a child, and abstained from lying and speaking bad words. When about thirteen, she stole some twigs of gooseberry bushes from a neighbour, and planted them in her father's garden. Immediately she felt she had sinned, knew she deserved hell, and feared it would be her portion. She began praying three times a day; but notwithstanding, her sin followed her every where. Day and night it was before her, till after some time, that conviction gradually wore off.

“ In the year 1749, her sister heard the Methodists, so called. She was soon convinced of sin, joined the Society, and advised her to do so too. But hearing one named, that was in it, she was filled with disdain, ‘What! Meet with such a man as that?’ Yet not long after, she was convinced, that the sins of her own heart, pride and passion in particular, were as abominable in the sight of God, as the sins of that man or any other. This conviction was exceeding sharp. She could no longer despise

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any,

any, but only cry out, day and night, 'God be merciful to *me*, a sinner.'

" In February she went to hear Mr. Reeves. He preached on part of the 103d Psalm. She was now more deeply than ever convinced of heart-sin, of unbelief in particular, and had such a sight of the excellency of faith, that she determined to seek it with all her heart.

" In the May following, she was sitting in her room, lamenting her state, and crying to God for mercy, when suddenly she had a sight of our Lord, from the manger to the cross. But it did not bring comfort; on the contrary, it so heightened her distress, that she cried aloud, and alarmed the family: nor could she refrain, till her strength failed, and she fainted away. Often her sleep departed from her; her food was tasteless, and she mingled her drink with weeping; being resolved never to rest, till she found rest in him, whom alone her soul desired.

" It was not long, before the Lord looked upon her. As she was in prayer, she had a clear representation of our blessed Lord, as crowned with thorns, and clothed with the purple robe. In a moment her soul rested on him, and she knew he had taken away her sins. Distress was gone: the love of God flowed into her heart, and she could rejoice in God her Saviour. Her soul was so ravished with his love, that she could not hold her peace: but cried out to all she knew, 'You may know your sins forgiven, if you will come unto Jesus.'

" Yet a while after, she dressed herself as fine as ever she could, and went to worship God, as she expressed it, 'proud as a devil.' Upon the spot God convinced her of all her folly, of her pride and vanity. She was stript of her comfort, yea, and brought to doubt the reality of all she had before experienced. The devil then laboured to persuade her, that she had sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost; and pushed it so, that she thought her life would fail, and she should instantly drop into the pit. But the Lord did
not

not leave her long in the snare: he appeared again, to the joy of her soul. Her confidence was more strong than ever, and the fear of God more deeply rooted in her heart. She abhorred all sin, that in particular which had occasioned her distress: of which indeed she had a peculiar detestation to her last hours.

“ God now made her heart strong: she walked seven years in the clear light of his countenance, never feeling a moment's doubt of his favour, but having the uninterrupted witness of his Spirit. It was her meat and drink to do his will. His word, read or preached, was her delight, and all his ways were pleasant to her. She said, she never came from a sermon unimproved; often so refreshed as to forget weariness or pain. And she was truly *diligent in business*, as well as *fervent in spirit*.

“ And now she thought, she should *never be removed*; God had *made her ill so strong*. But soon after this, she was present when her sister was ill used by her husband. She gave way to the temptation, fell into a passion, and again lost all her happiness. Yet not long: she continued instant in prayer; till God again healed her backsliding.

“ But from this time, as her temptations were more violent, so she had a keener sense of the remains of sin. Tho' she enjoyed a constant sense of the favour of God, yet she had also much fear, lest inbred sin should prevail over her, and make her bring a scandal upon the Gospel. She spent whole days in prayer, that God *would not suffer her to be tempted above that she was able*, and that *with every temptation he would make a way for her to escape*. And she was heard; so that her whole conversation adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour.

“ Yet she suffered much reproach, not only from the children of the world, but also from the children of God. These wounds sunk deep into her soul, and often made her weep before the Lord. Sometimes she

felt resentment for a short time, of which darkness was the sure consequence; but if at any time she lost the consciousness of pardon, it almost took away her life; nor could she rest satisfied a moment, till she regained the light of his countenance. She always judged, it was the privilege of every believer, constantly to walk in the light: and that nothing but sin could rob any who had true faith, of their confidence in a pardoning God.

“ She was tried from within and without for above five years, yet kept from all known sin. In the year 1761, it pleased God to shew her more clearly than ever, under a sermon preached by John Johnson, the absolute necessity of being saved from all sin, and perfected in love. And now her constant cry was, “ Lord, take full possession of my heart, and reign there without a rival. Nor was this at all hindered by her disorders, the gravel and colick, which about this time began to be very violent.

“ In the year 1762, she believed God did hear her prayer; that her soul was intirely filled with love, and all unholy tempers destroyed. And for several months she *rejoiced evermore, prayed without ceasing, and in every thing gave thanks.* Her happiness had no intermission, day or night, yea, and increased, while her disorder increased exceedingly.

“ But in the beginning of the year 1763, when some unkind things were whispered about concerning her, she gave way to the temptation, and felt again a degree of anger in her heart. This soon occasioned a doubt, whether she was not deceived before, in thinking she was saved from sin? But she said, ‘ Whether I was or no, I am sure, I may be. And I am determined now to seek it from the Lord.’

“ From this time her disorders gradually increased. Whenever I was in town,* I visited her from time to time, and always found her, whatever her pains were, resigned to the will of God; having a clear

• Mr. Johnson.

sense

sense of his favour, and a strong confidence that he would finish his work in her soul.

“ So soon as I came to town, January 1767, she sent for me. I found her confined to her bed, and frequently in such racking pain, that it was thought, she could not live many minutes. But she said, my pain is nothing: the presence of the Lord bears me up above it all. I have not a murmuring thought: neither the shadow of a doubt. My way to glory is plain before me. I asked, ‘ If she were not afraid of having great sufferings before the soul and body were parted?’ She said, ‘ Not in the least. I expect to have sharp pain, just before I depart;’ (which was so) ‘ but I do not concern myself about what I shall suffer. It is all at the disposal of the Lord.’

“ Two days after I went again to see her. She said, ‘ My happiness is much increased. For a day and a night my pains have been exquisite: yet in the midst of all, my heart did dance and sing. The Lord so smiles upon me, I cannot express it in words.’ February 6, she sent for me again. I found her in a rapture of love, singing and praising God; so that I was constrained to say, ‘ O Lord, thou hast highly favoured me, in permitting me to see such a christian!’ I cannot attempt to describe how she then appeared: it was with such a smile as I never saw before. Most of the preceding day she had spent in singing praise to God, and telling of his goodness to all that came near her; her soul, she said, being so happy, that she could not be silent.

“ When I spoke to her of death, she said, ‘ It is not death to me: it is only sleep: death is my friend! death is welcome! Its sting is gone: I shall soon be with my Lord! O that I could sing on to all eternity! My work of praise is begun, and shall never end.’ I asked, ‘ Do you find the greatest inclination to prayer or praise?’ She said, ‘ O praise! Praise. I am full of Love. And I cannot doubt but I shall love and praise him to all eternity.’ I then asked her

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concerning her former profession, of being saved from sin. She said, 'Sir, I have it now! I have it now! And more abundantly. My soul is so full of love, that my body is almost overpowered. It will be but a little while, and we shall meet in glory.'

"Monday 9, I visited her again, and found her singing as well as her weak body would permit. I asked, 'Are you as happy now, as when I saw you last?' She said, 'Yes, I am: I have not the shadow of a doubt. I had many conflicts with a wicked heart: but those are all over now: the Lord has finished his work.' She conversed now like one on Pisgah's top, in sight of the New Jerusalem; often saying, 'My work is begun, which shall never end; I shall praise him to all eternity.'

"She was asked, 'Can you wait the Lord's leisure to release you?' She said, 'Yes, yes: as long as he pleases. My pain is gone: this also he has done for me: and why should I not wait patiently?' But it was not long, before her pains returned with redoubled violence. And sometimes a groan was extorted from her: but not the least complaint. Yea, she often broke out in a rapture of love, crying, 'I cannot express the happiness I feel.'

"Friday 13, after dozing a little, she awaked in a transport, saying, 'O! you cannot conceive the joy I feel. You know but in part: but when that which is perfect is come, you shall know even as you are known.' She spoke, with regard to some glorious views which she then had of her dear Redeemer.

"During her last pains, which were the sharpest of all, the devil made his last effort. She was in a violent struggle about half an hour. Then she stretched out her hands and said, 'Glory to Jesus! O love Jesus! He is a glorious Jesus! He has now made me fit for himself. When the harvest is ripe, the sickle is put in.' She asked for a little wine and water: But she could not swallow it. She said, 'I have long been drinking wine and water here: now I shall

shall drink wine in my Father's kingdom.' She lay still about a quarter of an hour, and then breathed her soul into the hands of her Redeemer."

On Wednesday and Thursday we had our little Conference at Dublin. Friday we observed as a day of fasting and prayer: and concluded it with the most solemn watch-night, that I ever remember in this kingdom. I was much tired between seven and eight o'clock, but less and less so as the service went on. And at the conclusion, a little after twelve, I was fresher than at six in the morning.

Sunday 26, was a comfortable day indeed. But the conclusion of it tried my strength, as I was speaking with scarce any intermission, from a little after five, till between nine and ten.

Monday 27, having a severe cold, I was in hopes of riding it away. So I took horse a little after four, and reached Newry in the evening. But my voice was still so weak, that I doubt if many of the congregation in the Market-house could hear me. And my cough was so violent at night, I could hardly sleep a quarter of an hour together. However, I preached at five in the morning, without much difficulty. Wednesday 29, I hastened on to Donaghadee, but found all the packet-boats were on the other side. So I agreed with the captain of a small vessel, and went on board about two o'clock. But it was so late when we landed (after a passage of five hours) that we could only reach Stranraer that night.

Thursday 30, we rode thro' a country swiftly improving to Air, and passed a quiet and comfortable night. Friday 31, before two we reached Glasgow. In the evening I preached, and again at five in the morning. Saturday, August 1, as both my horse and myself were a little tired, I took the stage-coach to Edinburgh.

Before I left Glasgow I heard so strange an account, that I desired to hear it from the person himself. He was a sexton, and yet for many years had little .

little troubled himself about religion. I set down his words, and leave every man to form his own judgment upon them. "Sixteen weeks ago, I was walking an hour before sunset, behind the high kirk, and looking on one side I saw one close to me, who looked in my face, and asked me, How I did? I answered, pretty well. He said, "You have had many troubles. But how have you improved them?" He then told me all that ever I did, yea, and the thoughts that had been in my heart, adding, Be ready for my second coming." And he was gone I knew not how. I trembled all over, and had no strength in me, but sunk down to the ground. From that time I groaned continually under the load of sin, till at the Lord's supper it was all taken away."

Sunday 2, I was sorry to find both the Society and the congregations smaller than when I was her last. I impute this chiefly, to the manner of preaching which has been generally used. The people have been told frequently and strongly, of their coldness, deadness, heaviness, and littleness of faith, but very rarely of any thing that would move thankfulness. Hereby many were driven away, and those that remained were kept cold and dead.

I encouraged them strongly at eight in the morning, and about noon preached upon the Castle-hill, on, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." The sun shone exceeding hot upon my head: but all was well; for God was in the midst of us. In the evening I preached on Luke xx. 34, &c. and many were comforted: especially while I was enlarging on those deep words, "Neither can they die any more, but are equal to the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."

Monday 3, I visited as many as I could, sick and well, and endeavoured to confirm them. In the evening I preached at seven, and again at nine. We concluded about twelve. One then came to me with an unexpected message. A gentleman in the West of Scotland,

Scotland, was a serious, sensible man, but violently attached both to the doctrine and discipline of the kirk. His eldest daughter, dreamed some months since, that she was poisoned, and must die in an hour. She waked in the utmost consternation, which issued in a deep conviction of sin. Soon after she had an earnest desire to see me, tho' not perceiving any possibility of it. But business called Mr. H. to Edinburgh, he brought her with him, three days before I came. On Sunday morning he heard the preaching for the first time, and afterwards omitted no opportunity. He now sent his daughter, to beg I would come if possible to the West, and to desire that I or any of our Preachers would make his house our home.

Tuesday 4, I rode to Dunbar, and endeavoured, if possible, to rouse some of the sleepers, by strongly, yea, roughly enforcing those words, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" And this I must say for the Scots in general, I know no men like them, for bearing plain-dealing.

On Thursday I reached Newcastle. Saturday 8, at the request of Mr. Whitaker of New-England, I preached, and afterwards made a collection, for the Indian schools in America. A large sum of money is now collected: but will money convert Heathens? Find Preachers of David Brainerd's spirit, and nothing can stand before them. But without this, what will gold or silver do? No more than lead or iron. They have indeed sent thousands to hell; but never yet brought a soul to heaven.

Sunday 9, I preached about ten in Mr. Goodday's church at Monk-Wearmouth. About two I preached to a willing multitude at Gateshead-Fell, and at five, near the Garth-Heads at Newcastle.

Monday 10, I laboured to set some right, who have much grace, but little understanding. And I prevailed on all but one, who appeared indeed to be the twin-soul of poor George Bell.

Tuesday 11, I came to a friendly conclusion (blessed be God!) with Mr. L. He agreed to pay
 1 the

the legacies on the second of November: and we relinquished the residue of the estate. So the Happy-Lawyers are happily disappointed: and the design of the dying faint in some measure answered.

Wednesday 12, I took coach. The next day we reached Grantham, and London about seven on Friday evening, having run that day a hundred and ten miles. On the road I read over Seller's History of Palmyra, and Norden's Travels into Egypt and Abyssinia: two as dry, and unsatisfying books, as ever I read in my life.

Sunday 16, I hoped to preach in the fields: but the rain prevented. However, one of our brethren preached there at seven, to thousands upon thousands. And there was not the least shadow of interruption. How long will these Halcyon-days continue!

Tuesday 18, I met in Conference with our Assistants, and a select number of Preachers. To these were added on Thursday and Friday, Mr. Whitefield, Howell Harris, and many Stewards and Local Preachers. Love and harmony reigned from the beginning to the end. But we have all need of more love and holiness: and in order thereto, of crying continually, "Lord, increase our faith!"

Having finished my work at London for the present, on Monday 24, I rode to Wycombe, and preached in the evening to a numerous and deeply attentive congregation.

Tuesday 25, I read Mr. Crantz's Account of the mission into Greenland. Altho' I make much allowance for the *liberty* which I know the brethren take, in their accounts of one another, yet I do not see any reason to doubt that some of the Heathens have been converted. But what pity, that so affecting an Account should be disgraced with those vile, doggerel verses, just calculated to make the whole performance sink in the nostrils of all sensible men! In the evening the multitude that flocked together, obliged me to preach abroad. I saw but three or four that seemed unaffected.

unaffected. And those, I suppose, were *footmen*: a race of men who are commonly lost to all sense of shame, as well as of good and evil.

Wednesday 26, I rode to Ipstone-Hall, near Stoken Church, and preached about ten o'clock: and in the evening at Witney. The next evening I preached on Wood-Green, near the town, to a huge congregation, on, "Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found: call ye upon him while he is near." Scarce any were light or unattentive. Surely some will bring forth fruit unto perfection.

Friday 28, I preached at Stow in the Wold, about ten, to a very dull, quiet congregation, and in the evening to almost such another at Gloucester. Saturday 29, we rode to Brecknock. Sunday 30, one of Trevecka gave us a strange account. A young woman who served as dairy-maid there, was beloved by all the family. She was loving to every one, never angry, never out of humour. That morning she was much happier, and had a fuller manifestation of the love of God than ever. As she was coming thro' the entry, a lad met her with a gun in his hand, which he did not know was charged. He presented it, and said, "Nanny, I will shoot you." The gun went off, and shot her thro' the heart. She fell on her face, and without any struggle or groan, immediately expired.

I preached at eight to a large and serious congregation, and on the Bulwarks at five. A multitude of people attended: and even the gentry seemed, for the present, *almost persuaded to be Christians*.

Monday 31, I rode to Carmarthen, and a little before six went down to the Green. The congregation was near as large as that at Brecknock, but nothing so gay, being almost all poor or middling people. To these therefore, I directly preached the gospel: they heard it with greediness. And tho' I was faint and weary when I began, I was soon as a *giant refreshed with wine*.

Tuesday,

Tuesday, September 1, I rode on to Pembroke, and this and the next evening preached in the main street, to far more than the house could have contained. In the mornings we were within. Wednesday 2, upon enquiry, I found the work of God in Pembroke-shire had been exceedingly hindered, chiefly by Mr. Davies's Preachers, who had continually inveighed against ours, and thereby frightened abundance of people from hearing, or coming near them. This had sometimes provoked them to retort, which always made a bad matter worse. The advice therefore, which I gave them was, 1. Let all the people sacredly abstain from backbiting, tale-bearing, evil-speaking. 2. Let all our Preachers abstain from returning railing for railing, either in public or in private, as well as from disputing. 3. Let them never preach on points of controversy, but plain, practical and experimental religion.

Thursday 3, about noon I preached at Lamphy, a village two miles from Pembroke. The rain a little lessened the congregation, but did not hinder the blessing. God was eminently present to comfort the mourners: as likewise at Pembroke in the evening.

Saturday 5, I rode to Haverford-West, but knew not what to do, because of the rain. However, at six I was constrained by the number of people, to stand abroad, near the castle. And the whole congregation as quietly attended, as if we had been in a cathedral.

Sunday 6, I had a large and earnest congregation at six. About ten I began the service at St. Daniel's, a little church about half a mile from Pembroke, which till lately lay in ruins. It was thoroughly filled during the prayers and sermon, and a considerable number gladly partook of the Lord's supper. Afterwards I rode back to Haverford, and notwithstanding the rain, stood in the same place as before, and applied, "O that thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things that make for thy peace!"

Monday

Monday 7, I rode to Caermarthen, and preached on the Green, on, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" In the afternoon, finding none that could direct us to Oxwyck, we were obliged to ride round by Swansey. The next morning we came to Oxwyck, and found George Story there, who had come to Swansey the day before in his way to Cork. Hearing I was near, he came over just in season, to preach to the congregation who waited for me. At noon I preached to, I suppose, all the inhabitants' of the town, and then rode to Neath.

I had designed to preach abroad, but the rain would not permit. The Preaching-house was much crowded. And the power of God was in the midst of the congregation: prejudice sunk down before it. And the innumerable lies, which most of them had heard of *me*, vanished into air. The same power rested upon them early in the morning. The bigots on all sides were ashamed, and felt *that in Christ Jesus*, nothing avails, but the *faith that worketh by love*.

Wednesday 9, about twelve I preached to a large and serious congregation, in the Assembly-Room at Cowbridge: and in the evening, in the Court-house at Cardiff, where, both this and the following evening, we had most of the gentry in the town: and both of the mornings, the hearers were more than for many years. Who knows, but even in this desolate town, God may build up the waste places?

Friday 11, I rode to Llanbraddock, a single house delightfully situated near the top of a high mountain, and in the evening preached to a serious company of plain Welchmen, with uncommon enlargement of heart. Saturday 12, setting out early, I reached Chepstow before noon, and preached at a friend's door, to a civil, unconcerned congregation. We came to the Old Passage, (being told we had time to spare,) a few minutes after the boat was gone off. Finding they would not pass again that day, I left my horses behind, and crossing over in a small boat, got to Bristol, soon enough to preach in the evening.

The following week I visited most of the Somersetshire Societies. Sunday 20, (as the Sunday before) I preached in Princes-street at eight, about two under the Sycamore-tree at Kingfwood, and at five in the New Square, to a larger congregation, than, I think, was ever there before. Monday 21, I preached at Pensford, Paulton, and Coleford: on Tuesday noon at Midsummer-Norton: (so called, I suppose, because formerly it was accessible at no other time of the year,) and in the evening at Coleford again, where we had a comfortable Love-feast, at which many spoke their experience with all simplicity. Wednesday 23, about noon I preached at Buckland, and in the evening at Frome; but the house was too small, so that many were constrained to go away. So the next evening I preached in a meadow, where a multitude of all denominations attended. It seems that God is at length giving a more general call to this town also; the people whereof seemed before, in every sense, to be *rich, and increased in goods, and needing nothing.*

Friday 25, I was desired to preach at Fressford; but the people durst not come to the house, because of the Small-pox, of which Joseph Allen, an Israelite indeed, had died the day before. So they placed a table near the Church-yard. But I had no sooner begun to speak, than the bells began to ring, by the procurement of a neighbouring gentleman. However, it was labour lost; for my voice prevailed, and the people heard me distinctly. Nay, a person extremely deaf, who had not been able to hear a sermon for several years, told his neighbours with great joy, "That he had heard and understood all, from the beginning to the end."

I preached at Bristol in the evening, on 2 Cor. iv. 17, a text which had been chosen by William New, a little before God called him hence. He laboured under a deep asthma for several years, and for seven or eight months was confined to his bed, where he was from time to time visited by a friend, who wrote the following account.

“ He was one of the first Methodists in Bristol, and always walked as became the gospel. By the sweat of his brow he maintained a large family; leaving six children behind him. When he was no longer able to walk, he did not discontinue his labour: and after he kept his room, he used to cut out glass, (being a glazier) to enable his eldest son, a child about fourteen, to do something toward the support of his family. Yea, when he kept his bed, he was not idle, but still gave him what assistance he could.

“ He was formerly fond of company and diversions, but as soon as God called him, left them all; having a nobler diversion, visiting the sick and afflicted, in which he spent all his leisure hours. He was diligent in the use of all the means of grace; very rarely, during his health, missing the morning preaching at five, tho’ he lived above a mile from the room.

“ About a year ago he took his leave of the Society, telling them, ‘That it was with great pleasure he had joined and continued with them: that it was in this despised place, the Lord first manifested himself to his soul: that no tongue could tell what he had since enjoyed under that roof: that the same Jesus had enabled him to hold on thus far, and he hoped to be with him soon:’ adding, ‘I do not expect to see you any more here, but have no doubt of meeting you in glory.’

“ During the last twenty days of his life, he took no other sustenance, than now and then a tea-spoonful of wine, or of balm-tea. About fourteen days before his death, his tongue turned black, with large chops in it, thro’ the heat of his stomach; and his lips were drawn two or three inches apart, so that it was difficult for him to speak. In this condition he lay waiting for his discharge, saying sometimes, ‘I am, as it were, two persons. The body is in torturing pain, the soul is in sweet peace.’ He frequently said, ‘I long to be gone. Come, Lord Jesus! Come quickly.’ When I asked, ‘Do you desire to see

such a person?' He said, 'I desire to see none but Jesus. To him I leave my dear wife and children. I have no care about them.'

"The next day Satan violently assaulted his faith: but instantly our Lord appeared in all his glory, and he was filled with love and joy unspeakable, and said, 'Call my friend, and let him see a dying christian. O what do I feel? I see my Lord has overcome for me. I am his: praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!' He desired them that were present to sing, and began, "Jesu, lover of my soul." He then desired the text for his funeral sermon might be 1 Cor. iv. 17.

"The next time I saw him, having desired him to make signs rather than speak, which was painful to him, he said, 'Here is a sign, (pushing out his feet, and holding up his hands,) a dying christian, full of love and joy! A crown, a never fading crown awaits me: I am going to everlasting habitations.' He then desired us to sing, and quickly added, 'He is come! He is come! I want to be gone: farewell to you all.' When he could no longer speak, he continued smiling, clapping his hands, and discovering an ecstasy of joy in every motion.

"After a while his speech returned, and he said, 'To day is Friday: to-morrow I expect to go.' One said, 'Poor Mr. New!' He said, 'It is rich New. Tho' poor in myself, I am rich in Christ.'

"I saw him on Saturday in the same spirit, praising God with every breath. He appeared quite transported, pointing upwards, and turning his fingers round his head, alluding to the crown prepared for him. I said, 'Your Lord has kept the best wine unto the last.' 'Yes, yes, said he, it is in my soul.' When I took my leave he pressed my hand, pointed upward, and again clapped his hands. Afterward he spoke little, till he cried out, 'The chariot, the chariot of Israel,' and died."

Saturday 26, I was informed between twelve and one, that Mrs. B. was dying. Judging I had no time

time to lose, about one I left Bristol, and about seven on Sunday-morning came to London. Learning there that she was better, I stayed to preach and administer the sacrament at the chapel, and then hastened on, and spent a solemn and profitable hour at Lewisham. I preached again at West-street chapel in the afternoon, and made a collection for the poor, as I had done in the morning. Soon after I took chaise again, and on Monday about noon I came to Bristol.

Wednesday 30, I preached to a large and very serious congregation on Redcliff-Hill. This is the way to overturn Satan's kingdom. In field-preaching, more than in any other means, God is found of them that fought him not. By this, death, heaven and hell, come to the ears, if not the hearts, of them that care for none of these things.

Friday, October 2, and some days in the following week, I visited the other Societies round Bristol. Sunday 11, I preached at eight in Princes-street, and a little before five, near the New Square, where, notwithstanding the keenness of the wind, the congregation was exceeding large. I permitted all of Mr. Whitefield's Society that pleased, to be present at the love-feast that followed. I hope *We shall not know war any more*, unless with the world, the flesh and the devil.

Monday 12, I preached at Bradford, on Tuesday at Salisbury. On Wednesday about one at Rumsey: whence I rode to Southampton, and the wind being so high, that I could not well preach abroad, I sent a line to the mayor, requesting leave to preach in the Town-hall. In an hour, he sent me word, I might; but in an hour more he retracted. Poor mayor of Southampton! So I preached in a small room, and did not repent my labour.

Thursday 15, about noon I preached at Fareham, then went on to Portsmouth Common. I sent to desire the use of the Tabernacle; but was answered, "Not unless I would preach the perseverance of the saints." At six I preached in our own room, which was suf-

ficiently crowded both within and without. Resolving there should be room for all that would come, I preached the next afternoon on the side of the Common. And the whole congregation was as quiet as that in the square at Bristol. Saturday 17, I set out early, and in the evening came to London.

Tuesday 20, I went to Colchester, and spent three days very agreeably, among a quiet and loving people. All their little misunderstandings are now at an end. Yet they had not the life which they had once. A loss of this kind is not easily recovered. Saturday 24, I returned to London.

Monday 26, I began my little tour, thro' Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire. I preached at Whittlebury in the evening. Tuesday 27, I rode to Weedon, where the use of the church being refused, I accepted the offer of the Presbyterian meeting-house, and preached to a crowded audience. Wednesday 28, about two in the afternoon I preached at Towcester, where tho' many could not get in, yet all were quiet. Hence we rode to Northampton, where in the evening, (our own room being far too small,) I preached in the riding-school to a large and deeply serious congregation. After service, I was challenged, by one that was my parishioner at Epworth, near forty years ago. I drank tea at her house the next afternoon, with her daughter-in-law from London, very big with child, and greatly afraid that she should die in labour. When we went to prayers, I enlarged in prayer for her in particular. Within five minutes after we went away, her pains began, and soon after she was delivered of a fine boy. Friday 30, I rode across the country to Bedford, and preached in the evening to a civil, heavy congregation. Saturday 31, after preaching at Luton in the way, I returned to London.

Sunday, November 1, being *All Saints-day*, (a festival I dearly love,) I could not but observe the admirable propriety with which the collect, epistle and gospel for the day, are suited to each other. As

I was

I was to set out for Kent in the morning, Mr. B. invited me to spend the evening with him at Lewisham. Soon after we took horse, we found one of our horses lame. On enquiry, it appeared, that five nails were driven into the quick. So we were at a full stop. But Mr. B. supplying us with another horse, we rode on, tho' thro' heavy rains, to Staplehurst. In the evening I met with a young clergyman, who seemed to have no desire, but to save his own soul and those that heard him. I advised him, to expect crosses and persecution. But he was sure, his Rector would stand by him. Vain hope. That the children of the world should long stand by the children of God! Soon after, his Rector told him, "Unless he kept away from this people, he must leave his curacy."

Tuesday 3, I rode to Rye, and preached in the evening. A poor prodigal, who was cut to the heart the first time I was there, was one of the audience; but exceeding drunk. He dined with us the next day; but was still so muddled, that I could make no impression on him. He *was* almost persuaded to be a christian! But I doubt is now farther off than ever. In the evening I dealt once more exceeding plain with him and his fellow sinners. If they now perish in their iniquity, their blood is on their own head. Thursday 5, about noon I preached at Norjam. I was surprised at one, to hear the Tower-guns so plain at above fifty miles distance. In the afternoon we rode thro' miserable roads to the pleasant village of Ewhurst, where I found the most lively congregation that I have met with in the county. Saturday 7, I called at the house of mourning at Shoreham, where I found Mr. P. sorrowing like a christian, for his youngest son, the staff of his age, the fourth that has been snatched from him in the bloom of youth. After spending a profitable hour here, I rode forward to London.

Sunday 8, I buried the remains of that excellent young man, Benjamin Colley. He *did* rejoice evermore

more, and pray without ceasing: and I believe his backsliding cost him his life. From the time he missed his way, by means of Mr. Maxfield, he went heavily all his days. God indeed restored his peace, but left him to be buffeted of Satan, in an uncommon manner. And his trials did not end but with his life. However some of his last words were, "Tell all the Society, tell all the world, I die without doubt or fear."

Thursday 12, I occasionally looked into a book, which I had long thrown by, as not worth reading. It is entitled, "Thoughts on God and Nature." But how agreeably was I surpris'd? It contains a treasure of antient learning, delivered in clear and strong language: and is indeed a master-piece in its kind, a thunder-bolt to Lord Bolingbroke and all his admirers.

Sunday 15, I buried the remains of Rebecca Mills. She found peace with God many years since, and about five years ago was entirely changed, and enabled to give her whole soul to God. From that hour she never found any decay, but loved and served him with her whole heart. Pain, and sickness, and various trials succeeded, almost without any intermission. But she was always the same, firm and unmoved, as the Rock on which she was built; in life and in death uniformly praising the God of her salvation. The attainableness of this great salvation, is put beyond all reasonable doubt, by the testimony of one such (were there but one) living and dying witness.

Friday 20, I preached to the condemned felons in Newgate, on, "To day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." All of them were struck and melted into tears: who knows but some of them may reap in joy?

In the evening I preached at Layton-stone. How good would it be for me to be here, not twice in a year, but in a month! So it *appears* to me. But
God

God is wiser than man. When it is really best, will he not bring it to pass?

About this time I received two or three remarkable letters; extracts from which I here subjoin.

“ Rev. Sir,

“ Lately I was requested to read Mr. Marshall’s Gospel-mystery of Sanctification: it was represented to me, as the most excellent Piece, ever published on that subject. I have read it, and lest I should be mistaken, submit to you the following short remarks.

“ It must be acknowledged, he is on the one hand, copious in shewing the impracticability of real, genuine holiness, or of doing any works acceptable to God, till we *repent and believe the gospel*. On the other hand, he shews the deadly consequences of that faith, which sets aside our obligations to observe God’s holy law.

“ I rejoice likewise, to find him shewing, how well able a believer is to keep this law, and proving that this faith implies a divine assurance of our belonging to Christ. But most of all, to observe him speaking so excellently of the growth of a believer in holiness. ‘ We are *always*, says he, to resist the devil, to quench *all his fiery darts*, and to *perfect holiness in the fear of God*. We are to be built up in Christ, *until we come to a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ*.’

“ But how does this agree with his asserting, ‘ Our natural state doth remain in a measure with *all its corrupt principles and practices*, as long as we live in the present world? You may as well wash a blackamoor white, as purge the flesh from its evil lusts. It will lust against the spirit in the best saints upon earth.’ How then am I to come to a *perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ*? Is there a reconciliation between the *fulness of Christ* in a believer, and *all his corrupt principles and practices*? Is it thus, that the strong man armed

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is to be *cast out, with the spoiling of his goods?* Does he tell me, I am to quench *all the fiery darts of the devil*: And in the same breath that 'I may as well wash a blackamoor white.' That *I can do all things thro' Christ strengthening me*: and yet, that the flesh shall never be purged from its evil lusts; no, not in the best saints on earth, so long as they live in the present world? What a wonderful communion is here between light and darkness? What a strange fellowship between Christ and Bellal?"

"What can we infer from hence, but that Mr. Marshall's Book, containing so much poison mixt with food, is an exceeding dangerous one, and not fit to be recommended to any but experienced Christians?"

The following letter is of a very different kind.

"Sir,

"I was yesterday led to hear, what God would say to me by your mouth. You exhorted us, *Strive to enter in at the strait gate*. I am willing so to do. But I find, one chief part of my striving, must be, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked; to instruct the ignorant, to visit the sick, and such as are in prison, bound in misery and iron.

"But if you purge out all who scorn such practices, or at least are not found in them, how many will remain in your Society? I fear, scarce enough to carry your body to the grave! Alas, how many even among those who are called believers, have plenty of all the necessities of life, and yet complain of poverty? How many have houses, and lands, or bags of money, and yet cannot find in their hearts to spare now and then to God's poor, a little piece of gold? How many have linen in plenty, with three or four suits of clothes, and can see the poor go naked? They will change them away for painted clay, or let the moths devour them, before they will give them to cover the nakedness of the poor brethren, many of whose souls are clothed with glorious robes,

robes, tho' their bodies are covered with rags. Pray, Sir, tell these, you cannot believe they are Christians, unless they imitate Christ, in doing good to all men, and hate covetousness, which is idolatry."

I do tell them so: and I tell them, *It will be more tolerable in the day of judgment for Sodom and Gomorrah than for them!* I tell them, *The Methodists* that do not fulfil all righteousness, will have the hottest place in the lake of fire!

To awaken, if possible, these sleepers, I add one extract more.

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"Some time ago I acquainted you how graciously the Lord had dealt with me, in delivering me out of all my troubles. For some time past I have been amazed at my speech, memory and understanding, in all which I was remarkably defective. I have had power to explain the scriptures to my friends that meet here, in a manner that astonished me. But I immediately saw from whence these blessings came, and with an overflow of love and joy, worshipped the great fountain of all goodness. I never was so sensible of my unprofitableness, never so abhorred myself as I do now. And yet I feel no condemnation, nor any withdrawing of my Redeemer's love. He is my shield and buckler, my God and my all. Glory be to God and the Lamb for ever! Praise him for me, and praise him for ever. Let every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord.

"Since the Lord has not only been gracious to my soul, but has intrusted me with a share of this world's good, I am under an equal obligation to be faithful, in this as in other gifts of God. Now especially, when help is so much wanted, I ought to be the more careful. Suffer me, Sir, to speak freely of myself. I have about forty seven pounds a year. As to my disbursements, for apparel, I buy the most lasting

lasting, and in general, the plainest I can. I buy no furniture but what is necessary and cheap. I make my own fire, and get my own breakfast and supper. I pay six-pence to one of our friends for my dinner. I drink herb-tea, and thereby save at least a shilling a week. I seldom drink tea in the afternoon, but sup at six, on bread and cheese, with milk and water. So I save at least eight-pence by dropping tea in the afternoon. I fasted much, till my health was greatly impaired. Then I used abstinence on Wednesdays, Fridays and other Fast-days, till I was obliged to leave this off too: but not till I was quite indifferent as to what I eat. So I determined, if I cannot retrench a meal, I can retrench the expence of a meal twice a week, and on other Fast-days, using potatoes, milk, or some other cheap thing. Thus I save four-pence per dinner twice a week, which with the one shilling and eight-pence, makes two shillings and four-pence per week, without retrenching one necessary meal. Now this two shillings and four-pence would buy as much meat, as made into broth, would nearly suffice for a small family. To be short, the expence for myself, meat, drink, clothes and washing, is not twenty-eight pounds per annum; so that I have near twenty pounds to return to God in the poor. Now if every christian family while in health, would thus far deny themselves, would twice a week dine on the cheapest food, drink in general herb-tea, faithfully calculate the money saved thereby, and give it to the poor, over and above their usual donations; we should then hear no complaining in our streets, but the poor would eat and be satisfied. He that gathered much would have nothing over, and he that gathered little, would have no lack. O how happy should we all be, if this were the case with us! I mentioned this some time ago in a meeting at London, when a brother said, 'These are but little things.' As I went home, I thought of his words: 'Little things!' Is the want of fire, in frost and snow, a little thing? Or the want of food, in a distressed, helpless family?

Gracious

Gracious God! *Feed me with food convenient for me! Give me not poverty, lest I steal; and take the name of my God in vain!*

“ Dear Sir, I know what you feel for the poor, and I also sympathize with you. Here is a hard season coming on, and every thing very dear. Thousands of poor souls, yea, christians, dread the approaching calamities. O that God would stir up the hearts of all, that believe themselves his children, to evidence it by shewing mercy! Surely the real children of God will do it of themselves: for it is the natural fruit of a branch in Christ. I would not desire them to lose one meal in a week, but to use as cheap food, clothes, &c. as possible. And I think the poor themselves ought to be questioned, with regard to drinking tea and beer. For I cannot think it right, for them to indulge themselves in those things, which I refrain from, to help them. My earnest prayers shall accompany yours, That God would give us all, in this our day, to know the things which belong unto our peace, and to acknowledge the blessings which are freely given to us of God!”

Monday 23, I went to Canterbury. Here I met with the *Life of Mahomet*, wrote, I suppose, by the Count de Boulanvillers. Whoever the Author is, he is a very pert, shallow, self-conceited coxcomb, remarkable for nothing but his immense assurance, and thorough contempt of christianity. And the book is a dull ill-digested Romance, supported by no authorities at all: whereas Dean Prideaux, (a writer of ten-times his sense,) cites his authorities for every thing he advances.

In the afternoon I rode to Dover; but the gentleman I was to lodge with, was gone a longer journey. He went to bed well; but was dead in the morning. Such a vapour is life! At six I preached; but the house would by no means contain the congregation. Most of the officers of the garrison were there. I have not found so much life here for some years.

XIV.

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After preaching at Sandwich and Margate, and spending a comfortable day at Canterbury, on Saturday I returned to London.

Monday 30, I took coach for Norwich, and in the evening came to Newmarket. Tuesday, December 1, being alone in the coach, I was considering several points of importance. And thus much appeared clear as the day:

That a man may be saved, who cannot *express* himself properly, concerning *imputed righteousness*. Therefore to do this, is not *necessary* to salvation.

That a man may be saved, who has not *clear conceptions* of it: (yea that never heard the phrase.) Therefore *clear conceptions* of it are not *necessary* to salvation; yea, it is not *necessary* to salvation, to use the phrase at all:

That a pious Church-man, who has not *clear conceptions* even of *Justification by faith*, may be saved: therefore clear conceptions even of this, are not *necessary* to salvation:

That a *Mythic*, who *denies* justification by faith, (Mr. Law, for instance) may be saved. But if so, what becomes of "Articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesiæ?" If so, is it not high time for us

Projicere ampullas & sesquipedalia verba;

And to return to the plain word, "He that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him!"

Every evening this week, I preached at Norwich, to a quiet well-behaved congregation. Our friends, the mob, seem to have taken their leave. And so have triflers: all that remain seem to be deeply serious. But how easily are even these turned out of the way? One of our old members, about a year ago, left the Society, and never heard the preaching since, "Because Mr. Lincoln said, Mr. Wesley and all his followers would go to hell together!" However on Tuesday night he ventured to the house once more.

more. And God met him there, and revealed his Son in his heart.

Saturday 5, believing it was my duty to search to the bottom, some reports which I had heard concerning Mr. B——, I went to his old friend, Mr. G——, an Israelite indeed, but worn almost to a skeleton. After I had explained to him the motives of my enquiry, he spoke without reserve. And if his account be true, that hot, sour man, does well to hold fast his *opinion*; for it is all the *religion* he has.

Monday 7, I went on to Yarmouth, and found "Confusion worse confounded." Not only B. W.'s Society was come to nothing, but ours seemed to be swiftly following. They had almost all left the Church again, being full of prejudice, against the Clergy and against one another. However, as two or three retained their humble, simple love, I doubted not but there would be a blessing in the remnant. My first business was, to reconcile them to each other: and this was effectually done, by hearing the contending parties, first separately, and afterwards face to face. It remained, to reconcile them to the Church: and this was done partly by arguments, partly by persuasion.

Friday 11, we set out at three in the morning; but did not reach Bury till past seven in the evening. The people being ready, I began preaching immediately. Many seemed really desirous to save their souls. The next day we went on to London.

Sunday 13, I was desired to preach a funeral sermon for W— O—. He came to London near thirty years ago, and from nothing increased more and more, till he was worth several thousand pounds. He was a good man, and died in peace. Nevertheless, I believe his money was a great clog to him, and kept him in a poor, low state all his days, making no such advance as he might have done, either in holiness or happiness.

To-day I found a little soreness on the edge of my tongue, which the next day spread to my gums, then

to my lips, which inflamed, swelled, and the skin bursting, bled considerably. Afterward the roof of my mouth was extremely sore, so that I could chew nothing. To this was added a continual spitting. I knew a little rest would cure all. But this was not to be had; for I had appointed to be at Sheerneys, on Wednesday the 16th. Accordingly I took horse between five and six, and came thither between five and six in the evening. At half an hour after six I began reading prayers, (the Governor of the Fort having given me the use of the chapel,) and afterwards preached, tho' not without difficulty, to a large and serious congregation. The next evening it was considerably increased, so that the chapel was as hot as an oven. In coming out, the air being exceeding sharp, quite took away my voice, so that I knew not how I should be able the next day, to read prayers or preach to so large a congregation. But in the afternoon the good Governor cut the knot, sending word, "I must preach in the chapel no more." A room being offered, which held full as many people as I was able to preach to, we had a comfortable hour, and many seemed resolved, to *seek the Lord while he may be found.*

Examining the Society, consisting of four or five and thirty members, I had the comfort to find many of them knew in whom they had believed. And all of them seemed really desirous to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour.

Such a town as many of these live in, is scarce to be found again in England. In the dock adjoining to the Fort, there are six *Old Men of War*. These are divided into small tenements, forty, fifty or sixty in a ship, with little chimneys and windows, and each of these contains a family. In one of them, where we called, a man and his wife, and six little children lived. And yet all the ship was sweet and tolerably clean, sweeter than most sailing ships I have been in. Saturday 19, I returned to London.

Saturday

Saturday 26, I visited poor Mrs. H. whose wild husband has very near murdered her, by vehemently affirming, "It was revealed to him, that she should die before such a day." Indeed the day is past; but her weak, nervous constitution is so deeply shocked by it, that she still keeps her bed, and perhaps will feel it all the days of her life.

Saturday, January 2, 1768, I called on a poor man in the Marshalsea, whose case appeared to be uncommon. He is by birth a Dutch-man, a Chymist by profession; being but half employed at home, he was advised to come to London, where he doubted not of having full employment. He was recommended to a countryman of his to lodge, who after six weeks arrested him, for much more than he owed, and hurried him away to prison, having a wife near her time, without money, friend, or a word of English to speak. I wrote the case to Mr. T—, who immediately gave fifteen pounds, by means of which with a little addition, he was set at liberty, and put in a way of living. But I never saw him since. And reason good; for he could now live without me.

Monday 4, at my leisure hours this week, I read Dr. Priestley's ingenious book on *Electricity*. He seems to have accurately collected and well digested, all that is known on that curious subject. But how little is that all! Indeed the use of it we know; at least, in some degree. We know it is a thousand medicines in one: in particular, that it is the most efficacious medicine, in nervous disorders of every kind, which has ever yet been discovered. But if we aim at *Theory*, we know nothing. We are soon

"Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search."

Monday 11, this week I spent my scraps of time in reading Mr. Woodrow's *History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*. It would transcend belief, but that the vouchers are too authentic, to admit of any exception. O what a blessed governour,

was that *good-natured* man, so called, King Charles the second! Bloody Queen Mary was a lamb, a mere dove, in comparison of him!

Monday 25, and the following days, in the intervals of more important work, I carefully read the pleadings at Edinburgh, in the famous Douglas cause. So intricate a one I never heard, I never read of before. I cannot but believe the birth was real. But the objections are so numerous, and so strongly urged, I cannot at all wonder that many should believe otherwise.

Monday, February 8, I met with a surprising poem, intitled, *Cohoeleth*; or *The Preacher*. It is a paraphrase in tolerable verse, on the book of *Ecclesiastes*. I really think the author of it, (a Turkey merchant,) understands both the difficult expressions, and the connexion of the whole, better than any other, either ancient or modern writer, whom I have seen. He was at Lisbon during the great *Earthquake*, just then sitting in his night-gown and slippers. Before he could dress himself, part of the house he was in, fell and blocked him up. By this means his life was saved: for all who had run out, were dashed in pieces by the falling houses.

Thursday 18, having been importunately pressed thereto, I rode (thro' a keen East wind) to Chatham. About six in the evening I preached at the barracks, in what they call, *The Church*. It is a large room, in which the chaplain reads prayers, and preaches *now and then*. It was soon as hot as an oven thro' the multitude of people, some hundreds of whom were soldiers. And they were *all ear*, as Mr. Boston says, scarce allowing themselves to breathe. Even between five and six in the morning, the room was warm enough. I suppose upwards of two hundred soldiers were a part of the audience. Many of these are already warring a good warfare, knowing in whom they have believed.

Tuesday 23, I rode to Shoreham and preached at five in Mr. P's. house: but the next day I preached
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in the church, being St. Matthias' day. I then rode back to a large room, which is taken in Rotherhithe about three miles from London-Bridge. Altho' the people were strangely squeezed together, yet they appeared to be all attention. Not a cough was to be heard. I strongly exhorted them, *To call upon the Lord while he is near*. And when I had concluded no one offered to move, but every one stood still in his place, till I had passed thro' them.

Friday 26, I translated from the French one of the most useful tracts I ever saw, for those who desire to be *fervent in spirit*. How little does God regard men's opinions! What a multitude of wrong opinions are embraced by all the members of the church of Rome? Yet how highly favoured have many of them been?

Monday 29, I dined at Mr. M——'s. His strangeness is now gone. He has drank of my cup. Reproach has at length found out him also. Afterwards I spent an hour at Mr. G——'s. I can trust myself about once a year in this warm sun-shine; but not much oftener, or I should melt away.

Sunday, March 6, in the evening I went to Brentford, and on Tuesday 8, I reached Bristol, where I did not find any decay in the work of God, tho' it did not go on so vigorously as at Kingswood. Here the meetings for prayer had been exceedingly blest: some were convinced or converted almost daily. And about seventy new members had been added to the Society, in about three months time. The school likewise is in a flourishing condition. Several of the children continue serious: and all of them are in better order than they have been for some years.

Monday 14, I set out on my Northern journey, and preached at Stroud in the evening. Tuesday 15, about noon I preached at Painwick, and in the evening at Gloucester. The mob here was for a considerable time both noisy and mischievous. But an honest Magistrate, taking the matter in hand, quickly tamed the beasts of the people. So may any Magistrate,

trate, if he will: so that wherever a mob continues any time, all they do is to be imputed, not so much to the rabble, as to the Justices.

Wednesday 16, about nine I preached at Cheltenham, a quiet, comfortable place; tho' it would not have been so, if either the rector or the Baptist minister could have prevented it. Both these have blown the trumpet with their might: but the people had no ears to hear. In the afternoon I preached at Upton, and then rode on to Worcester. But the difficulty was, where to preach? No room was large enough to contain the people: and it was too cold for them to stand abroad. At length we went to a friend's near the town, whose barn was larger than many churches. Here a numerous congregation soon assembled; and again at five, and at ten in the morning. Nothing is wanting here but a commodious house. And will not God provide this also?

In the afternoon we rode to Evesham. As all was hurry and confusion on account of the election, I was glad Mr. D. asked me to preach in his church, where we had a large and exceeding quiet congregation. How long a winter has been at this place? Will not the spring at length return?

Friday 18, the Vicar of Pebworth had given notice in the church on Sunday, that I was to preach there on Friday. But the Squire of the parish said, "It is contrary to the *Canons*, (wise Squire!) and it shall not be." So I preached about a mile from it, at Broadmarston, by the side of Mr. Eden's house. The congregation was exceeding large, and remarkably attentive. In the morning the chapel (so it anciently was) was well filled at five. The simplicity and earnestness of the people, promise a glorious harvest.

Saturday 19, we rode to Birmingham. The tumults which subsisted here so many years are now wholly suppressed by a resolute Magistrate. After preaching, I was pleased to see a venerable monument of antiquity, George Bridgins, in the one hundred and seventh

seventh year of his age. He can still walk to the preaching, and retains his senses and understanding tolerably well. But what a dream will even a life of an hundred years appear to him, the moment he awakes in eternity!

Sunday 20, about one I preached on West-Bromwich-Heath: in the evening near the preaching-house in Wednesbury. The North wind cut like a razor; but the congregation, as well as I, had something else to think of.

Tuesday 22, I read over a small book, "Poems by Miss Whately," a farmer's daughter. She had little advantage from education, but an astonishing genius. Some of her Elegies I think quite equal to Mr. Grey's. If she had had proper helps for a few years, I question whether she would not have excelled any female poet, that ever yet appeared in England.

Wednesday 23, after preaching at several other places, I rode on to Wolverhampton. Here too all were quiet. Only those who could not get into the house, made a little noise for a time. And some hundreds attended me to my lodging. But it was with no other intent than to stare.

Thursday 24, I rode to Newcastle-under-Linc, (a river so called,) one of the prettiest towns in England. Many here already know themselves; not a few know Christ. The largeness of the congregation constrained me, tho' it was very cold, to preach in the open air, on "God commandeth all men, every where to repent." I scarce ever saw a more attentive, or better behaved congregation.

Friday 25, I turned aside a little to Borslem, and preached in the new house. That at Congleton is about the same size, but better contrived, and better finished. We had an elegant congregation here; but yet earnestly attentive. It seems the behaviour of the Society in this town, has convinced all the people in it, but the curate: who still refuses to give the sacrament to any that will not promise to hear these preachers no more.

Saturday

Saturday 26, we rode to Macclesfield. Sunday 27, at eleven, one of the ministers preached a useful sermon, as did the other in the afternoon. At five in the evening we had thousands upon thousands. And all were serious, while I enforced, "Now is the day of salvation!"

Monday 28, I met the stewards of the several Societies at Manchester. The times of outward distress are now over. God has given us plenty of all things. It remains only, to give ourselves up to him, who *giveth us all things richly to enjoy.*

Tuesday 29, I preached in Stockport at noon, and Manchester in the evening. Wednesday 30, I rode to a little town called New-Mills, in the High Peak of Derbyshire. I preached at noon, in their large, new chapel, which (in consideration that preaching-houses have need of air,) has a casement, in every window, three inches square! That is the custom of the country!

In the evening and the following morning, I brought strange things to the ears of many in Manchester, concerning the government of their families, and the education of their children. But some still made that very silly answer, "O, he has no children of his own." Neither had St. Paul, (that we know) nor any of the Apostles. What then? Were they therefore, unable to instruct parents? Not so. They were able to instruct every one, that had a soul to be saved.

Saturday April 2, I preached at Little-Leigh, and in the evening, at Chester. At eight in the morning, (Easter-Day) I took my old stand in the little-square at St. Martin's Ash. The people were as quiet as in the house. While I stayed here, I corrected Miss Gilbert's journal, a master-piece in its kind. What a prodigy of a child! Soon ripe, and soon gone!

Tuesday 5, about noon I preached at Warrington; I am afraid, not to the taste of some of my hearers, as my subject led me to speak strongly and explicitly on
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the Godhead of Christ. But that I cannot help; for on this I *must* insist, as the foundation of all our hope.

Wednesday 6, about eleven I preached at Wigan, in a place near the middle of the town, which I suppose was formerly a play-house. It was very full, and very warm. Most of the congregation were wild as wild might be; yet none made the least disturbance. Afterwards as I walked down the street, they stared sufficiently: but none said an uncivil word.

In the evening we had a huge congregation at Liverpool. But some pretty, gay, fluttering things, did not behave with so much good manners as the mob at Wigan. The congregations in general were quite well-behaved, as well as large, both morning and evening. And I found the Society both more numerous and more lively, than ever it was before.

Sunday 10, I rode to Prescot, eight miles from Liverpool, and came thither just as the church began. The Vicar preached an excellent sermon, on, "Whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world. And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." After service, many followed me to a vacant place, where we were tolerably sheltered from the cold wind. Fifty or sixty of our Liverpool friends also were there, who had walked over. And God made it both a solemn and a comfortable opportunity to many souls.

Monday 11, I rode to Bolton; on Wednesday to Kendal. Seceders and mongrel *Methodists*, have so surfeited the people here, that there is small prospect of doing good. However, I once more *cast my bread upon the waters*, and left the event to God.

Thursday 14, I rode on, thro' continued rain, to Ambleside. It cleared up before we came to Keswick, and we set out thence in a fair day. But on the mountains the storm met us again, which beat on us so impetuously, that our horses could scarce turn their faces against it. However, we made shift to reach

reach Cockermouth. But there was no room for preaching, the town being in an uproar, thro' the election for members of parliament. So after drying ourselves, we thought it best to go on to Whitehaven.

I found the Society here more alive to God than it had been for several years. And God has chosen the weak, to make them strong: the change has been wrought chiefly by means of Joseph G. Many of the children likewise are serious and well-behaved, and some of them seem to be awakened. Sunday 17, I commended them to the grace of God, and rode to Cockermouth. I had designed to preach near the market-house; but the rain constrained us to go into the house; where I explained (out of the first lesson,) "Let me die the death of the righteous." In the evening I preached at Coldbeck, in the mountains, to an exceeding serious congregation. Monday 18, taking horse at four, I reached Solway-Frith before eight, and finding a guide ready, crossed without delay, dined at Dumfries, and then went on to Drumlarnie.

Tuesday 19, I rode thro' heavy rain to Glasgow. On Thursday and Friday, I spoke to most of the members of the Society. I doubt we have few Societies in Scotland like this: the greater part of those I saw, not only have found peace with God, but continue to walk in the light of his countenance. Indeed that wise and good man Mr. Gillies, has been of great service to them: encouraging them by all possible means to abide in the grace of God.

Saturday 23, I rode over the mountains to Perth. I had received magnificent accounts of the work of God in this place; so that I expected to find a numerous and lively Society. Instead of this, I found not above two believers, and scarce five awakened persons in it. Finding I had all to begin, I spoke exceedingly plain in the evening, to about a hundred persons at the room. But knowing this was doing nothing, on Sunday 24, I preached about eight at the end of Watergate.

Watergate. A multitude of people were soon assembled, to whom I cried aloud, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near." All were deeply attentive, and I had a little hope, that some were profited.

At the Old Kirk we had useful sermons, both in the morning, and at five in the afternoon. Immediately after service, I preached, on, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." The congregation was so exceeding large, that I doubt many could not hear. After preaching, I explained the nature of a *Methodist* Society: adding, That I should not look on any persons at Perth as such, unless they spoke to me before I left the city. Four men and four women did speak to me, two of whom I think were believers: and one or two more seemed just awaking, and darkly feeling after God. In truth, the kingdom of God among these is as yet but as a grain of mustard-seed.

Monday 25, Mr. F—, minister of a neighbouring parish, desired us to breakfast with him: I found him a serious, benevolent, sensible man, not bigotted to any opinions. I did not reach Brechin, till it was too late to preach. Tuesday 26, I came to Aberdeen.

Here I found a Society truly alive, knit together in peace and love. The congregations were large both morning and evening, and as usual, deeply attentive. But a company of strolling players, who have at length found place here also, stole away the gay part of the hearers. Poor Scotland! Poor Aberdeen! This only was wanting, to make them as completely irreligious as England.

Friday 29, I read over an extremely sensible book; but one that surprized me much. It is, "An Enquiry into the Proofs of the Charges commonly advanced against Mary Queen of Scotland." By means of original papers, he has made it more clear than one would imagine it possible at this distance, 1. That she was altogether innocent of the murder of Lord Darnley,

and no way privy to it: 2. That she married Lord Bothwell, (then near seventy years old, herself but four and twenty,) from the pressing instance of the nobility in a body, who at the same time assured her, "He was innocent of the king's murder: 3. That Murray, Morton and Lethington, themselves contrived that murder, in order to charge it upon her, as well as forged those vile letters and sonnets, which they palmed upon the world for hers."

"But how then can we account for the quite contrary story, which has been almost universally received?" Most easily. It was penned and published in French, English and Latin, (by Queen Elizabeth's order,) by George Buchanan, who was secretary to Lord Murray, and in Queen Elizabeth's pay. So he was sure to throw dirt enough: nor was she at liberty to answer for herself. "But what then was Queen Elizabeth?" As just and merciful as Nero, and as good a Christian as Mahomet.

Sunday, May 1, I preached at seven in the New Room: In the afternoon at the College Kirk in Old Aberdeen. At six, knowing our house could not contain the congregation, I preached in the Castle-gate on the paved stones. A large number of people were all attention: but there were many rude, stupid creatures round about them, who knew as little of reason as of religion: I never saw such brutes in Scotland before. One of them threw a potatoe, which fell on my arm. I turned to them: and some were ashamed.

Monday 2, I set out early from Aberdeen, and about noon preached in Brechin. After sermon, the Provost desired to see me; and said, "Sir, my son had Epileptic Fits from his infancy. Dr. Ogylvie prescribed for him many times, and at length told me, he could do no more. I desired Mr. Blair last Monday to speak to you. On Tuesday morning my son said to his mother, he had just been dreaming that his fits were gone, and he was perfectly well. Soon after I gave him the drops you advised. He is perfectly

perfectly well, and has not had one fit since." In the evening I preached to a large congregation at Dundee. They *heard* attentively, but seemed to *feel* nothing. The next evening I spoke more strongly, and to their hearts rather than their understanding: and I believe a few felt the word of God sharp as a two-edged sword.

Thursday 5, we rode thro' the pleasant and fruitful Carse of Gowry, a plain fifteen or sixteen miles long, between the river Tay and the mountains, very thick inhabited, to Perth. In the afternoon, we walked over to the Royal Palace at Scoon. It is a large old house, delightfully situated, but swiftly running to ruin. Yet there are a few good pictures, and some fine tapestry left, in what they call the Queen's, and the King's chambers. And what is far more curious, there is a bed and a set of hangings, in the (once) royal apartment, which was wrought by poor Queen Mary, while she was imprisoned in the castle of Lochleven. It is some of the finest needle-work I ever saw, and plainly shews, both her exquisite skill and unwearied industry.

About this time a remarkable work of God broke out among the children at Kingswood school. One of the masters sent me a short account of it, as follows:

" Reverend and dear Sir, April 27, 1768.

" On Wednesday the 20th, God broke in upon our boys in a surprising manner. A serious concern has been observable in some of them for some time past. But that night, while they were in their private apartments, the power of God came upon them, even like a mighty, rushing wind, which made them cry aloud for mercy. Last night, I hope, will never be forgotten, when about twenty were in the utmost distress. But God quickly spoke peace to two of them, J— G—t, and T— M—e. A greater display of his love, I never saw: they indeed rejoice with joy unspeakable. For my own part, I

have not often felt the like power. We have no need to exhort them to pray; for that Spirit runs thro' the whole school; so that this house may well be called, a house of prayer. While I am writing, the cries of the boys from their several apartments, are founding in my ears. There are many still lying at the pool, who wait every moment to be put in. They are come to this, 'Lord, I will not, I cannot rest without thy love.' Since I began to write, eight more are set at liberty, and now rejoice in God their Saviour. The names of these are John Coward, John Lion, John Maddern, John Boddily, John Thurgar, Charles Brown, William Higham, and Robert Hindmarsh. Their age is from eight to fourteen. There are but few who withstand the work, nor is it likely they should do it long. For the prayers of those that believe in Christ, seem to carry all before them. Among the Colliers likewise the work of God increases greatly: two of the Colliers boys were justified this week. The number added to the Society since the Conference is a hundred and thirty.

"I had sealed my letter, but have opened it to inform you, that two more of our children have found peace. Several others are under deep conviction. Some of our friends from Bristol are here, who are thunderstruck. This is the day we have wished for so long, the day you have had in view, which has made you go thro' so much opposition, for the good of these poor children.

JAMES HINDMARSH."

A few days after, one wrote thus:

"I cannot help congratulating you on the happy situation of your family here. The power of God continues to work, with almost irresistible force. And there is good reason to hope, it will not be withdrawn, till every soul is converted to God.—I have had frequent opportunities of conversing alone with

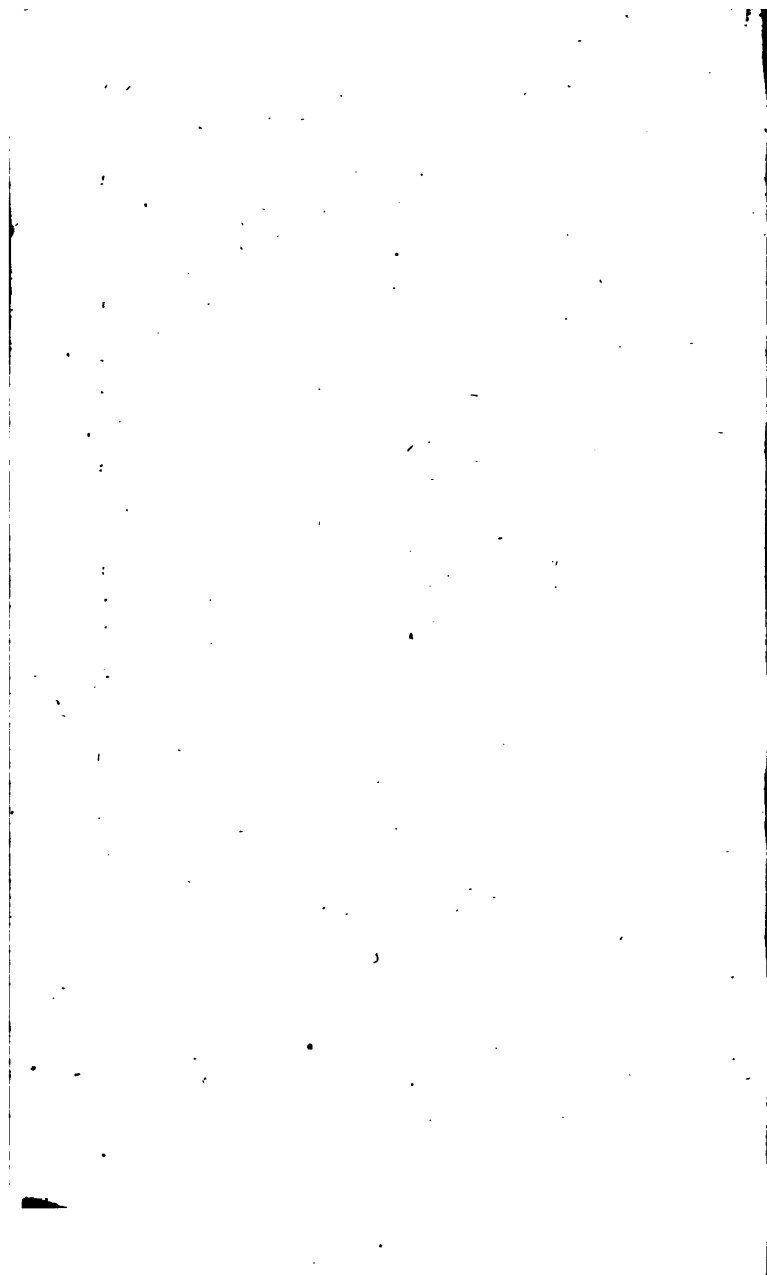
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with the boys, and find the work has taken deep root in many hearts. The house rings with praise and prayer, and the whole behaviour of the children strongly speaks for God. The number of the new-born is increased since you received your last information. I have been a witness of part: but the whole exceeds all that language can paint."

Another writes, May 18. "The work of God still goes on at Kingwood. Of the hundred and thirty members who have been added to the Society since the last Conference, the greater part have received justifying faith, and are still rejoicing in God their Saviour: and (what is the most remarkable) I do not know of one backslider in the place. The outpouring of the Spirit on the children in the school, has been exceeding great. I believe, there is not one among them, who has not been affected more or less. Twelve of them have found peace with God. And some, in a very remarkable manner. These have no more doubt of the favour of God, than of their own existence. And the Lord is still with them, tho' not so powerfully, as he was two or three weeks since."

Conclusion of the Fourteenth Journal.



AN
EXTRACT
OF THE
REV. MR. JOHN WESLEY'S
JOURNAL,

From MAY 14, 1768,
To SEPTEMBER 1, 1770.

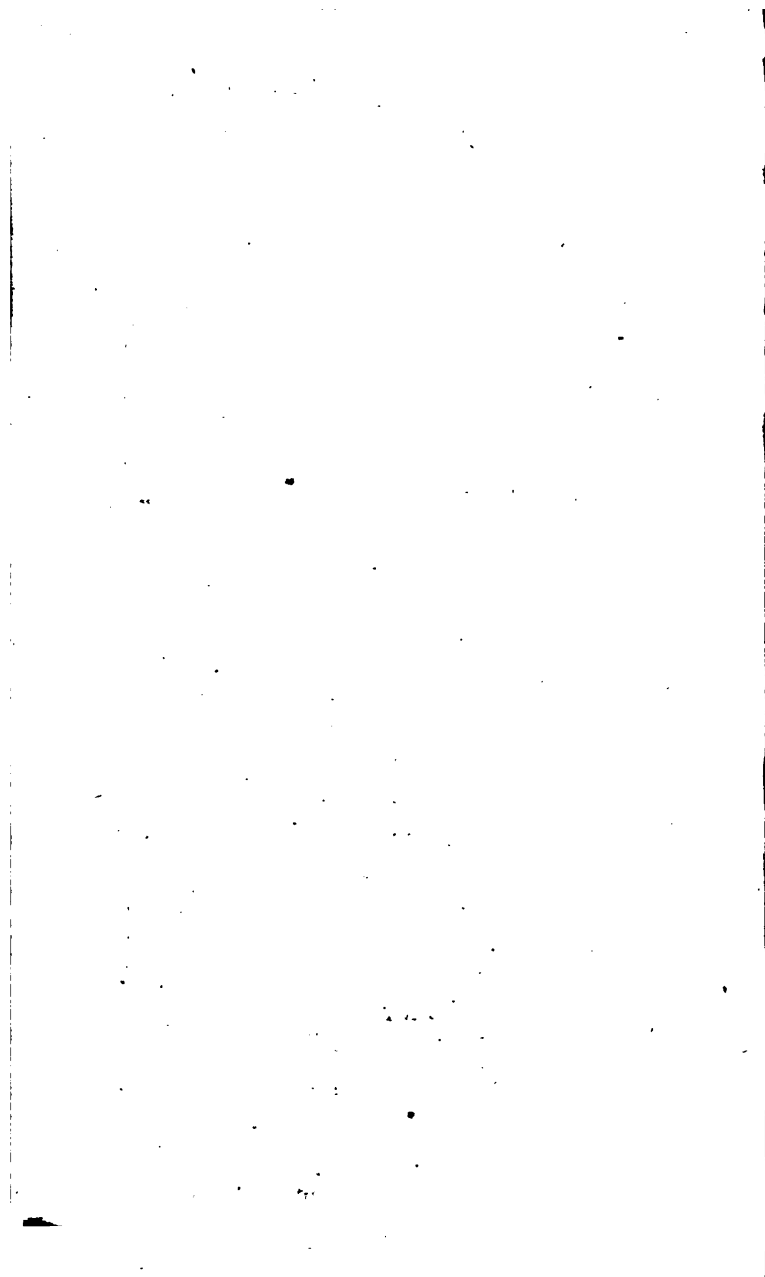
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XV.
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PRICE ONE SHILLING.



AN
EXTRACT
OF THE
REV. MR. JOHN WESLEY'S
JOURNAL,

From MAY 14, 1768, to SEPTEMBER 1, 1770.

SATURDAY, May 14, 1768. I walked once more through Holyrood-house, a noble pile of building; but the greatest part of it left to itself, and (so like the palace at Scone) swiftly running to ruin. The tapestry is dirty and quite faded; the fine ceilings dropping down; and many of the pictures in the gallery torn, or cut through. This was the work of good General Hawley's soldiers, (like General, like men!) who, after running away from the Scots at Falkirk, revenged themselves on the harmless canvas!

Sunday, 15. At eight I preached in the High-School-Yard; and I believe not a few of the hearers were cut to the heart. Between twelve and one a far larger congregation assembled on the Castle-hill. And I believe my voice commanded them all, while I opened and enforced those awful words, *I saw the dead small and great stand before God.* In the evening our house was sufficiently crowded, even with the rich and honourable. *Who hath warned thee to flee from the wrath to come? O may they at length awake and arise from the dead!*

Monday 16. I preached in the evening at Dunbar, near the shore, to an unusually large congregation.

Tuesday, 17. I looked over Dr. Shaw's Travels: great part of them is very dull and unentertaining: but some remarks are extremely curious. I was a little

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surprized at one of them : namely, that the celebrated Mount Atlas, is not higher than many of our English mountains; and nothing near so high as the Alps. But it was much farther from Rome. So travellers might make it as high as the moon; and few in Italy could contradict them.

Wednesday 18. I came to poor dead Berwick. However I found a few living souls even here. At seven I preached in the Town-hall, to an exceeding serious, though not numerous, congregation. The next evening I preached in the Market-place at Alnwick.

Frid. 20. I went on in reading that fine book, Bp. Butler's *Analogy*. But I doubt it is too hard for most of those, for whom it was chiefly intended. *Free thinkers*, so called, are seldom *close thinkers*. They will not be at the pains of reading such a book as this. One that would profit them, must dilute his sense, or they will neither swallow, nor digest it.

Saturday 21. About noon I preached at Morpeth, and in the evening at Newcastle, in the Old Custom-house, a large commodious room near the Key-side, the grand resort of publicans and sinners.

Sunday 22. I preached in the morning, under the trees in Gateshead, to a large and serious multitude : and at two, on the Fell, to a much larger. But the largest of all attended at the Garth-heads in the evening. And great part of them were not curious hearers, but well acquainted with the things of the kingdom of God.

Wednesday 25, and the two following days, being at Sunderland, I took down from one who had feared God from her infancy, one of the strangest accounts I ever read. And yet I can find no pretence to disbelieve it. The well-known character of the person, excludes all suspicion of fraud; and the nature of the circumstances themselves, excludes the possibility of a delusion.

It is true, there are several of them, which I do not comprehend. But this is with me a very slender objection. For, what is it which I do comprehend, even of the things I see daily? Truly not

“ The

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§

“ The smallest grain of sand, or spire of grafs.”

I know not how the one grows, nor how the particles of the other cohere together. What pretence have I then to deny well attested facts, because I cannot comprehend them?

It is true likewise, that the English in general, and indeed most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of Witches and Apparitions, as mere old wives fables. I am sorry for it: and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment, which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. I owe them no such service. I take knowledge, that these are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raised, and with such insolence spread throughout the nation, in direct opposition not only to the Bible, but to the suffrage of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations. They well know, (whether Christians know it or not) that the giving up Witchcraft, is in effect, giving up the Bible. And they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate Spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air, (Deism, Atheism, Materialism) falls to the ground. I know no reason therefore, why we should suffer even this weapon to be wrested out of our hands. Indeed there are numerous arguments besides, which abundantly confute their vain imaginations. But we need not be hooted out of one: neither reason nor religion require this.

One of the capital objections to all these accounts, which I have known urged over and over, is this. “ Did you ever see an apparition yourself?” No: nor did I ever see a murder. Yet I believe there is such a thing; yea, and that in one place or another murder is committed every day. Therefore I cannot as a reasonable man deny the fact; although I never saw it, and perhaps never may. The testimony of unexceptionable witnesses fully convinces me both of the one and the other.

But to set this aside, it has been confidently alledged that many of these have seen their error, and have been clearly convinced, that the supposed preternatural operation was the mere contrivance of artful men. The

famous instance of this, which has been spread far and wide, was the Drumming in Mr. Mompeffon's house at Tedworth; who, it was said, acknowledged, "It was all a trick, and that he had found out the whole contrivance." Not so. My eldest brother, then at Christ-Church, Oxon, enquired of Mr. Mompeffon, his fellow collegian, "Whether his father had acknowledged this or not?" He answered, "The resort of Gentlemen to my father's house, was so great, he could not bear the expence. He therefore took no pains to confute the report, that he had found out the cheat: altho' he, and I, and all the family knew the account which was published, to be punctually true."

This premised, I proceed to as remarkable a narrative as any that has fallen under my notice. The reader may believe it if he pleases: Or may disbelieve it, without any offence to me. Mean-time let him not be offended if I believe it, till I see better reason to the contrary.—I have added a few short remarks, which may make some passages a little more intelligible.

1. Elizabeth Hobson was born in Sunderland, in the year 1744. Her father dying when she was three or four years old, her Uncle, Thomas Rea, a pious man, brought her up as his own daughter. She was serious from a child, and grew up in the fear of God. Yet she had deep and sharp convictions of sin, till she was about sixteen years of age, when she found peace with God: And from that time the whole tenor of her behaviour was suitable to her profession.

On Wednesday May 25, 1768, and the three following days, I talked with her at large. But it was with great difficulty I prevailed on her to speak. The substance of what she said was as follows.

2. "From my childhood, when any of our neighbours died, whether men, women or children, I used to see them, either just when they died, or a little before. And I was not frightened at all, it was so common. Indeed many times I did not then know they were dead. I saw many of them by day, many by night. Those that came when it was dark, brought a light with them. I observed all little children and many grown persons, had a bright glorious light round

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them. But many had a gloomy, dismal light, and a dusky cloud over them.

3. When I told my uncle this, he did not seem to be at all surprized at it.* But at several times he said, "Be not afraid: only take care to fear and serve God. As long as he is on your side, none will be able to hurt you." At other times he said, (dropping a word now and then, but seldom answering me any questions about it,) "Evil spirits very seldom appear, but between eleven and two in the morning. But after they have appeared to a person a year, they frequently come in the day-time. Whenever spirits, good or bad, come in the day, come at sun-rise, or at sun-set." †

4. When I was between twelve and thirteen, my uncle had a lodger, who was a very wicked man. One night I was sitting in my chamber, about half an hour after ten, having by accident put out my candle, when he came in all over on a flame. I cried out, "William why do you come in *so* to fright me?" He said nothing, but went away. I went after him into his room; but found he was fast asleep in bed. A day or two after he fell ill, and within the week died in raging despair.

5. I was between fourteen and fifteen, when I went very early one morning to fetch up the kine. I had two fields to cross into a low ground, which was said to be haunted. Many persons had been frightened there: and I had myself often seen men and women, (so many, at times, that they were out of count) go just by me and vanish away. This morning, as I came toward it, I heard a confused noise, as of many people quarrelling. But I did not mind it, and went on till I came near the gate. I saw on the other side a young man dressed in purple, who said, "It is too early: go back from whence you came. The Lord be with you and bless you." And presently he was gone.

6. When I was about sixteen, my uncle fell ill, and grew worse and worse for three months. One day having been sent out on an errand, I was coming home

* It appears highly probable, that he was himself experimentally acquainted with these things.

† How strange is this! But how little do we know, concerning the laws of the invisible world?

through

through a lane, when I saw him in the field coming swiftly toward me. I ran to meet him; but he was gone. When I came home, I found him calling for me. As soon as I came to his bed side, he clasp'd his arms round my neck; and bursting into tears, earnestly exhorted me, to continue in the ways of God. He kept his hold, till he sunk down and died; and even then they could hardly unclasp his fingers. I would fain have died with him, and wished to be buried with him, dead or alive.

7. From that time I was crying from morning to night, and praying that I might see him. I grew weaker and weaker, till one morning, about one o'clock, as I was lying, crying as usual, I heard some noise, and rising up, saw him come to the bed side. He looked much displeased, shook his head at me, and in a minute or two went away.

8. About a week after I took my bed, and grew worse and worse, till in six or seven days my life was despaired of. Then about eleven at night, my uncle came in, looked well-pleased, and sat down on the bed side. He came every night after, at the same time, and stayed till cock-crowing. I was exceeding glad, and kept my eyes fixt upon him, all the time he stayed. If I wanted drink or any thing, though I did not speak or stir,† he fetched it, and set it on the chair by the bed side. Indeed I could not speak: ‡ many times I strove but could not move my tongue. Every morning when he went away, he waved his hand to me, and I heard delightful music, as if many persons were singing together.

9. In about six weeks I grew better. I was then musing one night, whether I did well, in desiring he might come? And I was praying, that God would do his own will, when he came in, and stood by the bed side. But he was not in his usual dress: he had on a white robe which reached down to his feet. He looked quite pleased. About one there stood by him a person in white, taller than he and exceeding beautiful. He

† So it is plain, he knew her thoughts! But this is widely distant, from *knowing the hearts of all men*.

‡ Such an impression, even though she felt no fear, did the presence of a superior nature make upon her!

came with the singing as of many voices, and continued till near cock-crowing. Then my uncle smiled and waved his hand toward me twice or thrice. They went away with inexpressible sweet music, and I saw him no more.

10. In a year after this, a young man courted me, and in some months we agreed to be married. But he proposed to take another voyage first, and one evening went aboard his ship. About eleven o'clock going out to look for my mother, I saw him standing at his mother's door with his hands in his pockets, and his hat pulled over his eyes. I went to him, and reached my hand, to put up his hat. But he went swiftly by me, and I saw the wall on the other side of the lane part as he went through, and then immediately close after him. At ten the next morning he died.

11. A few days after, John Simpson, one of our neighbours, a man that truly feared God, and one with whom I was particularly acquainted, went to sea, as usual. He sailed out on a Tuesday. The Friday night following, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I heard one walking in my room, and every step sounded, as if he was stepping in water. He then came to the bed side in his sea-jacket, all wet, and stretched his hand over me. Three drops of water fell on my breast,* and felt as cold as ice. I strove to wake his wife, who lay with me; but I could not, any more than if she was dead. Afterward I heard, he was cast away that night. In less than a minute he went away. But he came to me every night, for six or seven nights following, between eleven and two. Before he came and when he went away, I always heard sweet music.† Afterwards he came both day and night; every night about twelve, with the music at his coming and going, and every day at sun-rise, noon and sun-set. He came whatever company I was in; at church, in the Preaching-house, at my class: and was always just before me, changing his posture, as I changed mine. When I sat, he sat; when I kneeled, he kneeled; when I stood, he stood likewise. I would fain have spoke to him, but

* Was this real? Or did he only raise such a sensation in her?

† Was this a real modulation of the air? Was it designed to shew that he was happy, and to encourage her to speak?

I could

I could not ; when I tried, my heart sunk within me. Mean time it affected me more and more, so that I lost both my stomach, my colour, and my strength. This continued ten weeks, while I pined away not daring to tell any one. At last he came four or five nights without any music, and looked exceeding sad. On the fifth night he drew the curtains of the bed violently to and fro ; still looking wishfully at me, and as one quite distressed. This he did two nights. On the third, I lay down about eleven, on the side of the bed. I quickly saw him walking up and down the room. Being resolved to speak to him, but unwilling any should hear, I rose and went up into the garret. When I opened the door, I saw him walking toward me, and shrunk back : on which he stopped and stood at a distance. I said, " In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, what is your business with me ? " He answered, " Betsy, God forgive you, for keeping me so long from my rest.* Have you forgot what you promised before I went to sea ? To look to my children, if I was drowned ? You must stand to your word, or I cannot rest." I said, " I wish I was dead. He said, " Say not so. You have more to go through before then. And yet, if you knew as much as I do, you would not care how soon you died.—You may bring the children on in their learning while they live : they have but a short time." † I said, " I will take all the care I can." He added, " Your brother has wrote for you, to come to Jamaica. But if you go, it will hurt your soul. You have also thoughts of altering your condition ; ‡ but if you marry him you think of, it will draw you from God, and you will neither be happy here nor hereafter. Keep close to God, and go on in the way wherein you have been brought up." I asked, How do you spend your time ? He answered, " In songs of praise. But of this you will know more by and by ; for where I am you will surely be. I have lost much happiness by coming to you ; || and I should not have stayed so long without using other means to

* Who can account for this ?

† By what means could he know this ?

‡ So he likewise knew her thoughts !

|| I do not understand this.

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make you speak ; but the Lord would not suffer me to fright you. Have you any thing more to say ? It draws near two, and after that I cannot stay. I shall only come to you twice more, before the death of my two children. God blefs you." Immediately I heard such finging, as if a thousand voices joined together. He then went down stairs and I followed him to the first landing. He smiled and I said, "I desire you will come back." He stood still till I came to him. I asked him one or two questions, which he immediately answered ; but added, "I wish you had not called me back ; for now I must take something from you." * He paused a little and said, "I think you can best part with the hearing of your left ear." He laid his hand upon it, and in the instant it was deaf as a stone. And it was several years before I recovered the least hearing of it. The cock crowed as he went out of the door ; and then the music ceased. The elder of his children died at about three years and an half, the younger, before he was five years old. He appeared before the death of each, but without speaking ; after that, I saw him no more.

12. A little before Michaelmas, 1763, my brother George, who was a good young man, went to sea. The day after Michaelmas-day, about midnight, I saw him stand by my bed-side, surrounded with a glorious light, and looking earnestly at me. He was wet all over. That night the ship in which he sailed, split upon a rock, and all the crew were drowned.

13. On April 9, 1767, about midnight, I was lying awake, and I saw my brother John † standing by my bed-side. Just at that time he died in Jamaica.

14. By his death I became intitled to a house in Sunderland, which was left us by my grandfather, John Hobson, an exceeding wicked man, who was drowned fourteen years ago. I employed an attorney to recover it from my aunts, who kept possession of it. But finding more difficulty than I expected, in the beginning of December I gave it up. Three or four nights after,

* Another instance like this we shall see by and by. But the reason of it we cannot so much as conjecture.

† So, a spirit finds no difficulty in travelling three or four thousand miles in a moment !

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as I rose from prayer, a little before eleven, I saw him standing at a small distance. I cried out, "Lord bless me! What brings you here? He answered, "You have given up the house: Mr. Parker advised you so to do: * but if you do I shall have no rest. † Indeed Mr. Dunn, ‡ whom you have hitherto employed, will do nothing for you. Go to Durham; employ an Attorney there, and it will be recovered." § His voice was loud, || and so hollow and deep, that every word went through me. His lips did not move at all, (nor his eyes) but the sound seemed to rise out of the floor. When he had done speaking, he turned about, and walked out of the room. ¶

15. In January, as I was sitting on the bed-side a quarter before twelve, he came in, stood before me, looked earnestly at me, then walked up and down and stood and looked again. This he did for half an hour: and thus he came every other night, * for about three weeks. All this time he seemed angry, † and sometimes his look was quite horrid and furious. One night I was sitting up in bed crying; when he came and began to pull off the clothes. I strove to touch his hand, but could not; on which he shrunk back and smiled. ‡

16. The next night but one, about twelve, I was again sitting up and crying, when he came and stood at the bed-side. As I was looking for a handkerchief he walked to the table, took one up, § brought and dropt it upon the bed. After this, he came three or four nights and pulled the clothes off, throwing them on the other side of the bed.

* How often are spirits present when we do not think of it!

† Why not? What had he to do with the things under the sun?

‡ Did he then know Mr. Dunn's thoughts?

§ Was he sure of this? Or did he only conjecture?

|| What a picture? Far beyond her invention!

¶ That he might not frighten her, by vanishing away.

* Surely God saw, this was as much as she could bear.

† At her not speaking. But why could not he speak first? Is this contrary to a law of the invisible world?

‡ Poor ghost! Did this divert thee for a moment from attending to the worm that never dieth?

§ So, he saw her thought! But did he not pity her too?

17. Two.

17. Two nights after he came, as I was sitting on the bed-side, and after walking to and fro, snatched the handkerchief from my neck. I fell into a swoon. When I came to myself he was standing just before me. Presently he came close to me, dropt it on the bed, and went away.

18. Having had a long illness the year before, having taken much cold by his frequent pulling off the cloaths, and being worn out by these appearances, I was now mostly confined to my bed. The next night, soon after eleven, he came again. I asked, "in God's name, why do you torment me thus? You know, it is impossible for me to go to Durham now. But I have a fear that you are not happy, and beg to know, whether you are, or not?" He answered, after a little pause, "That is a bold question for you to ask. So far as you knew me to do amiss in my life-time, do you take care to do better." I said, "It is a shocking affair, to live and die after that manner." He replied, "It is no time for reflections now: what is done cannot be undone." I said, "It must be a great happiness, to die in the Lord!" He said, "Hold your tongue! Hold your tongue! At your peril never mention such a word before me again!"* I was frightened, and strove to lift up my heart to God. He gave a shriek, and sunk down at three times, with a loud groan at each time. Just as he disappeared, there was a large flash of fire, and I fainted away.

19. Three days after, I went to Durham, and put the affair into Mr. Hugill the Attorney's hands. The next night, about one, he came in; but on my taking up the Bible, went away. A month after, he came about eleven, I said, "Lord bless me: What has brought you here again?" He said, "Mr. Hugill has done nothing but write one letter: you must write or go to Durham again. It may be decided in a few days." I asked, why do not you go to my wants, who keep me out of it? He answered, "I have no power to go to them. And they cannot bear it. If I could,

* This seems to have been peculiarly intolerable to him, the thought of what he had lost.

† So he had observed him narrowly, tho' unseen.

I would go to them, were it only to warn them : * for I doubt, where I am, I shall get too many to bear me company." He added, "Take care : † there is mischief laid in Peggy's ‡ hands : she will strive to meet you coming from your class. I do not speak to hinder you from going to it, but that you may be cautious. Let some one go with you and come back with you ; tho' whether you will escape or no, I cannot tell." I said, "She can do no more than God will let her." He answered, "We have all too little to do with him. Mention that word no more. As soon as this is decided, meet me at Boyldon-Hill, || between twelve and one at night." I said, "That is a lone place for a woman to go to at that time of night. I am willing to meet you at the Ballast-Hills, or in the Church-yard." He said, "That will not do. But what are you afraid of ?" I answered, "I am not afraid of You, § but of rude men." He said, "I will set you safe, both thither and back again." I asked, "May I not bring a Minister with me ?" He replied, "Are you thereabouts ; I will not be seen by any but you : you have plagued me sore enough already. If you bring any with you, take what follows."

20. From this time he appeared every night, between eleven and two. If I put out the fire and candle, in hopes I should not see him, it did not avail. For as soon as he came, all the room was light, but with a dismal light, like that of flaming brimstone. But whenever I took up the Bible, or kneeled down, yea, or prayed in my heart, he was gone.

21. On Thursday, May 12, he came about eleven, as I was sitting by the fire. I asked, "In God's name, what do you want ?" He said, "You must either go or write to Durham. I cannot stay from you till this be decided ; ¶ and I cannot stay where I am." * When

* Is not this like the concern of Dives for his five brethren ? Luke xvi. 28.

† Here at least, he shews some remains of real affection !

‡ Her Aunt.

|| About half a mile from the town.

§ No ! Not tho' she knew him to be a damned spirit.

¶ Why not ? Who can tell ?

* And where canst thou stay with any comfort ? Dost not thou carry with thee thy own hell ?

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he went away, I fell into a violent passion of crying, seeing no end of my trouble. In this agony I continued till after one, and then fell into a fit. About two I came to myself, and saw standing at the bed-side, one in a white robe, which reached down to his feet. I cried, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—" He said, "The Lord is with you. I am come to comfort you. What cause have you to complain and murmur thus? Why do you mourn thus for your friends? Pray for them, and leave them to God. Arise and pray." I said, "I can pray none." He said, "But God will help you: only keep close to God. You are backward likewise in praying with others, and afraid to receive the Lord's-supper. Break through that backwardness and fear. The Lord bless you and be ever with you!" As he went away, I heard many voices singing Hallelujah, with such melody as I never heard before. All my trouble was gone, and I wanted nothing but to fly away with them.

22. Saturday, 28. About twelve, my Grandfather stood at the bed-side. I said, "In God's name what do you want?" He said, "You do not make an end of this thing: get it decided as soon as possible. My coming is as uneasy to myself, as it can be to you." Before he came, there was a strong smell of burning, and the room was full of smoke, which got into my eyes, and almost blinded me for some time after.

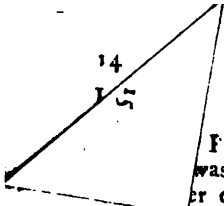
23. Wednesday, June 21. About sun-set, I was coming up-stairs at Mrs. Knot's, and I saw him coming towards me, out of the opposite room. He went close by me on the stair head. Before I saw him, I smelt a strong smell of burning; and so did Miss Hofmer. It got into my throat and almost stifled me. I sat down, and fainted away.

24. On Friday, July 3. I was sitting at dinner, when I thought I heard one coming along the passage. I looked about, and saw my Aunt, Margaret Scott of Newcastle, standing at my back. On Saturday I had a letter informing me, that she died on that day." Thus far Elizabeth Hobson.

On Sunday, July 10. I received the following letter from a friend to whom I had recommended her.

May 1768.

Sunderland, July 6, 1768.



I wrote you word, before, that Elizabeth was put into possession of the house. The same old visitant, who had not troubled her for some time, came again, and said, "You must meet me at Boyldon-Hill, on Thursday night, a little before twelve. You will see many appearances,* who will call you to come to them: but do not stir, neither give them any answer. A quarter after twelve, I shall come and call you: but still do not answer, nor stir. She said, "It is a hardship upon me for you to desire me to meet you there. Why cannot you take your leave now?" He answered, "It is for *your* good that I desire it. I *can* take my leave of you now. But if I do, I must take something from you, which you would not like to part with. She said, "May not a few friends come with me?" He said, "They may: but they must not be present when I come."

That night, twelve of us met at Mr. Davison's, † and spent some time in prayer. God was with us of a truth. Then six of us went with her to the place, leaving the rest to pray for us. We came thither a little before twelve, and then stood at a small distance from her. It being a fine night, we kept her in our sight, and spent the time in prayer. She stood there till a few minutes after one. When we saw her move, we went to meet her. She said, "Thank God it is all over and done. I found every thing as he told me. I saw many appearances, who called me to them: but I did not answer or stir. Then he came and called me at a distance; but I took no notice. Soon after he came up to me and said, "You are come well fortified." He then gave her the reasons, why he required her to meet him at that place; and why he could take his leave there, and not in the house, without taking something from her. But withal he charged her, to tell this to no one; adding, "If you disclose this to any creature, I shall be under a necessity, of troubling you as long as you live. If you do not, I shall never trouble you, nor see you any more, either in time or

* How strange is this? Who can account for it?

† About a quarter of a mile from the hill.

eternity."

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eternity." He then bade her farewell, waved his hand and disappeared.

Tuesday, 31. I made a little excursion into War-dale, and found a people ready prepared for the Lord. I had designed to preach abroad, but had scarce done finging, when a storm of rain drove us into the house. We had a blessed opportunity there; particularly for healing the backsliders.

Wednesday, June 1. I preached in Teesdale. The sun was scorching hot when I began, but was soon covered with clouds. Many of the Militia were present at Barnard-castle, in the evening, and behaved with decency. I was well pleased to lodge at a gentleman's, an old school-fellow, half a mile from the town. What a dream are the fifty or sixty years that have slipt away, since we were at the Charter-house!

Thursday, 2. I preached at noon at a Farmer's house, near Brough in Westmoreland. The sun was hot enough: but some shady trees covered both me and most of the congregation. A little bird perched on one of them, and sung without intermission, from the beginning of the service unto the end. Many of the people came from far; but I believe none of them regretted their labour.

The evening congregation in Swaledale was far larger, and equally attentive. And the Society was one of the most lively, which I have met with in England. Many of them do rejoice in the pure love of God, and many more are earnestly seeking it.

Friday 3. I rode to Richmond intending to preach near the house of one of our friends. But some of the chief of the town sent to desire me to preach in the market-place. The Yorkshire Militia were all there, just returned from their exercise. And a more rude, rabble-rout I never saw; without sense, decency, or good manners.

In running down one of the mountains yesterday I had got a sprain in my thigh: It was rather worse to-day; but as I rode to Barnard-castle, the sun shone so hot upon it, that before I came to the town, it was quite well. In the evening the commanding-Officer gave orders there should be no exercise, that all the

Durham Militia, (what a contrast!) might be at liberty to attend the preaching. Accordingly we had a little army of Officers as well as soldiers: and all behaved well. A large number of them were present at five in the morning.—I have not found so deep and lively a work, in any other part of the kingdom, as runs thro' the whole circuit; particularly in the Vales that wind between these horrid mountains. I returned to Newcastle in the evening.

Sunday 5. I preached in the morning at Placey, to some of the most lively colliers in England: and about two at Hardley, to a still larger congregation: but to the largest of all, in the Castlegarth, at Newcastle.

Tuesday 7. I went down by water to South-Shields, and preached at noon to far more than could hear. We went after dinner to Tinmouth-Castle, a magnificent heap of ruins. Within the walls are the remains of a very large Church, which seems to have been of exquisite workmanship. And the stones are joined by so strong a cement, as but for Cromwell's cannon they might have stood a thousand years.

Monday 13. I left Newcastle, and in the residue of the month, visited most of the Societies in Yorkshire. Thursday, July 14. I crossed over into Lincolnshire, and after spending about ten days there, returned by Doncaster, Rotherham and Sheffield, and thence crossed over to Madeley. On Tuesday 19, I wrote the following letter:

Swinfleet, July 19, 1768.

Rev. and dear SIR,

ONE of Wintringham informed me yesterday, that you said, "No sensible and well meaning man could hear, and much less join the Methodists, because they all *acted under a lie*, professing themselves members of the Church of England, while they licensed themselves as Dissenters." You are a little misinformed. The greater part of the Methodist Preachers, are not licensed at all. And several that are, are not licensed as Dissenters: I instance particularly in Tho. Adams and Tho. Brice. When Thomas Adams desired a license, one of the Justices said, "Mr. Adams are not you

you of the Church of England? why then do you desire a licence?" He answered, "Sir, I am of the Church of England. Yet I desire a licence, that I may legally defend myself from the illegal violence of oppressive men. Thomas Brisco being asked the same question in London, and the Justice adding, "We will not grant you a licence," his Lawyer replied: "Gentlemen, you cannot refuse it. The act is a Mandatory act. You have no choice." One asked the Chairman, Is this true? He shook his head and said, "He is in the right." The objection therefore does not lie at all, against the greater part of the Methodist Preachers; because they are either licensed in this form, or not licensed at all.

When others applied for a licence, the Clerk or Justice said, "I will not license you, but as Protestant Dissenters." They replied, "We are of the Church. We are not Dissenters. But if you will call us so, we cannot help it." They did call them so, in their Certificates. But this did not make them so. They still call themselves members of the Church of England: and they believe themselves so to be. Therefore neither do these act under a lie. They speak no more than they verily believe. Surely then, unless there are stronger objections than this, both well-meaning and sensible men, may in perfect consistence with their sense and sincerity, not only hear, but join the Methodists.

We are in truth so far from being enemies to the Church, that we are rather bigots to it. I dare not, like Mr. Venn, leave the Parish Church where I am, to go to an independant meeting. I dare not advise others, to go thither, rather than go to Church. I advise all, over whom I have any influence, steadily to keep to the Church: mean-time, I advise them, to see that the kingdom of God is within them: that their hearts be full of love to God and man: and to look upon all, of whatever opinion, who are like minded, as their brother, and sister, and mother.—O Sir, what art of men or devils is this, which makes you so studiously stand aloof from those who are thus minded? I cannot but say to you, as I did to Mr. Walker, (and I say it the more freely, because, *Quid mea resert?*) I am neither better

nor

nor worse, whether you hear or forbear) "The Methodists do not want *you*; but you want them." You want the life, the spirit, the power, which they have: not of themselves; but by the free grace of God. Else how could it be, (let me speak without reserve) that so good a man and so good a Preacher, should have so little fruit of his labour, his unwearied labour, for so many years? Have your parishioners the life of religion in their souls? Have they so much as the form of it? Are the people of Wintingham in general any better than those of Winterton or Horton? Alas! Sir, what is it which hinders your reaping the fruit of so much pains and so many prayers?

Is it not possible this may be the very thing, your setting yourself against those whom God owns, by the continual conviction and conversion of sinners?

I fear, as long as you in any wise oppose these, your rod will not blossom, neither will you see the desire of your soul, in the prosperity of the souls committed to your charge.

I pray God to give you a right judgment in all things, and am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

Sunday 31. I preached for Mr. Fletcher in the morning, and in the evening at Shrewsbury.

Monday, August 1. I lodged at the Abbey in Cardiganshire; and on Wednesday morning reached Haverford-West. Here abundance of people flocked together, and willingly *suffered the word of exhortation*. Indeed a more quiet, humane, courteous people I have scarce ever seen. But I fear, they were surfeited with preaching before we set foot in the town.

Saturday 6. I went to Pembroke. We were here several times before we had any place in Haverford-West. But we have reason to fear, lest the first become last. Sunday 7, I took a great deal of pains to compose the little misunderstandings which have much obstructed the work of God. At ten, I read prayers, preached,

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preached, and administered the Sacrament to a serious congregation at Daniehl's, and the next morning left the people full of good desires, and in tolerable good humour with each other.

Monday 8. I rode to Emelly, and preached to a small earnest company, on "Ye are saved thro' faith;" thence we found a kind of a way to Onwyth, where I pressed the *one thing needful*, on a plain, simple people, right willing to hear, with great enlargement of heart.

Tuesday, August 9. I took a full view of the Castle, situate at the top of a steep hill, and commanding a various and extensive prospect, both by sea and land. The building itself is for the loftiest which I have seen in Wales. What a taste had they, who removed from hence, to bury themselves in the hole at Margum!

When we came to Neath, I was a little surprised, to hear I was to preach in the Church: of which the Church-wardens had the disposal, the minister being just dead. I began reading prayers at six, but was greatly disgusted at the manner of singing. 1. Twelve or fourteen persons kept it to themselves, and quite shut out the congregation. 2. These repeated the same words, contrary to all sense and reason, six, eight or ten times over. 3. According to the shocking custom of modern music, different persons sung different words at one and the same moment: an intolerable insult on common sense, and utterly incompatible with any devotion.

Wednesday 10. At five I had the pleasure of hearing the whole congregation at the room, *sing with the spirit and with the understanding also*: and again, at one in the afternoon at Cowbridge, where I found uncommon liberty of speech, while I was explaining to many of the rich and gay, as well as to the poor, *the kingdom of God is within you*.

I did not reach Cardiff till after seven; where finding the congregation waiting, I began immediately in the Town-hall, strongly exhorting them, not to *receive the grace of God in vain*.

Friday 12. I preached at that lovely place, Llanbraddock: Saturday 13, about noon at Chepstow.

Thence

Thence I hastened to the Passage, though every one told me, I had time enough and to spare. I had so; for I waited six hours, the boat being just gone when we came. About nine we got over, and reached Bristol between eleven and twelve.

Sunday 14. Hearing my wife was dangerously ill, I took chaise immediately, and reached the Foundry before one in the morning. Finding the fever was turned, and the danger over, about two I set out again, and in the afternoon came (not at all tired) to Bristol.

Our Conference began on Tuesday the 16th, and ended on Friday the 19th. O what can we do for more labourers? We can only cry to *the Lord of the harvest*.

Sunday 21. Thousands of hearers, rich and poor, received the word near the New-Square, with the deepest attention. This is the way to shake the trembling gates of hell. Still I see, nothing can do this so effectually as *field-preaching*.

Monday 22. I rode thro' impetuous rain to Weston, a village near Bridgewater. A while ago the people here were lions: but now they are become lambs.

Tuesday 23. I saw a serious congregation at Taunton! And shall we have fruit here also? In the evening I preached to the poor backsliders at Collumpton, on *will the Lord be no more intreated?*

Wednesday 24. I rode to Launceston, where both the seriousness and largeness of the congregation, evening and morning, gave us reason to hope, that all our labour here will not be in vain.

Friday 26. I came to Camelford, where the Society is once more thrunk from seventy to fourteen. I preached in the market-place on, "O that thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things that make for thy peace!" Many were moved for the present: as they were the next day, while I was applying those awful words, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved!"

Saturday 27. I went on to Port Isaac, now the liveliest place in the Circuit. I preached from a balcony in the middle of the town; a circumstance I could

not

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not but observe. Before I came to Port Isaac the first time, one Richard Scantlebury, invited me to lodge at his house : but when I came, seeing a large mob at my heels, he fairly shut the door upon me. Yet in that very house I now lodged ; Richard Scantlebury, being gone to his fathers, and the present proprietor Richard Wood, counting it all joy to receive the servants of God. About this time I wrote to a friend as follows :

Dear Lawrence,

By a various train of providences you have been led to the very place where God intended you should be. And you have reason to praise him, that he has not suffered your labour there to be in vain. In a short time, how little will it signify, whether we have lived in the Summer Islands, or beneath

“ The rage of Arctos and eternal Frost : ”

How soon will this dream of life be at an end ! And when we are once landed in eternity, it will be all one, whether we spent our time on earth in a palace, or had not where to lay our head.

You never learned either from my conversation, or preaching, or writings, that “ Holiness consisted in a flow of joy.” I constantly told you quite the contrary ; I told you, it was love : the love of God and our neighbour : the image of God stamped on the heart : the life of God in the soul of man ; the mind that was in Christ, enabling us to walk as Christ also walked. If Mr. Maxfield, or you took it to be any thing else, it was your own fault not mine. And whenever you waked out of that dream, you ought not to have laid the blame of it upon me. It is true that *joy* is one part of the fruit of the Spirit, of the kingdom of God within us. But this is first *righteousness* ; then *peace* and *joy* in the Holy Ghost. It is true farther, that if you love God with all your heart, you may rejoice evermore. Nay, it is true still farther, that many serious, humble, sober-minded believers, who do feel the love of God sometimes, and do then rejoice in God their Saviour, cannot be content with this, but pray continually, that he would enable them to love and rejoice in the Lord, always. And no fact under heaven is more undeniable,

than

than that God does answer this prayer; that he does for the sake of his Son, and thro' the power of his Spirit, enable one and another so to do.

It is also a plain fact, that this power does commonly over-shadow them in an instant: and that from that time they enjoy that inward and outward holiness, to which they were utter strangers before. Possibly you might be mistaken in this: perhaps you thought you had received what you had not. But pray do not measure *all men* by yourself: do not imagine, you are the *universal standard*. If you deceived yourself, (which yet I do not affirm) you should not infer, that *all others* do. Many think they are justified, and are not; but we can't infer, that none are justified. So neither, if many think they are *perfected in love* and are not, will it follow, that none are so? Blessed be God, though we set a hundred Enthusiasts aside, we are still *encompassed with a cloud of witnesses*, who have testified and do testify in life and in death, *that perfection, which I have taught these forty years!* This perfection cannot be a delusion, unless the Bible be a delusion too: I mean, "Loving God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves."

I pin down all its opposers to this definition of it. No evasion! No shifting the question! Where is the delusion of this? Either you received *this love* or you did not: if you did, dare you call it a delusion? You will not call it so, for all the world, if you received anything else, it does not at all affect the question. Be it as much a delusion as you please, it is nothing to them who have received quite another thing, viz. that deep communion with the Father and the Son, whereby they are enabled to give him their whole heart; to love every man as their own soul, and to walk as Christ also walked.

O Lawrence, if sister Coughlan and you, ever did enjoy this, humble yourselves before God, for casting it away; if you did not, God grant you may!

Monday 29. I rode to St. Columb, intending to preach there, but finding no place that was tolerably convenient, I was going to take horse, when one offer-

ed

ed me the use of his meadow, close to the town. A large congregation quickly assembled, to whom I explained the nature and pleasantness of religion. I have seldom seen a people behave so well the first time I have preached to them.

Tuesday 30, calling at St. Agnes, I found a large congregation waiting, so I preached without delay. At Redruth likewise I found the people gathered from all parts: and God gave a loud call to the backsliders. Indeed there was need: for T. Rankin left between three and four hundred members in the Society, and I found an hundred and ten!

In the evening I preached in the meadow at St. Ives, to a very numerous and deeply serious congregation.

Wednesday 31, I met the children, a work which will exercise all the talents of the most able preachers in England. Thursday September 1, the grass being wet we could not stand in the meadow, but we found an open space, where I called a listening multitude to return to him, who has not forgotten to be gracious.

Friday 2. I preached at noon to an earnest company at Zennor, and in the evening to a far larger at St. Just. Here being informed that one of our sisters in the next parish, Morva, who entertained the preachers formerly, was now decrepid, and had not heard a sermon for many years, I went on Saturday 3, at noon, to Alice Daniel's, and preached near the house, on "They who shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead,—Are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection." I have always thought there is something venerable in persons worn out with age: especially when they retain their understanding, and walk in the ways of God.

Sunday 4. I went to St. Cret's Church where I heard an excellent sermon. Between one and two I confirmed it, by explaining that happy religion, which our Lord describes in the eight beatitudes. About five in the evening I preached at Newlin: about nine the next morning, at Penzance. Surely God will have a people even in this place, where we have so long seemed only to beat the air. At noon I preached in St. Hilary's,

and at St. John's this and the next evening. I believe the most senseless then felt the word of God sharp as a two-edged sword.

Wednesday 7. After the early preaching the select Society met; such a company of lively believers, full of faith and love, as I never found in this country before. This and the three following days, I preached at as many places as I could, tho' I was at first in doubt, whether I could preach eight days together, mostly in the open air, three or four times a day. But my strength was as my work; I hardly felt any weariness, first or last.

Sunday 11. About nine I preached at St. Agnes, and again between one and two. At five I took my old stand at Gwenap, in the natural Amphitheatre. I suppose no human voice could have commanded such an audience on plain ground. But the ground rising all round gave me such an advantage, that I believe all could hear distinctly.

Monday 12. I preached about noon at Callestick, and in the evening at Kerley. It rained all the time; but that did not divert the attention of a large congregation. At noon, Tuesday 13, I preached in Truro, and in the evening, at Mevagizzy. It was a season of solemn joy: I have not often found the like. Surely God's thoughts are not as our thoughts! Can any good be done at Mevagizzy?

Wednesday 14. After preaching at St. Awstle and Medros, I rode over to St. Roach, and spent a comfortable evening with my old acquaintance Mr. Furly.

Thursday 15. We had our quarterly meeting at Medros. But it was not now as the last time I was here, when the whole Society was in a flame: *The love of many is now waxed cold.* Friday 16, I rode thro' heavy rain to Paulperrow. Here the room, over which we were to lodge, being filled with Pilchards and Conger-eels, the perfume was too potent for me: so that I was not sorry, when one of our friends invited me to lodge at her house. Soon after I began to preach, heavy rain began: yet none went away till the whole service was ended.

Saturday

Saturday 17. When we came to Crimble Passage we were at a full stop. The boat-men told us, the storm was so high, that it was not possible to pass. However at length we persuaded them to venture out : and we did not ship one sea, till we got over.

Sunday 18. Our room at the Dock contained the morning congregation tolerably well. Between one and two I began preaching on the Key in Plymouth. Notwithstanding the rain, abundance of people stood to hear. But one silly man talked without ceasing, till I desired the people to open to the right and left, and let me look him in the face. They did so. He pulled off his hat and quietly went away.

At five I preached in the Square at the Dock, to an exceeding large congregation. And the rain, though it prevented some from coming, did not cause any to go away. Monday 19. In the evening, I preached in what is vulgarly called Mr. Whitefield's Room. Afterwards I met the Society in our own, and exhorted them to *stand fast in one mind and one judgment*. I set out early in the morning ; and in the evening preached at Tiverton.

Thursday 22. I rode to Axminster. The rain prevented my preaching abroad, though the room would ill contain the congregation. Observing many there who seemed quite unawakened, I opened and strongly applied, Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones. *Lord, breathe upon these slain, that they may live.*

Friday 23. I rode a-cross the country to Charlton, and found the congregation waiting : in the afternoon we went on to Lympham ; but not without some difficulty. The waters were out, so that it was no easy matter either to ride or walk. My horse got into a ditch over his back in water. Nor could I get to my lodgings the foot-way, till an honest man took me on his shoulders, and so waded through.

Saturday 24. I returned to Bristol. Tuesday 27, I preached in Pensford at eight, in Shepton-mallet at one, and at Wincaunton in the evening, with far greater freedom than I used to find among that dead people. About one, Wednesday 28, I preached at Stallbridge to a large and serious, attentive congregation. Hence I

went on to cold uncomfortable Shaftesbury, and spoke exceeding strong words. All seriously attended: some seemed to understand, and a few to feel what was spoken.

Thursday 29. I rode to Frome. The people here seem more alive, than most I have seen in the Circuit. And this is the more strange, because in this town only, there is such a mixture of men of all opinions, Anabaptists, Quakers, Presbyterians, Arians, Antinomians, Moravians, and what not? If any hold to the truths in the midst of all these, surely the power must be of God.

Friday 30. We observed as a day of fasting and prayer. And it was a good day for many, who no sooner called, than God answered them in the joy of their heart.

Sunday, October 2. I preached at Kingwood, upon *Quench not the Spirit*. Possibly this people may now have ears to hear, and may *despise prophesyings* no more. Hereby they have frequently quenched the spirit, and destroyed his work in their hearts.

Wednesday 5. I rode over to Maiden Bradley, and preached at a little distance from the town, to a serious & congregation as I ever saw, many of whom were in tears. It is a wonder, there should be room for the gospel here among so many Lords and Gentlemen! But indeed they neither meddle nor make. And this is all we desire of them.

Friday 7. I spent an hour much to my satisfaction, with the children of Kingwood. There is reason to hope, that the grace of God is still working among them. Some are still alive to God: and all behave in such a manner, that I have seen no other school-boys like them.

Sunday 9. I began examining the Society in Kingwood, much increased both in grace and number, chiefly by means of those meetings for prayer, which God still blesses greatly. On Monday and Tuesday I examined the Society at Bristol, and found cause to rejoice over these also: altho' there is still a heaviness of spirit upon many, indeed on all who are not going on to perfection.

Wednesday

Wednesday 12. In the evening I preached at Kingswood. I have not seen such a congregation there on a week day, for above these twenty years. Nor have I seen such a congregation at Pill for many years, as was present on Thursday in the afternoon. It is possible, even on this barren soil, we may see a little fruit of much labour.

Friday 14. I dined with Dr. Wrangle, one of the King of Sweden's chaplains, who has spent several years in Pennsylvania. His heart seemed to be greatly united to the American christians: and he strongly pleaded for our sending some of our Preachers to help them, multitudes of whom are as sheep without a shepherd. Tuesday 18. He preached at the New Room, to a crowded audience, and gave general satisfaction by the simplicity and life which accompanied his sound doctrine.

Sat. 22. I was much surprised in reading an Essay on Music, written by one who is a thoro' master of the subject; to find that the music of the antients, was as simple as that of the Methodists: that their music wholly consisted of melody, or the arrangement of single notes: that what is now called harmony, singing in parts, the whole of Counterpoint and Fugues, is quite novel, being never known in the world, till the Pope-dom of Leo the tenth. He farther observes, that as the singing different words by different persons at the very same time, necessarily prevents attention to the sense, so it frequently destroys melody for the sake of harmony: meantime it destroys the very end of music, which is to affect the passions.

Monday 24. I left Bristol, and went by Bath and Bradford, to Salisbury. Wednesday 26. At one I preached in Rumsey, to a very quiet, unaffected audience: and in the evening at Winchester, to a company of as poor people as I have seen for many years.

Thursday 27. The scene was changed: at Portsmouth rich and poor flocked together from all parts. Abundance of them came again at five in the morning. In the evening the house ill-contained them. And

never did I see any receive the word with greater earnestness. The next day I returned to London.

Monday 31. I took horse at five, and just then found that my horse had scarce a shoe on his feet. However I was obliged (not having a minute to spare) to ride on as far as Colney. There I procured one to shoe my horse all round, and lame him on both his fore feet. However he halted on to Hockley; where an honest and skilful Smith, so altered and removed the shoes, that he did not halt any more. But by this means we had lost so much time that the sun set before we reached Whittlebury Forest. We had then wonderful road: some of the ridings (so called) being belly deep. However between six and seven, we came safe to Whittlebury.

James Glasbrook was so wearied out, that he could scarce stir hand or foot. So I desired him to go to rest. I was weary enough myself, till I began to speak. But weariness then vanished away, and we all praised God with joyful lips.

Tuesday, November 1. I preached at Weedon, and at five next morning: about eleven at Towcester, and in the evening to many more than the house would hold at Northampton. Friday 4. James Glasbrook, (who had a fit of an ague at Whittlebury) undertook to conduct me to Bedford. But he was taken ill on the road: I preached there at seven on, *Awake thou that sleepest*. And never was more need: for a more sleepy audience I have not often seen.

Saturday 5, about noon I preached at Hertford in the New Room to a large and serious congregation. The Mayor's usage of Mr. Colley for preaching in the Market-place, with Mr. Colley's firm and calm behaviour, was the mean of convincing Mr. Andrews, who built this room at his own expence.

Monday 7. I set out for Oxfordshire: preached at Wycombe in the evening, and on Tuesday and Wednesday at Witney. On Thursday, in my return, I was desired to preach at Oxford. The room was thoroughly filled, and not with curious but deeply serious hearers, many of these desired, that our travelling preachers would

would take them in their turn; with which I willingly complied.

In the evening I preached in the Chapel at Henley, to a considerable number of serious people, one or two of the baser sort made some noise: but I reprov'd them, and for once they were ashamed.

Friday 11. I returned to London. The next week I visited the classes, and at intervals read Mr. Boswell's account of Corsica. But what a scene is opened therein! How little did we know of that brave people? How much less were we acquainted with the character of their General Paschal Paoli? As great a lover of his country as Epaminondas, and as great a General as Hannibal!

Saturday 19. I read Dr. Nowel's answer to Mr. Hill, concerning the expulsion of the Students at Oxford. He has said all that could be said, for that stretch of power, that instance of *summum Jus*: and he says quite enough, to clear the Church of England from the charge of Predestination: a doctrine which he proves to be utterly inconsistent with the Common Prayer, the Communion Service, the office of Baptism, the Articles, the Homilies, and the other writings of those that compiled them.

Monday 28. In the evening, I preached in the Barracks at Chatham. I spoke louder than I have done for years; yet the skirts of the congregation could not hear. Few of those that did hear, heard in vain; for God was in the midst of them. Tuesday 29. At noon, I preached at Sittenbourn, to a deeply attentive audience: and in the evening, at Canterbury, in a house half filled; a sight I do not often see.

Wednesday 30. I rode to Dover, and came in just before a violent storm began. It did not hinder the people: many were obliged to go away, after the house was filled. What a desire to hear, runs thro' all the sea-port towns, wherever we come! Surely God is besieging this nation, and attacking it at all the entrances!

Thursday, December 1. The storm was ready to bear away both man and beast. But it abated about
noon

noon ; so that after preaching at Margate, I had a pleasant ride to Canterbury.

I made an odd observation here, which I recommend to all our preachers. The people of Canterbury have been so often reproved, (and frequently without a cause,) for being dead and cold, that it has utterly discouraged them, and made them cold as stones. How delicate a thing is it to reprove ? To do it well, requires more than human wisdom.

Friday 2. Those who are called Mr. Whitefield's Society, at Chatham, offered me the use of their Preaching-house, which I suppose, is nearly four times as large as that at the Barracks. In the morning I walked on, ordering my servant to overtake me with my carriage. And he did so ; but not till I had walked seven or eight miles.

Tuesday 13. Having heard a heavy charge brought against W. G. a member of our Society, I desired the parties concerned to meet me together. But this afternoon we could not get half through. At the second hearing I was convinced, 1. That he had *spoken* unkindly and unjustly ; 2. That he had *done* wrong, in leaving Mr. D. at so short a warning. But I was equally convinced, 3. That there had been *no dishonesty* on either side.

Wednesday 14. I saw the Westminster scholars act the Adelphi of Terence : an entertainment not unworthy of a Christian ! O how do these heathens shame us ? Their very comedies contain both excellent sense, the liveliest pictures of men and manners, and so fine strokes of genuine morality, as are seldom found in the writings of Christians.

Monday 19. I spent an hour with B—a J—n. If the account she gives is true, what blessed creatures are both those gentlemen and their wives ! That would use the most scurrilous language, yea strike and drive out of their house, and that in a rainy night, a young gentlewoman, a stranger, far from home, for "Joining with the Methodists." Do these call themselves Christians ? Nay, and Protestants ! Call them Turks. Papist is too good a name !

Tuesday

Tuesday 20. I went to Shoreham. Here I read Mr. Archdeacon Blackburn's "Considerations on the penal laws against papists." In the appendix, p. 198. to my no small surprise, I read these words, said to be wrote by a gentleman at Paris.

"The Popish party boast much of the increase of the Methodists, and talk of that sect with rapture. How far the Methodists and Papists stand connected in principles, I know not: but I believe, it is beyond a doubt that they are in constant correspondence with each other."

It seems, this letter was published in the St. James's Chronicle. But I never saw or heard of it, till these words were printed in the Canterbury Journal, as Mr. Blackburn's own.

And he has nearly made them his own, by his faint note upon them, "*I would willingly hope, some doubts may be made of this.*" Indeed he adds, "Mr. Whitefield took timely care to preclude all suspicions of his having any connexions with Popery." Yea, and Mr. Wesley much more; even as early as August 31, 1738. Again in my Journal, August 27, 1739, I published the only Letter which I ever wrote to a Popish Priest. And it is in proof of this proposition, (an extraordinary proof of my connexions with Popery!) "No Romanist, as such, can expect to be saved, according to the terms of the Christian Covenant."

Many things to the same purpose occur in the Journals, and the Appeals to men of Reason and Religion: over and above those whole treatises which I have published entirely upon the subject, "A word to a Protestant," a "Roman Catechism," and "The advantages of the members of the Church of England, over the members of the Church of Rome."

What amazing ignorance then, not to say impudence; does it imply, for any one at this time of day to "Tax me with having any connexions with Popery!"

In the latter end of this month I took some pains in reading over Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, leaving out the indifferent lines, correcting many of the rest, and explaining the hard words: in order to make that noble work more useful to all, and more intelligible to ordinary readers.

Sunday,

Sunday, January 1, 1769, we met, as usual, at Spitalfields Chapel, to renew our Covenant with God. And we never do this without a blessing. Many were comforted and many strengthened.

Monday 9. I spent a comfortable and profitable hour with Mr. Whitefield, in calling to mind the former times, and the manner wherein God prepared us for a work, which it had not then entered into our hearts to conceive.

Tuesday 17. I rode to Chesham. Our own room being neither so large, nor so convenient, Mr. Spooner, the Dissenting Minister, gave me the use of his meeting. There was a great number of hearers. They were very attentive: and I doubt, that was all.

Tuesday 24. I went (by land and water) to Sheerness. Our place here would by no means contain the congregation. A large number of them attended in the morning, and seemed just ripe for the blessing. It is an advantage to the people here, that they are in a little corner of the land, shut up, as it were from all the world, but not from the gospel or Spirit of Christ.

Thursday 26. I returned to Chatham and preached in the great Meeting on God *forbid that I should glory; save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ*. Friday 27. I returned to London. The same day Elizabeth Vandome went to rest. A month or two ago, when she was first taken ill, she dictated the following letter:

Dear and Rev. Sir,

“ WHEN I first heard the gospel from you, I was convinced of sin, and nothing could satisfy me, but a sense of pardoning love. For a month the garment of weeping was put upon me night and day; till one day, as I was repeating those words,

I trust in Him that stands between

The Father's wrath and me:

Jesus, thou great, eternal Mean,

I look for all from Thee:

I was struck down to the ground, and felt the arm of the Lord revealed in me. I knew that God was reconciled: I felt Sanctification begun. The fight of faith ensued, and for three quarters of a year, I was struggling

gling with my own will. Sometimes I was in an agony: I was ready to weep my life away, fearing the sins I felt in my heart would never be done away. Yet I believed there was a Rest for the people of God, a rest from all sin. One day conversing with one about the things of God, he said; "You would have all things become new, *before* you believe. But that is not the way. You must believe first." When he went away, the spirit of prayer and supplication rested upon me. Yet I felt "bound down with twice ten thousand ties." However I wrestled on till the Lord broke in upon my soul, like the sun in his glory. He loosened me at once from all my bonds, and I knew I loved him with all my heart. Jesus appeared with hair as white as wool, and garments down to his feet, and gave me to sit with him in heavenly places. And from that time (which is seven or eight and twenty years ago) I have felt no temper contrary to love. I have no desire contrary to the will of God. On this bed of sickness, I have communion with the church triumphant: I know, that

" Jesus is my brother now,
And God is all my own."

When the tempter comes, my soul cleaves to Jesus, and I am kept in perfect peace.

I thought it my duty, to leave this short account of the gracious dealings of God with my soul: as you were the instrument he was pleased to make use of, for the beginning and furthering of his work. O may the Lord strengthen you and your brother, and increase in you every fruit of his Spirit. And when you sail on earth, may we meet in heaven, and praise the Great Three-One to all eternity!

" This account was written some time past when she was sick in bed. But since then God raised her up, and enabled her still to be useful to others, though in great weakness of body. When she took to her bed again, about three weeks ago, she had a remarkable dream. She thought she saw Mr. W. labouring with his might to keep the people from falling into a deep pit, which very few of them perceived. The concern she was in awaked her in great emotion. On Tuesday evening last, she desired us to set her up in bed, to meet

her class. Her voice faltered much. She earnestly exhorted them all, to live near to God, and to keep close together: adding, "I shall soon join the church above." She spoke no more: all was silent rapture; till on Friday morning: without sigh or groan, she resigned her spirit to God."

Such a living and dying witness of the perfect love of God, which she enjoyed for eight and twenty years, one would think sufficient to silence all the doubts and objections of reasonable and candid men.

Saturday, Jan. 28. I began visiting the classes. In the intervals I looked over the transactions of the Royal Society. Is not that a little too severe,

"Turpe est difficile habere nugas?" *

If this be true, and if it had been well considered, would half of these transactions have had a being? Nay, were men convinced of this, what would become of the greater part of all the philosophical experiments in Europe?

Monday, February 6. I spent an hour with a venerable woman, near ninety years of age, who retained her health, her senses, her understanding, and even her memory to a good degree. In the last century she belonged to my grandfather Annesley's congregation, at whose house her father and she used to dine every Thursday, and whom she remembers to have frequently seen in his study, at the top of the house with his window open, and without any fire, winter or summer. He lived seventy-seven years, and would probably have lived longer, had he not begun water-drinking at seventy.

Friday 10. I went to Deptford on purpose to see honest William Brown, worn out with age and pain, and long confined to his bed, without the use of either hand or foot. But he has the use of his understanding and tongue, and testifies, that God does all things well. That he has no doubt or fear, but is cheerfully waiting till his change shall come.

Monday 13. I rode to Colchester, and had the satisfaction of seeing such a congregation, both this evening

* It is a shameful thing to treat trifles as matters of consequence.

evening and the following, as I never saw in that house before.

Wednesday 15. I rode to Bury, and found not only an attentive audience, but a little society athirst for God. Thursday 16. Supposing we had but five and forty miles to Yarmouth, I did not set out till near seven, but it proved threescore; likewise it rained all day, and part of the road was very bad. However God strengthened both man and beast; so we reached it before six in the evening.

As we were both thoroughly wet, I was a little afraid for my companion, who was much older than me; tho' he had not lived so many years. But neither of us was any worse. The congregation was the largest I ever saw at Yarmouth. And I spoke far more plainly (if not roughly) than ever I did before. But I doubt, if after all the stumbling-blocks laid in their way, any thing will sink into their hearts.

Friday 17. I abridged Dr. Watts's pretty Treatise on the Passions. His 177 pages will make an useful tract of four and twenty. Why do persons, who treat the same subjects with me, write so much larger books? Of many reasons, is not this the chief? We do not write with the same view: their *principal end* is To get money: *My only one, to do good.*

Sat. 18. We rode to Norwich: Sunday 19, at seven, I administered the Lord's Supper to about 170 serious communicants. One person then found peace with God, and many were comforted. In the evening, finding the house would not contain one third of the congregation, I was obliged to stand in the open air, a sight which has not been seen at Norwich for many years. Yet all the people were still, and deeply attentive, two or three wild Antinomians excepted. I preached on the gospel for the day, *The Woman of Canaan*. I believe God spoke to many hearts. But who will obey his voice?

Wed. 22. I rode to Lakenheath, and had more hearers there, than I had had for several years. I spoke exceeding plainly in the evening. One fruit of which was, that the house was filled at five in the morning. Thence I returned to Bury, and found the same little

lively company, whose spirit seemed to reach the whole congregation. I know not when I have observed such a constringing power, as while I was enforcing, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near."

Friday 24. I rode to Braintree. The sharp frost did not hinder many from attending: and all were serious and well-behaved. Saturday 25. I went on to London.

Monday 27. I had one more agreeable conversation with my old friend and fellow-labourer, George Whitefield. His soul appeared to be vigorous still; but his body was sinking apace. And unless God interpose with his mighty hand, he must soon finish his labours.

Thursday, March 2. I buried the remains of Michael Hayes, a good old soldier of Jesus Christ. He had lived above an hundred and four years, and mostly in vigorous health. His speech and understanding continued to the last, and as he lived, so he died, praising God.

Sunday 5. After preaching at Spitalfields in the morning, and at West-Street in the afternoon, I went to Brentford; on Monday to Hungerford, and the next day to Bath. On the road I read over Dr. Campbell's excellent answer to David Hume's insolent book against Miracles: and Dr. Brown's keen animadversions on the Characteristics of Lord Shaftsbury, another lively, half-thinking writer.

In the evening my brother read prayers, and I preached in the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel. The congregation was very large, and very attentive. Let us despair of nothing!

Wed. 8. I preached at Bristol, and met the Society. The next three days, I examined them as usual one by one, and found some increase in Number, with much increase in peace and love.

Monday 13. I set out Northward. We had fine weather for a while: then the wind rose, and the rain came down again. We were thoroughly wet, before we came to Stroud, but took no cold at all. At six, the house was as usual, quite filled, tho' the wind and rain kept many strangers away. The people appeared

to be all alive, and ready to devour the word. Afterwards we had a Love-feast, at which many, both men and women, spoke with all simplicity what God had done for their souls.

Tuesday 14. After preaching to a large congregation at five, we rode toward Tewksbury : notice having been given of my preaching about noon at a house a mile from the town. But we could not get to it : the floods were so high : so I intended to go straight to Worcester. But one informing me, a congregation from all parts was waiting, we set out another way, and waded through the water. This congregation too seemed quite earnest ; so that I did not regret my labour. But the going and coming was hard work, so that I was a little tired before we came to Worcester.

I began preaching about six in the Riding-house. Abundance of people were deeply attentive. But toward the close, a large number of boys made a great noise. When we came out, men and boys joined together, in shouting and pushing to and fro. Many were frightened, but none hurt. Hitherto could Satan come ; but no farther.

Wed. 15. My horse being lame, and part of the road very bad, I did not reach Mr. Lee's of Cotery till noon. The house is delightfully situated in his park, at the top of a fruitful hill: His chaplain had just begun reading prayers. Afterwards he desired me to give an exhortation. So I could not take horse till half an hour after one, when I had eight and twenty miles to ride on a lame horse. I came, however, to Shrewsbury, between five and six, and preached to a large and quiet congregation. As we returned, the rabble was noisy enough : but they used only their tongues. So all was well.

Thursday 16. We rode with a furious wind, full in our face, to Chester, Friday 17, and the next days we had a refreshing season, with a loving people, and in a loving family. The congregations were not small in the mornings ; in the evenings exceeding large. And all who attended behaved, as if they not only understood, but relished the good word.

Sunday 19. Elizabeth Oldham called upon me. She told me, some time since, my mother said, " Call

my son, to see me die." He asked, Have you any fear of death?" She said, "O no. That is gone long since. Perfect love casts out fear. Do not you see him? There he is, waiting to receive my soul." She then sang, with a clear voice,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow:"

And ended her song and her life together.

"Every Round my husband took lately, being doubtful when he took horse, whether he should not drop by the way: he carried a paper in his pocket, telling who he was, and whither he was going. This day five weeks, being exceeding weak, he feared he should not be able to preach. But I said, "My Dear, go into the pulpit, and the Lord will strengthen thee." And after he had spoke a few words, the Lord did strengthen him. Neither did he speak in vain: many were comforted: several justified. One of these said, "He is going to rest soon, and I shall go with him." He died in full triumph the next Lord's Day: and she two hours after.

"But a day or two before he died, I felt a kind of unwillingness to give him up. I was mourning before the Lord concerning this, when He said to my inmost soul, "Wilt thou not give him back to me, whom I have sited for myself?" I said, "Lord, I do, I do give him up." And immediately he changed for death.

"On the Sunday following, I was saying to my little maid, (always a serious and datiful child, three years and a half old,) "Hannah, Dost thou love God?" She eagerly answered, "Yes, Mammy, I do." She added, "I will go to God, I will go to God;" leaned down, and died."

Tuesday 21. I went to Park-gate, and about eleven, embarked on board the King George. We had mild weather and smooth water all day. The next day, the West wind blew fresh. Yet about five we were in Dublin bay, where we procured a fishing boat, which brought us to Dunlary. Here we took a chaise, and got to Dublin about eight o'clock.

On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, I laboured to allay the ferment which still remained in the Society. I heard the preachers face to face once and again, and endeavoured

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endeavoured to remove their little misunderstandings. And they did come a little nearer to each other: but still a jealousy was left, without an entire removal of which, there can be no cordial agreement.

March 26, Easter day, Many felt the power of the Spirit, which raised Jesus from the dead. On Monday and Tuesday I visited the Classes, and the result of my closest observation was, 1. That out of five hundred members whom I left here, only four hundred and fifty remained: 2. That near half of the Believers had suffered loss, and many quite given up their faith: 3. That the rest were more established than ever, and some swiftly growing in grace. So that considering the heavy storms they had gone through, if there was cause of humiliation on the one hand, there was on the other, more abundant cause of thankfulness, to him who had saved so many, when all the waves went over them.

Thursday 30. I was summoned to the Court of Conscience by a poor creature who fed my horses three or four times while I was on board. For this service he demanded ten shillings. I gave him half a crown. When I informed the Court of this, he was sharply re-proved: Let all beware of these Land-Sharks on our sea-coasts!—My scraps of time this week I employed in reading the account of Commodore Byron. I never before read of any who endured such hardships, and survived them. Surely no novel in the world can be more affecting, or more surprising than this history!

Monday, April 3. I took horse at four; and notwithstanding the North-East wind, came to Newry before five in the evening. It was so extremely cold, that the congregation in the Market-house was but small. The next evening it was considerably increased.

Wed. 5. I rode to Ferryhugan, where the poor people had raised a tent (so called) to screen me from the North-wind. I urged them with much enlargement of heart, *Not to receive the grace of God in vain.* Thence we rode to Lisburn. The wind was still piercing cold: yet it did not hinder a multitude of people from attending at the Linen-hall, an open square so termed, as are all the Linen-halls in Ireland.

Thursday 6. I designed to preach at noon in the Market-house at Belfast. But it was pre-engaged by a Dancing-master: so I stood in the street, which doubled the congregation, to whom I strongly declared, *All have sinned, and are come short of the glory of God.* But this many of them had no ears to hear, being faithful followers of Dr. Taylor.

Coming to Carrickfergus, I found it was the time of the Quarter Sessions. This greatly increased the congregation. And most of them seemed to be deeply affected, rich as well as poor. Friday 7. I preached at eleven, and I believe, all the gentlemen in the town were present. So were all at Newtown in the evening, while I enforced these solemn words, *God now commandeth all men, every where, to repent.*

Saturday 8. I returned to Lisburn, where I was agreeably surprized by a visit from Mr. Higginson, Rector of Ballenderry. He said, "I was prejudiced in favour of the Moravians, settled in my parish, till the late affair. One of my parishioners, Mr. Campbell, died, leaving by Will his fortune to his two daughters, and in case of their death, a thousand pounds to the poor of the parish. His widow was extremely ill; notwithstanding which, some of the Brethren, to whom she was quite devoted; came in the depth of winter, and carried her by night several miles, to their house. She died in a few days, after she had made her Will, wherein she made two of them executors, a third guardian to the children; and in case of their death, left the whole estate to the Brethren. They concealed her death six days. Mean time two of them went to Dublin and procured letters of administration, and of guardianship. Soon after I was pressed, to undertake the cause of the orphans. I went to Dublin and laid the affair before the Lord Chancellor, who after a full hearing, cancelled the second Will, and ordered the first to stand."

At my leisure minutes yesterday and to day, I read Mr. Glanvil's Sadducismus triumphatus. But some of his relations I cannot receive; and much less his way of accounting for them. All his talk of Aereal and Astral Spirits, I take to be stark nonsense. Indeed supposing the facts true, I wonder a man of sense should attempt to account for them at all. For who can explain

plain the things of the invisible world, but the inhabitants of it.

Tuesday 11. I preached in the Market-house at Tandragee to one of the liveliest congregations in the kingdom. Thursday and Friday I preached at Dawson's Grove and Kilmararey; and on Saturday 15, I rode to Derry Anvil, a little village, out of all road, surrounded with bogs, just like my old parish of Wroote in Lincolnshire. The congregation however was exceeding large, and exceeding lively. I talked largely with several of them who believe they are saved from sin, and found no cause to disbelieve them. And I met with many more in these parts, who witness the same confession.

Sunday 16. At nine I preached in a meadow near Cock-hill to a listening multitude. I suppose we should have had twice the number in the evening; but the rain prevented. The grass being wet, I stood in the highway, while many stood in the neighbouring houses. And the word of God was as the rain upon the tender herb.

Monday 17. In the evening, and twice on Tuesday I preached to a genteel, yet serious audience, in Mr. M'Gough's avenue at Armagh. But God only can reach the heart. Wed. 19. As it rained, I chose rather to preach in Mr. M'Gough's yard. The rain increasing, we retired into one of his buildings. This was the first time that I preached in a stable: and I believe more good was done by this, than all the other sermons I have preached at Armagh.

We took horse about ten, being desired to call at Kinnard (ten or eleven miles out of our way) where a little Society had been lately formed, who were much alive to God. At the town end I was met by a messenger from Archdeacon C—, who desired I would take a bed with him, and soon after by another, who told me, "The Archdeacon desired I would alight at his door." I did so, and found an old friend whom I had not seen for four or five and thirty years. He received me with the most cordial affection, and after a time said, "We have been building a new church, which my neighbours expected me to open. But if you please

to do it, it will be as well." Hearing the bell, the people flocked together, from all parts of the town, and received the word with all readiness of mind. I saw the hand of God was in this for the strengthening of this loving people: several of whom believe, that the blood of Christ has *cleansed them from all sin*.

Hence we rode through a pleasant country to Charlemount, where I preached to a very large and serious congregation, near the Fort, which has a ditch round it, with some face of a fortification: and probably (according to custom) costs the government a thousand a year, for not three farthings service!

Thursday 20. I went on to Castle-Caulfield, and preached on the green adjoining to the Castle, to a plain, serious people, who still retain all their earnestness and simplicity. Thence I rode to Cookstown, a town consisting of one street, about a mile long, running directly through a bog. I preached to most of the inhabitants of the town: and so the next day, morning and evening. Many *received the word with gladness*. Perhaps they will not all be *stony-ground hearers*.

We took the new road to Dungevan. But it was hard work.

"Nigh foundered on we fared,
Treading the crude consistence."

We were near five hours going fourteen miles, partly on horse back, partly on foot. We had as usual, a full house at Londonderry in the evening, and again at eight on Sunday morning. In the afternoon we had a brilliant congregation: but such a fight gives me no great pleasure: as I have very little hope of doing them good: only *with God all things are possible*.

Both this evening and the next I spoke exceeding plainly to the members of the Society. In no other place in Ireland has more pains been taken by the most able of our preachers. And to how little purpose! Bands they have none: four and forty persons in the Society! The greater part of these, heartless and cold: the audience in general dead as stones. However we are to deliver our message. And let our Lord do as seemeth him good,

Tuesday 25. I fixt again the meeting of the singers and of the children, both which had been discontinued. Indeed a general remissness had prevailed, since the morning preaching was given up: no wonder: wherever this is given up, the glory is departed from us.

Wed. 26. Being to preach at Brickfield, four or five (English) miles from Derry, I chose walking, to shew these poor indolent creatures, how to use their own feet. Finding the bulk of the hearers quite senseless, I spoke as strongly as I could, on *Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched*. But I did not perceive they were at all affected. God only can raise the dead.

Thursday 27. I went to a village called The New Buildings, about three miles from the city, and preached in a field near the town, to a civil, careless congregation. In the evening I preached in our room, on, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." And now first I saw a prospect of doing good here, (I mean since I came last.) God did arise to maintain his own cause: and the stout-hearted trembled before him.

Friday 28. I preached again at Brickfield; and God made some impressions on the stony hearts. But much more at Derry in the evening. Here he spoke with his mighty voice. And I believe many were just on the brink of believing in the name of the Son of God.

Sunday 28. I preached to a very large congregation at the New-Buildings, who now were all attention. I preached in the evening at Derry, and having taken a solemn leave of the society, rode to Brickfield and slept in peace.

Monday, May 1. I rode to Augher. It being extremely hot, I came in faint and weary: before I finished my sermon, my head turned giddy, and I could hardly stand. But I had a good night's rest, and rose as well as when I left Dublin.

Tuesday 2. I began preaching at Sydare, about half an hour after five. And it was a day of God's power. The impression was general, if not-universal:

none.

none appeared to be unmoved. This constrained me to enlarge in prayer, as I have not done for some years. So that I did not dismiss the congregation, till it was almost eight o'clock.

Wed. 3. About noon, I preached in the Market-place at Inniskillen, once inhabited only by Protestants. But it has lost its glorying, having now at least five Papists to one Protestant. There was a large number of hearers, some civil, some rude, almost all totally unaffected. Thence I rode six or seven miles to Tonny-Lommon, where was a congregation of quite another kind. Great part of them knew in whom they had believed: all were deeply and steadily attentive. And many were thoroughly convinced of inbred sin, and groaning for full redemption.

Thursday 4. I found near Swadling-Bar, as artless, earnest, and as loving a people as even at Tonny-Lommon. About six I preached at the town's end, the very Papists appearing as attentive as the Protestants. And I doubt not, thousands of these would soon be zealous Christians, were it not for their wretched Priests, who will not enter into the kingdom of God themselves, and diligently hinder those that would.

Friday 5. I rode over the Black-Mountains to Mannor-hamilton; so called from a poor wretch who settled here in the last century, and was famous for nothing else, but hanging up all the Irish, who fell into his hands. There was a general love to the gospel here, till simple R. W. preached against the Clergy. It is strange every one does not see, 1. The *sinfulness* of railing at the Clergy: If they are blind leaders of the blind, then (says our Lord) *Let them alone*: 2. The *foolishness* of it. It never can do good; and has frequently done much harm.

At six, I preached to a large congregation in the Sessions house. All behaved well, but one young gentlewoman, who laughed almost incessantly. She knew there was nothing to laugh at, but she thought she laughed prettily.

Sat. 6. In the evening, I preached near the Market house in Sligo, to a large and tolerably quiet congregation. But I soon found I was shooting over their heads, in talking of *salvation by faith*. So at eight in
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the morning, Sunday 7, I suited myself to their capacity, by preaching on "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." The effect was, that the evening congregation was such as I had not seen here for many years.

Monday 8. I rode to Castle-barr, and at seven preached in the Court-house. Tuesday 9, I dined at Sir C. B's; who asked me if it would be convenient for me to give them a sermon in his hall? We sent to the Court-house, and the people who were waiting there, came up without delay. The family were in the parlour, the bulk of the congregation in the hall, and the long passage. Wed. 10. I preached in the Court-house, on "Put on the whole armour of God: and taking horse early in the morning, Thursday 11, rode to Galway.

About seven I preached in the Sessions-house, a large commodious place, where were hearers of every sort. All were silent and tolerably civil: some appeared to be a little affected. Many officers and a considerable number of genteel people attended the next evening. And I am in hopes a few of them will not easily forget what they then heard.

Sat. 13. We rode to Limerick. This evening I preached in the room; and at eight in the morning, Whitsunday, but was much scandalized at the smallness of the congregation. In the evening I preached in the Old Camp, where the congregation was larger than it had been for several years. So it was likewise on Monday and Tuesday evening. But still I observed none wounded among them; nor any thing more than a calm dull attention.

Wed. 17. I preached in Ballygarane at noon, and in the evening at Newmarket. One gentlewoman, violently prejudiced against *this way*, at first stood at a distance. Then she came a little nearer; afterwards sat down, and in a short time hid her face. She attended again in the morning, being much convinced of sin, particularly of despising the real Word of God.

We observed Friday 19, as a day of fasting and prayer, for a revival of his work. Many attended both at five, nine, and one, but abundance more at the

the Watch-night. And then it was, that God touched the hearts of the people, even of those that were twice dead.

Sunday 21. I was in hopes of taking the field in the afternoon; but the rain prevented. Yet I did not repent of the disappointment; so great was the power of God in the midst of us. I believe few were untouched: many were deeply wounded; many rejoiced with joy unspeakable. The same power was present the next morning and evening, both to wound and to heal. God employed his two-edged sword on every side, in a manner I had not seen here for many years. O how ready is he to answer every prayer that goeth not out of feigned lips!

Tuesday 23. We had an evening congregation at five, and an exceeding solemn parting. At six in the evening I cried to a company little above brutes, "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?" This was at Kilfinnan. I lodged a mile from the town, among some that were alive to God.

Thursday 24. I had a cool pleasant ride to Cork; where I soon heard how cold and careless the people were. I asked, "But are not the Society at least alive?" "No; these are the coldest of all." What then? Are we to be careless too? Nay, so much the more let us stir up the gift of God that is in us. I began in the evening to speak exceeding plainly: and I presently saw some fruit. The congregation at five in the morning was not much less than it was in the evening. Many saw their loss: God gave me again very sharp, though loving words. I trust this also is a token for good, and satan shall not long triumph over us.

Friday 25. I rode to Bandon. Since I was here before, several have gone home rejoicing. But others are come in their place. So that the Society contains just as many members as when I left it. And most of the believers seem much alive; particularly the young men, maidens, and children.

In the evening we were obliged to be in the house. But the next, Sat. 26, I stood in the main street and cried to a numerous congregation, "Fear God, and

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keep his commandments, for this is the whole of man." Afterwards I visited one, that a year or two ago was in high life, an eminent beauty, adored by her husband, admired and caressed by some of the first men in the nation. She was now without husband, without friend, without fortune, confined to her bed, in constant pain, and in black despair, believing herself forsaken of God, and possessed by a legion of devils! Yet I found great liberty in praying for her, and a strong hope that she would die in peace.

Sunday 28. I returned to Cork. The rain drove us into the house, which was once more thoroughly filled. I scarce ever spoke so plain as I did both this, and the two following days. Yet for many years the congregations have not been so large. Wed. and Thurs. I visited the classes. Decreasing still! Seven years ago we had near four hundred members in this Society; five years since, about three hundred. Two years ago they were two hundred; now one hundred and ninety. On Thurs. evening June 1. I preached at Black-pool, to such a congregation as I never saw there before. Friday 2, we observed as a day of fasting and prayer. At five and at nine we found God was with us; but much more at one, and most of all at the Watch-night during the application of those awful words, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Sat. 3. I preached at Blackpool again. Again multitudes of publicans and sinners drew near, and gladly heard that "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." Sunday 4. The rain again prevented my preaching at the Barrack Hill. But God was again present at the room, and filled many souls with strong consolation. When I took my leave of the Society, many were moved, fearing we should meet no more. If not, is it not enough that we shall meet again at the resurrection of the just?

Monday 5. Having been much importuned to give them a day or two more, I rode to Limerick. Tuesday 6. I looked over a considerable part of Mr. Turner's remarkable Providences. What pity is it, that the author had not a little judgment as well as piety!

piety! What a heap of things has he huddled together, good, bad, and indifferent! But how fine a Treatise might a man of sense collect out of it? After encouraging as many as I could both in public and private, "to press on toward the mark," on Thursday 8. I once more took my leave of this loving people and set out for Waterford. We intended to dine at Tipperary, but were directed wrong. At length we stumbled on a little town, called Golding. And here I found poor Michael Weston, who rambled hither, from Westminster, some months since, in quest of an estate. I clearly saw the Providence of God, directing me hither, before he was quite starved. Thence we rode to the Garter, near Clonmell, (where we had excellent entertainment :) and the next morning over exceeding pleasant and well-cultivated mountains, to Waterford.

Never was the prospect more gloomy here than at present. Thro' the continual neglect of the Preachers, the congregation was reduced almost to nothing; and so was the Society. Yet I found much liberty of speech in the evening, and a strong hope, that God would revive his work.

I was invited to lodge at Mr. Scot's, a considerable tradesman. I found a young gentlewoman there, a visitant, well-bred, sensible, good-humoured; studious to oblige, and lacking nothing but the one thing. Sat. 10. The room was quite filled in the morning. In the evening I preached in the court, to thrice as many as the room would contain. And all were not only quiet, but attentive.

Sunday 11. The congregation at eight was still larger. But not many seemed to be affected. In the evening the court was filled, and I believe God opened both the understanding, and the hearts of many. Afterwards I met the Society, and endeavoured to lift up the hands that hung down. Light began to spring up. Misunderstandings vanished away, and the spirits of many revived.

Monday 12. I laboured to re-unite the poor, shattered society, and to remove the numberless offences, which had torn them in pieces. Tuesday 13. In the evening

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evening God began to answer for himself. I scarce ever saw a more deep and general impression made on a congregation. At the meeting of the Society likewise, he refreshed us with the multitude of peace.

Wed. 14. I preached in the Market-house at Passage, to as dull a congregation as I have seen. They would have been rude enough, too, but that they stood in awe of Mr. Freestone, who gave one and another, when they did not regard his signs, a stroke on the head with his stick. By this means the whole multitude was tolerably quiet, and many seemed much affected.

A little before twelve I came to Old Rofs, and preached to a small, serious congregation. Thence we went on to Inniscorthy: but the difficulty was, where I should preach? It rained; but no house would contain the people. We made the best shift we could, by stowing as many as possible in the house: the rest, as I stood near the door, were quiet without. It was an uncommon time, particularly with regard to those who had opposed the truth. One dropt down like a stone; many trembled and wept exceedingly. All declared, that such a work as this, was never seen at Inniscorthy before.

Thursday 15. I began to preach a little before five, on "the kingdom of God within us." The hearts of the hearers, one and all, seemed to be as melting wax. Surely it was not for nothing, that satan fought so furiously, to keep the gospel from this place.

Indeed there has not been hotter persecution of late years any where in the kingdom than here. The mob encouraged by their superiors, beat and abused whom they pleased, broke open their houses, and did just what they listed. A wretched Clergyman confirmed them therein, and applied to the Methodist Preachers, 2 Tim. iii. 6, 7, (the very text of that unhappy Gentleman at Bristol, which he uttered and dropped down in the pulpit.) After he had painted them as black as devils, he added, "I have not time to finish now: next Sunday I will give you the rest."

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But the next morning he was struck in a strange manner. He cried out, "Those Hobgoblins! Do not you see them! There, there! The room is full of them." Having continued thus some days, he screamed out, "See that Hobgoblin at the bed's feet! O that roll, that roll, which he holds up to me! All my sins are written therein." Not long after, without shewing the least sign of hope, he went to his account.

In the afternoon I came to Kilkenny, and in the evening preached in the Tholsel. A more civil and unawakened audience, I know not when I have seen. The bulk of them appeared to be no more affected, than if I had been talking Greek. However many of them attended the next morning, and more than ever in the evening. And all behaved well but one gentleman, who took much pains to divert those that were near him. I fixed my eyes upon him, but he did not regard it. I was then obliged to speak to him; and he was silent.

Sat. 17. I finished "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard the Third." What an amazing monster both in body and mind, have our Historians and Poets painted him! And yet I think Mr. Walpole makes it more clear, than one could expect at this distance of time, 1. "That he was not only not remarkably deformed, but on the contrary, remarkably handsome. 2. That his Queen, whom he entirely loved, died a natural death. 3. That his Nephew, Edward the Fifth, did so too; there being no shadow of proof to the contrary. 4. That his other Nephew Richard, was the very person whom Henry the Seventh murdered, after constraining him to call himself Perkin Warbeck. 5. That the death of his Brother, the Duke of Clarence, was the sole act, not of him, but Edward the Fourth. 6. That he had no hand at all in the murder of Henry the Sixth, any more than of his son. And lastly, That he was clear of all blame, as to the execution of Lord Hastings; as well as of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan."——What a surprising thing is it then, that all our historians should have so readily swallowed the account of that wretch who killed,

killed, and also took possession of the throne; and blundered on, one after another? Only it is to be observed, for fifty years, no one could contradict that account, but at the peril of his head.

Sunday 18. As it rained, I preached morning and evening in the Tholsel, to a multitude of people. I spoke exceeding plain, and all received it in love. Perhaps some may bring forth fruit.

Monday 19. In the evening I preached at Birr, and removed some misunderstandings which had crept into the Society. Tuesday 20. I went on to Aghrim, and spoke as plain as possibly I could, to a money-loving people, on, "God said unto him, Thou fool!" But I am afraid many of them are sermon-proof. Yet God has all power. And sometimes he sends, when and where it pleases him,

"O'erwhelming showers of saving grace."

But I have never observed these to last long. And in all the intervals of them, he acts by his standing rule, "Unto him, that hath, [and uses what he hath,] shall be given; and he shall have more abundantly: but from him that hath not, [uses it not,] shall be taken away even that he hath."

Wed. 21. I went on to Athlone. Friday 23, I rode to Abidarrig, to the Quarterly Meeting. Many of the people came from far; and God gave them a good reward for their labour. Sat. 24, we returned to Athlone. Sunday 25, In the afternoon, I stood in Barrack-street, and cried aloud to a mixt multitude, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." I never before saw so quiet a congregation on this side the water. There was not only no tumult, but no murmur to be heard, no smile to be seen on any face.

Monday 26. About noon, I preached on the Green, at Clara, to an exceeding serious congregation: and in the evening at Tullamore. Tuesday 27. I found a little increase in the Society. But there cannot be much without more field-preaching. Wherever this is intermitted, the work of God stands still, if it do not go back.

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To-day I wrote to a pious and sensible woman as follows:

Tullamore, 27th June, 1769.

Dear Madam,

"When I had the pleasure of conversing with you some years since, you had a regard both for me, and the people called Methodists. If I am rightly informed you are now of another mind. May I ask, When did that change begin? Was it at your last journey to Dublin? Whenever it was, suffer me to ask, What were the reasons of it? I will tell you what I conjecture, and I do it in writing, because I may not have an opportunity of talking with you: because I can write more freely than I could speak: because I can now say all I have to say at once: whereas, if we were talking together, I might probably forget some part: and because you may by this mean have the better opportunity of calmly considering it."

"I conjecture, (to tell you just what rises in my heart,) that this change was owing to several causes. Some admired and commended you as a person of uncommon sense, and uncommon attainments in religion. Others told you at large from time to time, all the real or supposed faults of the Methodists. In particular, the jars which had lately been in Dublin, on account of Mr. Morgan and Olivers. This naturally tended to breed and increase pride on the one hand, and prejudice on the other. Riches increased: which not only led you step by step into more conformity to the world, but insensibly instilled self-importance, unwillingness to be contradicted, and an over-bearing temper. And hence you were of course disgusted at those who did not yield to this temper, and blamed that conformity. Perhaps some of these professed or expected to be perfected in love. They at least believed Perfection. Now this you seemed to hate with a perfect hatred: and on that account disliked them the more.

"Permit me to add a few words on each of these heads. And first: Would it not be well, if you started back from every appearance of admiration, (which you know

know is deadly poison) whether on account of your sense or piety? And if you utterly discountenanced all, who directly or indirectly commended you to your face? Yea, and all who told you of the jars or faults of the Methodists? Or indeed of any absent person?

“ Should you not earnestly strive and pray against thinking highly of your own understanding, or attainments in religion? Otherwise this, by grieving the Holy Spirit, would expose you to still more prejudice: especially towards those who might seem to vie with you in religion, if not in understanding.

“ Can you be too sensible, How hardly they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven? Yea, or into the kingdom of an inward heaven? into the whole spirit of the gospel? How hard is it for these (whether you do or no) not to conform too much to the world! How hard not to be a little over-bearing, especially to inferiors?

“ Is it right to be disgusted at those who fear you conform too far: who do not sink down before you? Nay, perhaps oppose your judgment, or blame your practice?

“ And with regard to Perfection. Have not they that hold it, the same right to be angry with you for denying it, as you with them for affirming it?

“ But what is it you are angry at? What is it you object to? Let us understand the question, before we dispute about it.

“ By Christian Perfection I mean, 1. Loving God with all our heart. Do you object to this? I mean, 2. A heart and life all devoted to God. Do you desire less? I mean, 3. Regaining the whole image of God. What objection to this? I mean, 4. Having all the mind that was in Christ. Is this going too far? I mean, 5. Walking uniformly as Christ walked. And this surely no christian will object to.—If any one means any thing more, or any thing else by Perfection, I have no concern with it. But if this be wrong: yet what need of this heat about it, this violence, I had almost said, fury of opposition? Carried so far as even not to lay out any thing with this man, or that woman who professes it. “ Nay, says Mrs. — I did not refrain

refrain from it for this only; but for their espousing Mr. Oliver's cause against Mr. Morgan." Worfe and worfe! what! are people to starve (at least for me) unless they think as I think, or like whom I like? Alas! what religion! what humanity, what common sense is this?

"But I have done. I have once for all taken upon myself a most unthankful office. I have spoken with all plainness and simplicity, and now leave the event to God. May he open your heart, that you may discern his holy, and acceptable, and perfect will, that you may have a right judgment in all things, and evermore rejoice in his holy comfort.

I am, dear Madam,

Your affectionate servant

JOHN WESLEY."

Wed. 28. I rode to Mountmelick, and for the sake of some tender persons, preached in the new house. It was a solemn time; in consequence of which, it was pretty well filled in the morning. A serious awe spread over the whole congregation; but more remarkably the next evening, while I was opening and applying the story of Dives and Lazarus. Friday 30. I rode over to Montrath, a wild place as most in Ireland, and preached in the shell of a new house, to many more than it would contain. All were quiet and attentive. In the middle of the sermon a young woman who was a sinner, endeavoured for a while to hide her tears, by creeping behind another, till in a few minutes her strength failed, and she sunk down to the ground. I was sorry they carried her away; otherwise I think she would have soon lifted up her head with joy.

In the evening we had a Love-feast, at Mountmelick, and great was our rejoicing in the Lord. Many were filled with consolation, trusting he would soon "make an end of sin, and bring in everlasting righteousness.

Sat. July 1. I found a far different face of things at Portarlington. The society had once a hundred and thirty members: (a hundred and four I joined in
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three days.) It had now no more than twenty four; and some of these had only a name to live. In the evening I applied particularly to the backsliders. But almost as soon as I began, a large company of quality, (as they called them) came and embarrassed me not a little. I knew this was heathen Greek to them. But I could not then change my subject. However I diluted my discourse as much as I could, that it might not be quite too strong for their digestion.

Sunday 2. I read Mrs. Row's "Devout Exercises of the Heart," It is far superior to any thing of her's which I ever read, in style as well as in sense. Her experience is plain, sound and scriptural, no way whimsical or mystical. And her language is clear, strong and simple, without any of that affected floridness; which offends all who have a tolerable ear, or any judgment in good writing.

At nine we had a serious congregation, to whom I could speak of the deep things of God. And the new house held them tolerably well: but in the evening it was far too small. So I stood in a little ground adjoining to the house. Many tender ones sat within, but the bulk of the congregation stood in the meadow, and the gardens on each side. I have not seen in all the world a people so easy to be convinced or persuaded, as the Irish. What pity that these excellent propensities should not always be applied to the most excellent purposes!

Monday 3. I rode to Coolylough, (where was the quarterly meeting) and preached at eleven; and in the evening. While we were singing, I was surprised to see the horses from all parts of the ground gathering about us. Is it true then that horses, as well as lions and tygers, have an ear for music?

Wed. 5. I went on to Tyrrellspass. Thursday 6, at eleven, I preached in the Court-house at Molinger, to a very genteel, and yet serious audience. In the evening I preached at Tyrrellspass again; and on Friday 7, at Edinderry. Here I received from Joseph Fry, a particular account of his late wife, an Israelite indeed! He said, "She was a strict attendant on all the means of grace, and a sincere lover of the people of

of God. She had a remarkable good understanding, and much knowledge of the things of God. Tho' she was of an exceeding bashful temper, yet she was valiant for the truth; not sparing to speak very plain, in defence of it, before persons of all conditions. Two years ago she began to lose her health, and grew worse and worse; till Sept. 29. On that day she was very restless. Observing her to have an unusual colour, I judged she could not continue long. She was sensible of it, and said, 'Do not go from me; for my time is short, O! it is an hard thing to die!' After a while she said, 'Dear Jesus, shall it be so with me as with the wicked?' I was deeply affected at seeing her in such a state: yet something told me, all will be well. I exhorted her with all my might, to lean on Jesus; and found myself unusually blest in so doing. But still she did not seem to receive it, till I observed her jaw was fallen. I was then concerned more than ever, lest she should die without hope. I spoke with more vehemence, while she lay speechless, with her eyes up to heaven. But on a sudden, she got her lips together again, and said with a loud voice, 'Now, my love, I experience what you have said. After all, my Jesus is mine! The devil is conquered: there, there you may see him going with shame.' She then praised God so loud, that one might hear her in the street; and added, 'Fine sport, my dear Joe, the devil is cast.' After rejoicing in God some time, she closed her eyes: but in a little while, she said, 'O was it not very pretty, when the wise virgins went out in white, to meet their Lord? Yet what would their robes have signified, without his righteousness?'—And died."

The next day I went on to Dublin, and found all things as quiet as I left them. Wed. 12. I rode thro' a lovely country to Ballymore, in the county of Wexford. Near twenty years ago, all this country was moved by the preaching of James Morris. Thousands flocked to hear: but one false step of his, quite scattered them again. The house would not near contain the people; so I stood abroad, in a fair mild evening. And once more God has given them a loud call,

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call, to turn unto Him, that they may save their souls alive.

Thursday 13. I rode on to Inniscorthy, and preached on, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" To-day I saw one of the most lively and sensible children, that I have met with in the kingdom. What a miracle will it be, if she save her soul! If general admiration do not destroy her!

Hence I rode to Bunklody, a little, ugly, scattered town, but delightfully situated. I did not find that five persons in the town would come a bow-shot to hear. So I ordered a table to be set in the street, and a few slowly crept together. They were as quiet, and seemed as much affected as the trees. Thence I rode on to Carlow. The Under-Sheriff had promised the use of the Town-hall. But the High-Sheriff coming to town, would not suffer it. I thank him: for by this means I was driven to the Barrack-field, where were twice as many as the Hall could have contained: over and above many of the poor Papists, who durst not have come into it. Afterwards I met the little Society. I used to wonder they did not increase. Now I should wonder if they did; so exquisitely bitter are the chief of them against the Church. I solemnly warned them against this evil: and some of them had ears to hear.

Friday 14. At noon I preached in Baltinglafs, to a handful of serious people: and in the evening, at Donard, to a much more numerous, but not more serious congregation. I could not but observe one pretty kind of a woman, with a child in her arms. She stood awhile; then walked to and fro: then stood: then walked again; and appeared as perfectly unconcerned as some pretty calves, which stood behind her. Sat. 15. I crossed the country to my old pupil, Mr. Morgan, and in the afternoon returned to Dublin.

All the following week we had a remarkable blessing both at the morning and evening service. On Wed. and Thurs. we had our little Conference, at which most of the Preachers in the kingdom were present. We agreed to set apart Friday 21, for a day of fasting and

and prayer. At every meeting, particularly the last, our Lord refreshed us in an uncommon manner. About ten I was a little tired; but before it struck twelve, my weariness was all gone. It seemed to be the same with all the congregation, and prayer was swallowed up in praise.

Sunday 23. At nine I preached in the Royal Square at the Barracks, on, "The dead small and great, standing before God." A huge multitude soon gathered together, and listened with deep attention. Many of the soldiers were among them. By what but field-preaching, could we have reached these poor souls?

Monday 24. After preaching in the evening, I went on board the packet, and the next afternoon, landed at Holyhead. We reached Chester, on Thursday morning. Here I finished Dr. Warner's History of the Irish Rebellion. I never saw before, so impartial an account of the transactions of those times. He really seems to be of no side, but to speak the naked truth of all, according to the best light he could procure.

Friday 28. I rode to Manchester. As we were pretty well tired, our friends there insisted on my going on in a chaise. So in the morning, Sat. 29, we set out. When we were on the brow of the hill above Rippendale, suddenly the saddle-horse fell, with the driver under him, and both lay without motion. The shaft-horse then boggled and turned short, toward the edge of the precipice. But presently the driver and the horse rose up unhurt, and we went on safe to Leeds.

Sunday 30. Mr. Crook being out of order, I read prayers and preached in Hunstet Church, both morning and afternoon. At five I preached at Leeds, and on Monday 31, prepared all things for the ensuing Conference. Tuesday, August 1, it began, and a more loving one we never had. On Thursday I mentioned the case of our brethren at New York, who had built the first Methodist preaching-house in America, and were in great want of money, but much more of preachers. Two of our preachers, Richard Boardman, and Joseph Pillmoor, willingly offered themselves for
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the service; by whom we determined to send them fifty pounds, as a token of our brotherly love.

Sat. 5. In the evening I preached at Bradford, to an extremely crowded audience. The heat was hardly supportable. Such a day I had seldom, if ever, known in England. It was nearly as hot at four in the morning, Sunday 6. But the rain began before five, and in three or four hours quite cooled the air. At one we had the usual congregation on the side of Birstal-hill. But it was nearly doubled at Leeds in the evening. Monday 7. I returned to Manchester; and on Tuesday 8, went on to Shrewsbury. I preached at five: and soon after, receiving an invitation from Mr. Powis, at Berwick, I went over directly, gave a short exhortation, and returned to Salop.

Wed. 9. We reached Welchpool before nine, where notice had been given of my preaching, the Bailiff having granted the use of the Town-hall. But he had now changed his mind. So I rode on to New Town, and at one we went to the market house. But in a few minutes, a poor wretch exceeding drunk, came in cursing and blaspheming, and striking all that stood in his way. His stick was soon taken from him; but the noise increasing, I removed to the Brynn, and quietly finished my discourse.

At six in the evening I preached at the Tuffin, the next morning at Lanidlos, and in the evening at the Abbey. Friday 11, I reached Carmarthen; the rain continuing, Mr. Peter Williams offered me his Preaching house, in which I enforced, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Saturday 12, I preached at Haverford West.

Sunday 13. I went to St. Daniel's; and after reading prayers, preached on those words in the second lesson, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." The bigots of all sides seemed ashamed before God, and I trust will not soon forget this day. In the afternoon I read prayers, and preached again. I then met the Society in Pembroke. Once more their little jars are laid asleep; God grant they may rise no more!

Monday 14. I preached in the Town-hall, to almost all the gentry in Pembroke. And I think, whatever
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they had before, they had then a clear call from God. Tuesday 15, in the evening, although the wind was high, yet the largeness of the congregation obliged me to stand on the outside of the house at Haverford-West. Wed. 16. I examined the members of the Society, now the most lively one in Wales. Many of them are rejoicing in the love of God; and many groaning for full redemption.

To-day I gave a second reading to that lively book, Mr. Newton's account of his own experience. There is something very extraordinary therein; but one may account for it without a jot of predestination. I doubt not but his conversion (as well as Col. Gardiner's) was an answer to his mother's prayers.

Thursday 17. At twelve I preached in the Castle of Carmarthen, in the evening at Lanelly. The behaviour of Sir Thomas's servants here, (four or five of whom belong to the Society) has removed all prejudice from him, as well as from most of the town. Indeed they are a pattern to all of their rank, truly "adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour."

Friday 18. I preached at eleven in Oxwych, and thence hastened to Swansey, where an effectual door is opened once more. The rain drove us into the room, which was as hot as an oven, being much crowded both within and without. Sat. 19. About eight, I preached at Neath; about three in the Church at Bridge-End, (where the rain doubled the congregation, by stopping the harvest work) and at seven in the Assembly Room at Cowbridge, on, "Lord, Are there few that be saved?" I was enabled to make a close and pointed application; I believe, not without effect.

Sunday 20. I preached there again at eight, to a congregation who seemed to feel what was spoken. At eleven the Vicar read prayers, and I preached on those words in the lesson, "Gallio cared for none of these things." Most of the hearers seemed more awake than I expected, and a few appeared to be affected. In the evening I took my old stand, on the steps of the Castle at Cardiff. Abundance of people were gathered together, it being a fair and mild evening: on whom I enforced, "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God,"

Tuesday

Tuesday 22. Mr. Davies read prayers, and I preached in Carphilly Church, and in the evening at Llanbraddoach. Wed. 23, I went on to Trevecka. Here we found a concourse of people from all parts, come to celebrate the Countess of Huntingdon's birth-day, and the anniversary of her school, which was opened on the 24th of August, last year. I preached in the evening, to as many as her Chapel could well contain, which is extremely neat, or rather elegant, as is the dining room, the school, and all the house. About nine Howel Harris desired me to give a short exhortation to his family. I did so, and then went back to my Lady's, and laid me down in peace.

Thursday 24. I administered the Lord's Supper to the family. At ten the public service began. Mr. Fletcher preached an exceeding lively sermon in the Court, the Chapel being far too small. After him Mr. William Williams preached in Welsh till between one and two o'clock. At two we dined: mean time a large number of people had baskets of bread and meat carried to them in the court. At three I took my turn there; then Mr. Fletcher: and about five, the congregation was dismissed. Between seven and eight the Love-feast began, at which I believe many were comforted. In the evening several of us retired into the neighbouring wood, which is exceeding pleasantly laid out in walks, one of which leads to a little Mount, raised in the midst of a meadow, that commands a delightful prospect: this is Howel Harris's work; who has likewise greatly enlarged and beautified his house; so that with the gardens, orchards, walks, and pieces of water that surround it, it is a kind of little paradise.

Friday 25. We rode through a lovely country to Chepstow. I had designed to go straight on: but yielded to the importunity of our friends, to stay and preach in the evening. Meantime I took a walk through Mr. Morris's woods. There is scarce any thing like them in the kingdom. They stand on the top and down the side of a steep mountain, hanging in a semicircular form over the river. Thro' these woods abundance of serpentine walks are cut, wherein many seats and alcoves are placed; most of which command a surpris-

ing prospect of rocks and fields on the other side of the river. And must all these be burnt up? What will become of us then, if we set our hearts upon them?

Sat. 26. Resolving not to be too late now, as I was last year, I took horse at four. But being earnestly engaged in conversation, we missed our way, and came to the Passage just as the boat was gone. About three in the afternoon, it passed again: and soon after six we reached Bristol.

Sunday 27. After preaching at Kingswood and Bristol, I rode to Cross, to lessen the next day's journey. Monday 28, I rode to Tiverton: on Tuesday, to Launceston, where I strongly applied, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" And I believe, he answered for himself in the hearts of several backsliders.

Being informed it was between sixty and seventy miles to St. John's, I sent my horse a few miles forward to night. Wed. 30. I purposed taking horse at four, but the horse was not brought from the field. So I borrowed another, and rode on without delay to the house where my own waited for me. We had incessant rain, driven upon us by a furious wind. However I reached Bodmin, about eight: where at the request of one of our friends, I preached to a small, serious company in the Town-hall. The rain accompanied us most of the way to Truro. I knew not where to call, till a friend met me and told me, Mr. Painter had been very ill. So I rode directly to his house. While I was there, one of Redruth came in, who lent me a fresh horse, with which I reached St. John's about five o'clock. I preached at six, and was much comforted, among a loving, earnest people.

Thursday 31. I rode over to St. Just, but could not preach abroad, because of the violent wind. However God spoke to many hearts, both this evening and in the morning. September 1. I now considered Dr. Erskine's account of saving Faith. He asserts, (if I comprehend him right) "it is in general, an assent to the word of God, in which there is a light, a glory, a brightness, which believers, and they only perceive. In particular it is an assent of the understanding, to the
gospel

gospel method of salvation; in which there is an excellency and glory, which only believers see. A supernatural conviction of this is faith." But if this be his judgment, why does he quarrel with me? For how marvelously small is the difference between us? Only change the word *assent* for conviction; (which certainly better answers St. Paul's word *πισχυς*.) And do we not come within a hair's breadth of each other? I do not quarrel with the definition of faith in general, "A *supernatural assent* to the Word of God:" Tho' I think a *supernatural conviction* of the truths contained in the Word of God," is clearer. I allow too, that the Holy Spirit enables us to perceive a peculiar light and glory in the Word of God, and particularly in the gospel-method of salvation. But I doubt, whether saving faith be properly, "An assent to this light and glory." Is it not rather, An assent (if we retain the word) to the truths which God has revealed? Or more particularly, a divine conviction, that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself?"

The congregation at St. Ives, in the evening, was the largest I have seen since I came to Cornwall, and it was a solemn assembly. We had another happy opportunity at the meeting of the Society.

Sat. 2. Our quarterly meeting was at Redruth. In the evening I preached to eleven or twelve hundred people. But there was no trisler, much less mocker among them. They heard as for eternity.

Sunday 3. We had a very large congregation and an useful sermon at Church. Between one and two I preached to some thousands in the main street: but to abundantly more at five in the Amphitheatre at Gwennap; and they were so commodiously placed, row above row, that I believe all could hear.

Monday 4. About noon I preached in the Lower Street at St. Awstle, to a very numerous and very serious congregation. But at Medros, where was once the liveliest Society in Cornwall, I found but a few, and most of those faint and weary.

Tuesday 5. I rode on to Plymouth Dock, and preached on, "Love is the bond of perfectness." What

pity that any thing short of this, should usurp the name of religion!

Last week I read over, as I rode, great part of Homer's *Odyſſey*. I always imagined, it was like Milton's *Paradise Regained*,

"The faint effort of an expiring Muse."

But how was I mistaken? How far has Homer's latter poem the pre-eminence over the former? It is not indeed without its blemishes, among which perhaps one might reckon his making Ulyſſes swim nine days and nights without sustenance; the incredible manner of his escape from Polyphemus, (unless the goat was as strong as an ox:) and the introducing Minerva at every turn, without any *dignus vindice nodus*. But his numerous beauties make large amends for these. Was ever man so happy in his descriptions, so exact and consistent in his characters, and so natural in telling a story? He likewise continually inserts the finest strokes of morality, (which I cannot find in Virgil) on all occasions recommending the fear of God, with justice, mercy, and truth. In this only he is inconsistent with himself. He makes his Hero say,

"Wisdom never lies." And,

"Him, on whate'er pretence, that lies can tell,
My soul abhors him as the gates of hell."

Meantime he himself, on the slightest pretence, tells deliberately lies over and over: nay, and is highly commended for so doing, even by the goddess of Wisdom!

Wed. 6. I rode to Collumpton; and on Thursday rested at Tiverton. Friday 8, I preached about nine at Taunton, and then rode on to Bridge-water, where the preaching had been discontinued for some years. It was supposed there would be much disturbance. But there was none at all. The very gentry (all but two or three young women) behaved with good sense and decency.

This afternoon I went to the top of Brent-Hill: I know not I ever before saw such a prospect. Westward one may see to the mouth of the Bristol Channel, and the three other ways as far as the eye can reach. And most of the land which you see is well cultivated,

well wooded and well watered: so that the globe of earth in its present condition can hardly afford a more pleasing scene. Sat. 9, I returned to Bristol.

Tuesday 12. I enquired into the state of Kingwood School. The grievance now is, the number of children. Instead of thirty (as I desired) we have near fifty, whereby our masters are burdened. And it is scarce possible to keep them in so exact order, as we might do a smaller number. However this still comes nearer a Christian School, than any I know in the kingdom.

Sunday 17. I preached to a serious congregation, in Prince's-street, many of whom came from the ships on the river, and gaped and stared, as if they had never heard a sermon before. In the afternoon I preached near the New Square, on, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." I was in hopes this would remove rather than increase prejudice: but I was much mistaken. One of the hearers soon after told his friend, "Mr. W. is as dark and blind as ever."

Tuesday 19. Between twelve and one I preached at Freshford; and on White's-Hill, near Bradford in the evening. By this means many had an opportunity of hearing, who would not have come to the Room. I had designed to preach there again the next evening: but a gentleman in the town desired me to preach at his door. The beasts of the people were tolerably quiet, till I had nearly finished my sermon. They then lifted up their voice, especially one, called a *Gentleman*, who had filled his pockets with rotten eggs. But a young man coming unawares, clapt his hands on each side, and mashed them all at once. In an instant he was perfume all over; tho' it was not so sweet as balsam!

Friday 22. I saw poor Mrs. — at Bristol, on the very brink of despair. I prayed for her in faith, and not many days after, found her sweetly rejoicing in God her Saviour. Sat. 23, I rode to Pill, and preached in the street (the only way to do much good there,) to a more numerous and more attentive congregation than I have seen there for many years.

Thursday,

Thursday, October 5. I had the satisfaction to find, that two of our brethren, with whom I had taken much pains, had at length put an end to their Chancery suit, and closed their debate by a reference.

Sunday 8. I permitted all of Mr. Whitefield's Society that desired it, to be present at our Love-feast. I suppose there were a thousand of us in all. And we were not sent empty away.

Monday 9. I preached at Bristol, Pensford, Shepton-Mallet; and in the evening at Wincanton. The people here had just as much feeling as the benches on which they sat. Tuesday 10, I preached in Shaftsbury, at noon; and in the evening at Salisbury. Here I was as in a new world. The congregation was alive, and much more the Society. How pleasing would it be to be always with such! But that is not our calling.

Wed. 11. I preached in Rumsey at noon: in the evening at Winchester. Thursday 12, I preached at Fareham about one; and at Portsmouth-Common, in the evening. I very narrowly missed meeting the great Pascal Paoli. He landed in the Dock but a very few minutes after I had left the water side. Surely He who hath been with him from his youth up, hath not sent him into England for nothing. Lord shew him what is thy will concerning him! And give him a kingdom that cannot be moved!

Sat. 14. Setting out at two in the morning, I came to London in the afternoon. Sunday 15, My brother and I had such a congregation at Spitalfields, as has not been there since the Covenant-night. The Foundery was equally crowded in the evening: is God about to work here, as he did some years ago? If so, having learnt experience by the things we have suffered, I trust we shall not *quench the Spirit*, as we did before.

Monday 16. I began my journey into Oxfordshire, and in the evening preached at Henley. A great part of the congregation was perfectly void both of sense and modesty. But at this time they were unusually quiet, as I did not take them out of their depth, in opening and applying those words, "It is appointed unto men once to die."

Tuesday

Tuesday 17. We went to Wallingford, a town I never saw before, though I lived so many years at Oxford. How white are the fields here unto the harvest? The whole town seemed flocking together, rich and poor, in the evening, and received the word with joy. But who will endure to the end? Abundance of people came again at five in the morning, and were ready to devour the word. How pleasant it is to see the dawn of a work of grace? But we must not lay too much stress upon it. Abundance of blossoms! But when the sun is up, how many of these will wither away!

Having appointed to preach in Oxford at ten, I was under some difficulty. I did not like to preach in the Dissenting Meeting-house: and I did not see how to avoid it. But the proprietors cut the knot for me, by locking up the doors. So I preached in James Mears' garden: and to such a congregation as I had not had in Oxford since I preached in St. Mary's Church.

Thence we went on to Witney, where we have now a large and commodious house. It was well filled in the evening: and (whoever else did) I found it good to be there: especially at the meeting of the Society: the spirit of glory and of Christ was among them.

I had designed to spend another day here. But two of our friends, who were come on purpose from Broadmarston, importuned me much to go thither. So I set out with them on Thursday, and came to Broadmarston in the afternoon. The lovely family, and the congregation from all parts, made me full amends for my labour. Great was our glorying in the Lord. Many felt the two-edged sword, and many were filled with consolation.

Friday 20. I had appointed to be in Oxford at eight. So I took horse at two, and took chaises from Shipston, which brought me thither at my time. After spending an hour quite agreeably with a few young, serious students, I set out for Ipfstone, near Stoken-Church. But I was obliged, when we came to the bye-road, to quit my chaise, and go as I could, partly on horse back, and partly on foot. The congregation had waited for me some time. So I began immediately on, "Fear God,
and .

and keep his commandments: for this is the whole of man." In the evening I preached to a lively congregation at High-Wycombe, and on Saturday reached London.

Monday 23. I rode to Towcester, and preached to a heavy unawakened people, on what they did not seem at all to think of, namely, that they were to die. I believe it suited them: they appeared to be more affected than with any discourse I had ever preached. Tuesday, I preached at Alston in a large Malt-room, where one side of my head was very warm, through the crowd of people, the other very cold having an open window at my ear. Between six and seven I preached at Northampton, and it was an awful season.

This evening there was such an Aurora Borealis, as I never saw before: the colours, both the white, the flame colour, and the scarlet, were so exceeding strong and beautiful. But they were awful too: so that abundance of people were frightened into many good resolutions.

Wed. 25. At ten, I was forced to preach abroad at Brighton, by reason of the great concourse of people: and at Haddon, about one. I believe at both places, God applied his word to their hearts. Thursday 26. About nine I preached at Harpole, to a thirsty multitude: at one, to near the same number at Weedon; in the evening at Whittlebury. Friday 27, about noon, we had a serious congregation at Cranfield, and at Bedford, in the evening. Sat. 28, I preached about one at Hertford, and at Snowsfields in the evening: and after preaching three times a day for three days, and four times a day for two more, I found no more hoarseness or weariness than when I set out from London.

Monday 30. I set out with a little company of our friends, and the next day came to Norwich. At six I preached in the shell of the new house, crowded enough both within and without.

Thursday, Nov. 2. We went to Yarmouth, a cold, dead, uncomfortable place. Friday 3, I laboured to gather up the fragments of the poor Society, shattered to pieces by Presbyterians, Anabaptists, and disputers
of

of all kinds: especially by one unhappy man, who had risen among ourselves. In the evening I strongly exhorted them, to "repent and do the first works."

Sat. 4. We returned to Norwich. In coming to Yarmouth, I had called upon a young woman, alive to God, but exceeding ill. She died before I came back. This afternoon I was desired to bury her. I took the opportunity of preaching at five in the burying-ground, to a multitude of people, who were all attention, as though they had already seen "the dead standing before God!"

Monday 6, and the following days, I visited as many of the people, sick and well, as I possibly could. And on Friday 9, leaving them more united, than they had been for many years, I took coach again, and the next afternoon came to London.

In the coach going and coming, I read several volumes of Mr. Guthrie's ingenious history of Scotland, I suppose as impartial a one as any to be found, and as much to be depended upon. I never read any writer before, who gave me so much light, into the real character of that odd mixture, King James the First: nor into that of Mary Queen of Scots, so totally misrepresented by Buchanan, Queen Elizabeth's pensioner, and her other hireling writers: and not much less, by Dr. Robertson. Then he effectually exposes, shewing how grossly they contradict matter of fact, and one another. He likewise points out the many and great mistakes of Dr. R. such as seem to imply either great inattention or great partiality. Upon the whole, that much injured Queen appears to have been far the greatest woman of that age, exquisitely beautiful in her person, of a fine address, of a deep unaffected piety, and of a stronger understanding even in youth, than Queen Elizabeth had at threescore. And probably the despair wherein Queen Elizabeth died, was owing to her death, rather than that of Lord Essex.

Friday 17. I preached at a Chapel near St. John-Street, built on the very spot of ground, whereon many hundred years ago Pardon-Church stood. In this and the following week I visited the Society in London, containing

containing now scarce nineteen hundred members. So has God cut us short, since the wound received by a false friend, from which we are now slowly recovering.

Sat. 25. I went down to Mr. Perronet's, just recovering from a long illness. In the evening I preached in the house, and at seven in the morning: On Sunday 26, Mr. P. designed to read prayers at ten: but we thought it not safe for him to go out. So I read prayers, and then applied, "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Many who had constantly appealed to this text, found themselves short in every particular.

I read prayers in the afternoon, having been informed, that it was not usual to preach. But observing a numerous congregation, quite unwilling to go away, I went into the pulpit, and shewed them the nature and the pleasantness of true religion. At five I preached in the room: I trust our Lord has touched many hearts this day.

Thursday 30. I preached at Wandsworth. For many years, the people here were the most dead, but are now the most alive, of any about London. Friday, Dec. 1, I preached at Barnet, which was last year what Wandsworth is now. Monday 4. I went to Chatham: Mr. Whitefield's people (so called) refusing me the use of their room, I preached in the Barracks to a listening multitude, and our hearts were sweetly enlarged and knit together. One of their society, grieved at the bigotry of his brethren, invited me to preach in his house in the morning; which I did, (the Barracks not being open) to as many as it could well contain. Tuesday 5. I went to Sheerness, and preached in the Old Play-house, filled from end to end. So it was the next night. Our own room contained us in the mornings. I was much comforted among the poor people, which in the midst of disputers, keep straight on following after peace and holiness.

Thursday 7. I returned to Chatham, and the next day to London, leaving an earnest people at peace with each other, and with all the world.

Monday 11. Riding an uneasy horse, I was much tired before I reached Staplehurst. But the serious, earnest congregation soon made me forget my weariness, and I was not a little helped by the spirit of Mr. C. breathing nothing but faith and love. I was again heartily tired, when I came to Mr. Holman's, near Rye. Judging most of the congregation here to be unawakened, I preached on the story of Dives and Lazarus. God gave me to speak strong words, so that I trust some were pricked to the heart. Wed. 13. I preached at Ewhurst, (it being the quarterly meeting) both at noon and in the evening. Thursday 14. We rode through heavy rain to Newbounds, where Mr. P'Anson and his family gladly received us: and I never saw the house so filled before, as it was in the evening. Friday 15. I preached at Seven-Oaks, and on Sat. returned to London.

Being desirous to finish my winter journies before Christmas; on Monday 18, I set out for Canterbury. Friday 22, I preached at Sittenbourn and Chatham, and on Saturday came to London.

Monday, being Christmas-day, we had such a congregation at four, as I have not seen for many years. And from morning to evening we had abundant proof, that God is visiting and redeeming his people.

Tuesday 16. I read the Letters from our preachers in America, informing us that God had begun a glorious work there: that both in New-York and Philadelphia multitudes flock to hear, and behave with the deepest seriousness, and that the Society in each place already contains above an hundred members.

Friday 29. We observed as a day of fasting and prayer, partly on account of the confused state of public affairs, partly as preparatory to the solemn engagement, which we were about to renew.

Monday, Jan. 1, 1770, about eighteen hundred of us met together: it was a most solemn season. As we did openly "avouch the Lord to be our God, so did he avouch us to be his people."

Wednesday 17. In a little journey which I took into Bedfordshire, I finished Dr. Burnet's Theory of the Earth. He is doubtless one of the first-rate writers,

both as to sense and style; his language is remarkably clear, unaffected, nervous, and elegant. And as to his Theory, none can deny that it is ingenious, and consistent with itself. And it is highly probable, 1. That the earth arose out of the chaos in some such manner as he describes: 2. That the antediluvian earth was without high or abrupt mountains, and without sea, being one uniform crust, inclosing the great Abyfs. 3. That the flood was caused by the breaking of this crust, and it's sinking into the abyfs of waters: and 4. That the present state of the earth, both internal and external, shews it to be the ruins of the former earth. This is the substance of his too former books, and thus far I can go with him.

I have no objection to the substance of his third book upon the general conflagration, but think it is one of the noblest tracts, which is extant in our language. And I do not much object to the fourth, concerning the new heavens, and the new earth. The substance of it is highly probable.

Tuesday 30. One informed me, that Mrs. Kitley at Lambeth, not expected to live many hours, had a great desire to see me before she died. I went as quick as possible, but when I came, she seemed senseless, as well as speechless. I regarded not this, but spoke to her immediately; and immediately both her understanding and her speech returned, to testify a hope full of immortality. Having had her desire, she fell asleep, two days before her husband:

“ A perfect pattern of true Woman-hood ! ”

A good wife, a good parent, a good mistress, and “ her works shall praise her in the gates.” How suitable was her death to her life! After many years spent in doing good, she redeemed a poor, friendless youth out of prison, took the jail-distemper and died.

Sat. Feb. 3, and at my leisure moments on several of the following days, I read with much expectation, a celebrated book, Rousseau upon Education. But how was I disappointed! Sure a more consummate coxcomb never saw the Sun! How amazingly full of himself? Whatever he speaks, he pronounces as an oracle.

oracle: But many of his oracles are as palpably false, as that, "Young children never love old people." No! Do they never love grandfathers and grandmothers? Frequently more than they do their own parents. Indeed they love all that love them, and that with more warmth and sincerity, than when they come to riper years.

But I object to his temper, more than to his judgment: He is a meer misanthrope, a cynic all over. So indeed is his brother infidel, Voltaire: and well nigh as great a coxcomb. But he hides both his doggedness and vanity a little better: whereas here it stares us in the face continually.

As to his book, it is whimsical to the last degree, grounded neither upon reason, nor experience. To cite particular passages would be endless: but any one may observe concerning the whole, the advices which are good, are trite and common, only disguised under new expressions. And those which are new, which are really his own, are lighter than vanity itself. Such discoveries I always expect from those, who are too wise to believe their Bibles.

Thursday 8. I went to Wandsworth. What a proof have we here, that God's thoughts are not as our thoughts! Every one thought no good could be done here: we had tried, for above twenty years. Very few would even give us the hearing; and the few that did, seemed little the better for it. But all on a sudden, crowds flock to hear: many are cut to the heart: many are filled with peace and joy in believing: many long for the whole image of God. In the evening, tho' it was a sharp frost, the room was as hot as a stove. And they drank in the word with all greediness, as also at five in the morning, while I applied, "Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will: be thou clean!"

Tuesday 13. I read with all the attention I was master of, Mr. Hutchinson's life, and Mr. Spearman's Index to his works. And I was more convinced than ever, 1. That he had not the least conception, much less experience, of inward religion: 2. That an in-

genious man may prove just what he pleases, by well-devised Scriptural etymologies: especially, if he be in the fashion, if he affect to read the Hebrew without vowels: and, 3. That his whole hypothesis, philosophical and theological, is unsupported by any solid proof.

Friday 23. I was desired to hear Mr. Leoni sing, at the Jewish Synagogue. I never before saw a Jewish congregation behave so decently. Indeed the place itself is so solemn, that it might strike an awe upon those who have any thought of God.

Wednesday 28. I sat down to read and seriously consider some of the writings of Baron Swedenborg, I began, with huge prejudice in his favour, knowing him to be a pious man, one of a strong understanding, of much learning, and one who thoroughly believed himself. But I could not hold out long. Any one of his visions puts his real character out of doubt. He is one of the most ingenious, lively, entertaining madmen, that ever set pen to paper. But his waking dreams are so wild, so far remote both from Scripture and common sense, that one might as easily swallow the stories of Tom Thumb, or Jack the Giant killer.

Monday, March 5. I came to Newbury, where I had been much importuned to preach. But where? The Dissenters would not permit me to preach in their Meeting-house. Some were then desirous to hire the Old Play-house: but the good Mayor would not suffer it to be so profaned! So I made use of a work-shop, a large, commodious place. But it would by no means contain the congregation. All that could hear, behaved well: and I was in hopes, God would have a people in this place also. The next evening I preached at Bristol, and spent the rest of the week there. Monday 12. I went to Stroud, where the house was well filled as usual. Tuesday 13. I went by Painwick and Gloucester to Tewkesbury. Wed. 14. I preached in the New Room, which is just finished, at Upton, and thence rode on to Worcester, where I preached in a large, old, awkward place, to a crowded and much affected audience. Afterwards I met the
Society

March 1770.

77

Society of about a hundred members, all of one heart and one mind, so lovingly and closely united together, that I have scarce seen the like in the kingdom.

Thursday 15. I met the Select Society. How swiftly has God deepened his work in these! I have seen very few either in Bristol or London, who are more clear in their experience. The account given by all whom I had time to examine, was scriptural and rational. And I suppose they spoke true, for they are witnesses of the perfection which I preach. Yet they may fall therefrom, I know: but that they must, I utterly deny.

After preaching at Evesham about noon, we rode thro' a furious shower of snow, driven full in our faces to Broadmarston. The very uncommon severity of the weather, somewhat lessened the congregation in the evening. All who were there, seemed prepared for that awful subject, "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God."

Sat. 17. We rode on, in another bitter day, with the wind and snow, just in our face, to Birmingham. In the evening, the people were wedged in, as close as possible: yet many were obliged to go away. We had just the same congregation in the morning, Sunday 18, at half an hour after one, I was to preach at Bromwich-heath: but the house would scarce contain a fourth part of the congregation. So I made a virtue of necessity and preached in a ground, where there was room for all that came. And I believe God kindled a fire in many frozen hearts.

In the evening, I preached in the house at Wednesbury, a funeral sermon for Elizabeth Longmore, I think the first witness of christian perfection, whom God raised up in these parts. I gave some account of her experience, many years ago. From that time, her whole life was answerable to her profession, every way holy and unblamable. Frequently she had not bread to eat: but that did not hinder her *rejoicing evermore*. She had close trials, from her poor apostate husband, in the midst of sharp pain and pining sickness. But she was superior to all, still seeing her Father's hand, and, *in every thing giving thanks*. Her death was suitable to her life.

" No cloud could arise, To darken the skies,
 " Or hide for a moment Her Lord from her eyes."

All was noon day. She praised God with every breath, till he took her to himself.

Monday 19. I rode to Craidly. Here also the multitude of people, obliged me to stand abroad, altho' the North wind whistled round my head. About one I took the field again, at Stourbridge. Many of the hearers were wild as colts untamed. But the bridle was in their mouths. At six I began at Dudley. The air was as cold as I had almost ever felt. But I trust, God warmed many hearts.

Wed. 21. I took my leave of Wednesbury at five; preached about ten, at Billstone: about one at Billbrook, and about five in the evening, at Wolverhampton. Many here were wild and stupid enough: however the greater part were deeply attentive.

I now procured an account of two remarkable children, which, I think, ought not to be buried in oblivion.

" About three weeks before Christmas, 1763, William Cooper, at Walsal, in Staffordshire, then nine years old, was convinced of sin, and would frequently say, he should go to Hell, and the Devil would fetch him. Sometimes he cried out, "I hate him." Being asked, "Whom?" He answered with great vehemence, "God!" This terrified his mother, who not knowing what was the matter with the child, strove to keep it secret.

" But in about a fortnight, it pleased God, to reveal to him his pardoning love. His mouth was then filled with praise, declaring to all what God had done for his soul.

" A few days after Billy was awakened, God was pleased to convince his sister Lucy, then eleven years old. He soon put a song of praise into her mouth also, so that they mightily rejoiced together, in God their Saviour. At the same time, they were both heavily afflicted in their bodies. But so much the more, was the power of God manifested, causing them to continue in the triumph of faith, throughout their sharpest pains.

" On

" On Dec. 30. One of their sisters coming to see them, Billy told her, he had been very ill : but, said he, " I do not mean in my body, but in my soul ; I felt my sins so heavy, that I thought I should go to Hell, and I saw the Devil ready to drag me away. Nay for a week, I thought myself just in the flames of Hell. The sins that troubled me most were, telling lies and quarreling with my sister. I saw, if God did not forgive me, I was lost. And I knew, quarreling was as great a sin in Lucy as in me, and if she did not get a pardon, and feel the love of Jesus, she could not go to heaven."

" Lucy said, ' When I heard Mr. A. describe two sorts of people, one sort washed in the blood of Christ, and the other not, I found I was not, and therefore, if I died so, must go to Hell ' Being asked what sin lay most on her conscience, she replied, ' Taking his name in vain, by repeating my prayers, when I did not think of God.'

" When Billy was confessing, that he had loved money, Lucy said, ' And so did I ; and was angry, if I had not so much as Billy. I loved money more than God, and he might justly have sent me to hell for it.'

" When Billy was asked, ' How he knew his sins were forgiven ? ' He answered. " Christ told me so. I had a great struggle in my heart, with the Devil and sin, till it pleased Jesus to come into my soul. I now feel his love in my heart, and he tells me, he has forgiven my sins."

" Being asked, how he did ? He replied, ' Happy in Jesus : Jesus is sweet to my soul.' ' Do you chuse to live or die ? ' He answered, ' Neither. I hope, if I live, I shall praise God : and if I die, I am sure I shall go to him. For he has forgiven my sins, and given me his love.'

" One asked Lucy, How long she had been in the triumph of faith ? She answered, ' Only this week before, I had much to do with Satan : But now Jesus, has conquered him for me.' While she was speaking, feeling great pain of body, she said, ' O I want more of these pains, more of these pains, to bring me nearer to Jesus.'

“ One speaking of knowing the voice of Christ, he said, ‘ The voice of Christ, is a strange voice to them, who do not know their sins are forgiven. But I know it. For he has pardoned all my sins, and given me his love. And O what a mercy, that such a hell-deserving wretch, as I, as I, should be made to taste of his love !’

“ Billy had frequent fits. When he found one coming, he, with a smile, laid down his head, saying, ‘ O sweet love !’ or ‘ O sweet Jesus !’ And as soon as he came to himself, being asked, How he did ? He would reply, ‘ I am happy in the love of Christ.’

“ When a gentleman said, ‘ My Dear, you could praise God more, if it were not for those ugly fits :’ He replied, ‘ Sir, They are not ugly ; for my dear Jesus sent them. And he has given me patience to bear them. And he bore more for my sins.’

“ One night a gentleman and his wife came to see them : and the gentlewoman looking on Lucy, said, ‘ She looks as if nothing was the matter with her : she is so pleasant with her eyes.’ She replied, ‘ I have enough to make me look so ; for I am full of the love of God.’ While she spoke, her eyes sparkled exceedingly, and the tears flowed down her cheeks. At this Billy smiled, but could not speak ; having been speechless for more than an hour. It seemed he was just going into eternity : but the Lord revived him a little : and as soon as he could speak, he desired to be held up in bed, and looked at the gentleman, who asked him, How he did ? He answered, ‘ I am happy in Christ : and I hope you are.’ He said, ‘ I hope I can say I am.’ Billy replied, ‘ Has Christ pardoned your sins ?’ He said, ‘ I hope he has.’ ‘ Sir,’ said Billy, ‘ Hope will not do. For I had this hope, and yet if I had died then, I should surely have gone to Hell. But he has forgiven me all my sins, and given me a taste of his love. If you have this love, you will know it and be sure of it : but you cannot know it without the power of God. You may read as many books about ‘ Christ as you please,’ (He was a great reader,) ‘ But if you read all your life, this will only be in your head, and that head will perish. So that if you have not the love of God in your heart, you will go to Hell. But I hope you will

not: I will pray to God for you, that he may give you his love.

"Another coming to see them enquired how they were? Billy said, 'Happier and happier in Christ: Are you so?' He said, 'No; I am not so happy as you.' 'Why,' said Billy, 'what is the matter? I am afraid you do not pray to Christ, for I am sure he is willing to make you happy.'

"One who sat by, seemed struck with the discourse, but did not speak. Billy observing her, said, 'And you do not pray as you ought. For if you had the love of Christ in your heart, you would not look down so. I wish you and every one had it.' One said, 'My Dear, would not you give it them, if you might?' He answered, 'No: for that would be, to take Christ's work out of his hands.'

"Many who heard what great things God had done for them, said, 'It will not be so with you always. If you should live to come into the world again, he would leave you in the dark.' They answered, 'We do not think so: for our Jesus has promised, that He will never leave us.'

"A young woman, who had told them so before, speaking in this manner a second time, Billy said to her, 'Miss, Are you assured of your interest in Christ?' She answered, 'I hope I am in Christ: but assurance is no way essential.' He replied, 'But if you have his love, you will be sure you have it. You will know it in your heart. I am afraid, your hope is only in your head. Do you never quarrel with any body?' She said, 'No.' 'But,' says he, 'You quarrel with God's word. For he has promised me, None shall pluck me out of his hand. And you say, the world will: so you make God a story-teller.' At this, she went away displeased.

"There were few came to see them, when either of them was able to speak, but they enquired into the state of their souls, and without fear, told them the danger of dying, without an assurance of the love of God."

"One coming to see them, was talked to very closely by Billy, till she could bear no more. She turned to Lucy, and said, 'You were always good children,'

children, and never told stories.' 'Yes, Madam,' said Lucy, 'but I did, when I was afraid of being beat: And when I said my prayers; for I did not think of God. And I called him, My Father, which I was a child of wrath. And as to praying, I could not pray, until it pleased him by his Spirit to shew me my sins. And he shewed me, we might say as many prayers as we would, and go to Church or Meeting: Yet all this, if we had not Christ for our foundation, would not do.'

"When they were asked, if they were afraid to die, they always answered, 'No, for what can death do? He can only lay his cold hand upon our bodies.'

"One told Lucy, 'Now you may live as you please, since you are sure of going to heaven.' She replied, 'No, I would not sin against my dear Saviour, if you would give me this room full of gold.'

"On the Monday before he died, Billy repeated that hymn, with the most triumphant joy:

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
"With Angels round the Throne!"

Afterwards, he repeated the Lord's prayer. The last words he spoke intelligibly were, 'How pleasant it is to be with Christ, for ever and ever—for ever and ever! Amen! Amen! Amen!'

"While he lay speechless, there came into the room, some who he feared knew not God. He seemed much affected, wept and moaned much, waved his hand, and put it on his sister's mouth; intimating, as she supposed, that she could speak to them. On Wednesday, Feb. 1, his happy spirit returned to God." She died not long after."

"In the following days I went on slowly, thro' Staffordshire and Cheshire, to Manchester. In this journey, as well as in many others, I observed a mistake, that almost universally prevails. And I desire all travellers to take good notice of it, which may save them both from trouble and danger. Near thirty years ago I was thinking, "How is it, that no horse
ever

ever stumbles while I am riding?" (History, Poetry, and Philosophy, I commonly read on horse-back, having other employment at other times,) "No account can possibly be given, but this, Because then I throw the reins on his neck. I then set myself to observe. And I aver, that in riding above a hundred thousand miles, I scarce ever remember any horse (except two, that would fall head over heels any way) to fall, or make a considerable stumble, while I rode *with a slack rein*. To fancy therefore, that a *tight rein* prevents stumbling, is a capital blunder. I have repeated the trial more frequently than most men in the kingdom can do. A *slack rein* will prevent stumbling, if any thing will: but in some horses; nothing can.

Thursday 29. I preached in the new preaching House at Rochdale, and on Sat. 31, at Chester. Tuesday, April 3. I went on to Liverpool: On Wed. and Thurs. I read Mr. Sellon's Answer to Elisha Cole's book, on God's Sovereignty, so plausibly written, that it is no wonder so many are deceived thereby.

Friday 6. I preached in Wigan at noon, and in the evening at Bolton; Sunday 8. After preaching at eight and one, I hastened on to James Edmundson's, preached to a few serious people, and gave directions to his poor sick daughter, which it is possible, may save her life. Monday 9. I rode on to Ambleside; on Tuesday, to Whitehaven.

Here I found a faintness had spread thro' all. No wonder, since there had been no morning preaching for some months. Yet every morning I was here, the congregations were as large as they had been for many years. Thursday 12. I met such a company of children, as I have not found within a hundred miles. Several of them appeared to be convinced of sin; five, rejoicing in God their Saviour. And upon enquiry, I found their whole behaviour was suitable to their profession.

Good-Friday 13. Notice having been given thro' mistake, of my preaching at Carlisle, I was obliged to set out from Whitehaven, immediately after the morning preaching. I preached in Cockermouth at one, and

and then rode on to Carlisle. It was here the day of small things; the society consisting but of fifteen members. I preached at six, and as many as could hear, behaved with the utmost seriousness. Afterwards I walked to Houghton, a village two miles from Carlisle, and on a hard clean bed slept in peace.

Sat. 14. I preached at five to most of the village, tho' on so short a warning; and at night in Carlisle. Leaving Mr. Rankin to preach in the evening, I rode on to Longtown: where, finding no better place to screen us from the wind, I stood in a large, broad entry, with a room on either hand. Many crowded in here: the rest stood at the door. Easter-day 15, Joseph Guilford preached at five. At eight I preached in a little Square. But at one I was desired to preach in the Market-place, where was a far more numerous congregation. Afterwards we took horse, and before eight, reached an admirable Inn at Dumfries.

Monday 16. We had a fair morning till we began to climb up Enterkine, one of the highest mountains in the West of Scotland. We then got into a Scotch mist, and were dripping wet, before we came to the Leadhills. In the evening we reached Leismahagow, and Glasgow, on Tuesday, where I spent two days with much satisfaction. I had designed to go straight from hence to Perth; but being desired to take Edinburgh in my way, I rode thither on Friday, and endeavoured to confirm those whom many had strove to turn out of the way. What a pity is it, that the children of God, should so zealously do the devil's work! How is it, that they are still ignorant of Satan's devices? Lord, what is man!

Sat. 21. Pushing through violent wind and rain, we came to Perth in the afternoon. This evening the Tolbooth contained the congregation; and at eight in the morning. The stormy wind would not suffer me to preach abroad in the evening. So we retired into the Court-house, as many as could, and had a solemn and comfortable hour.

Monday 23. I walked over to Scone, and took another view of that palace of antient men of renown,
long

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long since mouldered into common dust. The buildings too are now decaying apace. So passes the dream of human greatness!

Tuesday 24. I spent a few agreeable hours with Dr. O. an upright, friendly, sensible man. Such likewise I found Mr. Black, the senior minister at Perth, who soon after went to Abraham's bosom.

Wed. 25. Taking horse at five, we rode to Dunkeld, the first considerable town in the Highlands. We were agreeably surprised: a pleasanter situation cannot be easily imagined. Afterwards we went some miles on a smooth delightful road, hanging over the river Tay, and then went on, winding thro' the mountains, to the Castle of Blair. The mountains for the next twelve miles, were much higher and covered with snow. In the evening we came to Dalwhinny, the dearest Inn I have met with in North-Britain. In the morning we were informed, so much snow had fallen in the night, that we could get no farther. And indeed three young women, attempting to cross the mountain to Blair, were swallowed up in the snow. However we resolved, with God's help to go as far as we could. But about noon we were at a full stop: the snow driving together on the top of the mountain, had quite blocked up the road. We dismounted, and striking out of the road warily, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, with many stumbles, but no hurt, we got on to Dalmagarry, and before sun set to Inverness.

Benjamin and William Chapel who had been here three months, were waiting for a vessel, to return to London. They had met a few people every night, to sing and pray together. And their behaviour suitable to their profession, had removed much prejudice.

Friday 27. I breakfasted with the Senior Minister, Mr. Mackenzie, a pious and friendly man. At six in the evening, I began preaching in the Church, and with very uncommon liberty of spirit. At seven in the morning I preached in the Library, a large commodious room. But it would not contain the congregation; many were constrained to go away. Afterwards I rode over to Fort George, a very regular fortification,
H capable

capable of containing four thousand men. As I was just taking horse, the commanding officer sent word, "I was welcome to preach." But it was a little too late. I had then just time to ride back to Inverness.

Sunday 29. At seven the benches being removed, the Library contained us tolerably well. And I am persuaded, God shook the hearts of many outside Christians. I preached in the Church at five in the afternoon. Mr. Helton designed to preach abroad at seven: but the Ministers desired, he would preach in the Church, which he did to a large and attentive congregation. Many followed us from the Church to our lodgings, with whom I spent some time in prayer, and then advised them, as many as could, to meet together, and spend an hour every evening in prayer and useful conversation.

Monday 30. We set out in a fine morning. A little before we reached Nairn, we were met by a messenger from the Minister, Mr. Dunbar; who desired, I would breakfast with him, and give them a sermon in his Church. Afterwards we hastened to Elgin, thro' a pleasant and well cultivated country. When we set out from hence, the rain began, and poured down till we came to the Spey, the most impetuous river I ever saw. Finding the large boat was in no haste to move, I stepped into a small one just going off. It whirled us over the stream almost in a minute. I waited at the Inn at Fochaber, (dark and dirty enough in all reason) till our friends overtook me with the horses. The outside of the Inn at Keith was of the same hue, and promised us no great things. But we were agreeably disappointed. We found plenty of every thing, and so dried ourselves at leisure.

Tuesday, May 1. I rode on to Aberdeen, and spent the rest of the week there. It fell out well; for the weather was uncommon; we had storms of snow or rain every day. And it seems the weather was the same as far as London. So general a storm has scarce been in the memory of man.

Sunday 6. I preached in the College-Kirk at Old-Aberdeen, to a very serious (tho' mostly genteel) congregation

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gregation. In the evening I preached at our own room, and early in the morning took my leave of this loving people. We came to Montrose about noon. I had designed to preach there; but found no notice had been given. However I went down to the Green, and sung a hymn. People presently flocked from all parts. And God gave me great freedom of speech, so that I hope we did not meet in vain.

At seven in the evening I preached at Arbroth (properly Aborbrothwick.) The whole town seems moved: the congregation was the largest I have seen since we left Inverness. And the society, though but of nine months standing, is the largest in the kingdom next that of Aberdeen.

Tuesday 8. I took a view of the small remains of the Abbey. I know nothing like it in all North-Britain. I paced it, and found it a hundred yards long. The breadth is proportionable. Part of the west end, which is still standing, shews it was full as high as Westminster Abbey. The south end of the Cross is likewise standing, near the top of which is a large circular window. The zealous Reformers, they told us, burnt this down. God deliver us from *reforming Mobs!*

I have seen no town in Scotland which increases so fast, or which is built with so much common sense as this. Two entire new streets, and part of a third have been built within these two years. They run parallel with each other, and have a row of gardens between them. So that every house has a garden: and thus both health and convenience are consulted.

Wed. 9. I rode on to Dundee. The Ministers here, particularly Mr. Small, are bitter enough: notwithstanding which, the society is well established, and the congregations exceeding large. I dealt very plainly with them at six, and still more so, the next evening. Yet none appeared to be offended. Friday 11, I went forward to Edinburgh. Sat. 12, I received but a melancholy account of the state of things here. The congregations were nearly as usual: but the society, which when I was here before, consisted of above a hundred and sixty members, was now shrunk to about fifty.

Such is the fruit of a single Preacher's staying a whole year in one place! Together with the labours of good Mr. Townsend.

Sunday 13. At seven I preached in the chapel taken by Lady Glenorchy, which stands at a great distance from ours, in the most honourable part of the city. Between twelve and one I preached in the High School-Yard, it being too stormy to preach on the Castle hill. A little before six I preached in our chapel, crowded above and below. But I doubt with little effect: exceeding few seemed to feel what they heard.

Monday 14. After ten years enquiry, I have learned, what are the Highlands of Scotland! Some told me, "The Highlands begin, when you cross the Tay:" Others, "when you cross the North-Esk:" And others, "when you cross the river Spey:" but all of them missed the mark. For the truth of the matter is, the Highlands are bounded by no river at all, but by Carns, or heaps of stones laid in a row, South West and North East, from sea to sea. These formerly divided the kingdom of the Picts, from that of the Caledonians, which included all the country north of the Carns, several whereof are still remaining. It takes in Argyleshire, most of Perthshire, Murrayshire, with all the North West counties. This is called the Highlands, because a considerable part of it (tho' not the whole) is mountainous. But it is not more mountainous than North-Wales, nor than many parts of England and Ireland: nor do I believe it has any mountain higher than Snowdon-Hill, or The Skidder in Cumberland. Talking Erse therefore, is not the thing that distinguishes these from the Low lands. Neither is this or that River; both the Tay, the Esk, and the Spey running thro' the Highlands, not South of them.

Thursday 17. At five in the morning I took a solemn leave of our friends at Edinburgh. About eight I preached at Musselborough, and found some hope, there will be a blessing in the remnant. In the evening I preached in the New House at Dunbar, the most cheerful in the kingdom.

Friday

Friday 18. We rode over to the Earl of Haddington's seat, finely situated between two woods. The house is exceeding large and pleasant, commanding a wide prospect both ways. And the Earl is cutting walks through the woods, smoothing the ground, and much enlarging and beautifying his garden. Yet he is to die! In the evening, I trust God broke some of the stony hearts of Dunbar. A little increase here is in the Society likewise; and all the members walk unblamably.

Sat. 19. At noon I preached in the Town-hall at Berwick. Coming to Alnwick in the afternoon, I found that wise and good man, William Coward, had been buried two or three days before. I judged it right to do honour to his memory, by preaching a kind of funeral sermon on, "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

Sunday 20. At seven I preached in the house at four and at seven in the market-place. But the multitude was so great, that I doubt many could not hear. I then met the Society, and we seemed to breathe the same spirit with him that was just entered into the joy of his Lord.

Monday 21. I preached at Morpeth and at Newcastle. On Wed. 23, I went over to Sunderland. Sat. 26, We went by water to North-Biddick. The preaching here had been discontinued for many years, as it seemed to be sowing upon the sand. But at length we found the fruit of our labour. Many are both convinced and converted to God. In returning as we were four large boats in company, we made,

"The mountains and vales his praises rebound."
So is even the Water-language now changed!

Sunday 27. At eight I preached near the Cross in Sunderland, to such an assembly as was never seen there before. But I believe that the Gateshead Fell was still larger: as was that at the Castle-garth in Newcastle.

Monday 28. I began again the meeting of the children, which had been neglected for some months. And we had a token for good: two or three were cut to the heart. And many seemed much affected.

On Tuesday the 29th and the following days, I took a little circuit thro' Weardale, Teesdale, and Swaledale. The ten days following I spent in and near Newcastle. Monday, June 11, I took a cheerful leave of that loving people; about noon preached at Durham, and in the evening before Mr. Watson's door to a numerous congregation at Stockton.

Tuesday 12. At five I preached in the new house, strangely raised, when the case appeared quite desperate, by God's touching the heart of a man of substance, who bought the ground and built it without delay. I preached at Norton at noon, and afterwards met those who can "rejoice evermore, and pray without ceasing." We had another comfortable opportunity at Yarm in the evening, where I found a greater number of those who believe God has enabled them to love him with all their heart and soul.

Wed. 13. I preached at Stokesley, ten miles from Yarm, and in the evening at Thirsk: Thursday 14, about two at Potto, and in the evening at Hutton. Here, as well as elsewhere, those who believe they are saved from sin, undergo many trials from their brethren. But so much the more will "the God of all grace, after they have suffered a while, establish, strengthen, and settle them."

Friday 15. I was agreeably surprized, to find the whole road from Thirsk to Stokesley, which used to be extremely bad, better than most turnpikes. The gentlemen had exerted themselves, and raised money enough to mend it effectually. So they have done for several hundred miles in Scotland, and throughout all Connaught in Ireland. And so undoubtedly they might do, throughout all England, without saddling the poor people with the vile imposition of turnpikes for ever.

In the afternoon we came to Whitby. Having preached thrice a day for five days, I was willing to preach in the house, but notice had been given of my preaching in the market-place. So I began at six to a large congregation, most of them deeply attentive.

Sat.

Sat. 16. I found our preacher, James Brownfield, had just set-up for himself. The reasons he gave for leaving the Methodists were, 1. That they went to Church. 2. That they held Perfection. I earnestly desired our Society, to leave him to God, and say nothing about him good or bad. In the afternoon I looked over Dr. Priestley's English Grammar. I wonder he would publish it after Bishop Lowth's.

Sunday 17. I met the select Society, consisting of sixty-five members. I believe, all of these were saved from sin: most of them are still in glorious liberty. Many of them spake with admirable simplicity. And their words were like fire. Immediately the flame kindled, and spread from heart to heart. At eight I preached; at nine met the children, most of whom *had* known the love of God. And several of them were able still, to rejoice in God their Saviour. Almost as soon as I began to speak, God spoke to their hearts, and they were ill able to contain themselves. I observed one little maid in particular who heaved and strove for some time, till at length she was constrained to yield, and break out into strong cries and tears.

We had a poor sermon at Church. However, I went again in the afternoon, remembering the words of Mr. Philip Henry. "If the preacher does not know his duty, I bless God that I know mine."

Between one and two I met the Bands, being near two thirds of the Society. Their openness was quite surprising, as well as the spirit with which they spoke. One plain woman cried, and spoke, and cried again, so that they were in tears on every side. I suppose, if I could have stayed so long, some or other would have spoke till night.

At five I preached in the market-place again, to a far larger congregation than before. Our love-feast took up the next two hours, at which many were filled with solemn joy. Afterwards I met a few of the children again, all of whom had tasted that the Lord is gracious: I asked her that cried so violently in the morning what was the matter with her? She said, "I was so overwhelmed with the power and love of God, that I could not hide it." When I questioned her farther, she
said,

said, "A quarter of a year ago, one Saturday night, I was quite convinced I was a sinner, and afraid of dropping into hell; but on Sunday I felt the pardoning love of God. Yet I had many doubts till Monday evening, when they were all taken away in a moment. After this I saw and felt the wickedness of my heart, and longed to be delivered from it. And on Sunday I was delivered, and had as clear a witness of this, as of my justification. But I was sometimes off my watch; then it was not so clear; and people commended me, till by little and little I lost it. Indeed I still feel the love of God: but not as I did before."

Monday 18. I preached at Robinhood's-bay about noon; at Scarborough in the evening. Wed. 20, I rode to Burlington and preached on the Key, to many plain, and many genteel people. I preached at Hull in the evening, and the next at Beverley.

Friday 22. I went on to York, where there is now more life among the people, than has been for several years. We found much of the presence of God this evening, and much more the next. One young man was in a violent agony, and could not refrain from crying aloud. Several continued with him in prayer till ten o'clock. He was then filled with joy unspeakable.

Sunday 24. I met the select Society at six, and had the pleasure to find, that some who had lost the great blessing for months or years, had recovered it with large increase. At eight, I preached to a people ready prepared for the Lord. At nine I met the children. At five, by taking out the benches, we made room for the greatest part of the congregation. Afterwards I spent an hour with the Society, and so concluded the busy, happy day.

Monday 25. I preached in Tadcaster at noon, and at Pateley-bridge in the evening. It rained as usual, all the time: but the congregation stood as still as the trees. And God did satisfy the hungry with good things, many of whom have given him all their heart.

Tuesday 26. It rained all the time I was preaching at Otley, to a numerous congregation. And they drank in the words of life, just as the thirsty earth the shower.

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shower. The next evening I preached in the house at Yeadon, the rain not suffering us to stand abroad.

Thursday 28. I rode to Mr. Sutcliffe's at Hoohole, a lovely valley, encompassed with high mountains. I stood on the smooth grass before his house, (which stands on a gently rising ground,) and all the people on the slope before me. It was a glorious opportunity. I trust many *came boldly to the throne, and found grace to help in time of need.*

I can hardly believe that I am this day entered into the sixty-eighth year of my age! How marvellous are the ways of God! How he has kept me, even from a child! From ten to thirteen or fourteen, I had little but bread to eat, and not great plenty of that. I believe this was so far from hurting me, that it laid the foundation of lasting health. When I grew up, in consequence of reading Dr. Cheyne, I chose to eat sparingly and drink water. This was another great mean of continuing my health, till I was about seven and twenty. I then began spitting of blood, which continued several years. A warm climate cured this. I was afterwards brought to the brink of death by a fever: but it left me healthier than before. Eleven years after, I was in the third stage of a consumption: in three months it pleased God to remove this also. Since that time I have known neither pain nor sickness; and am now healthier than I was forty years ago! This hath God wrought!

On Friday and Saturday I preached at Heptonstall, Coln, and Kighley. Sunday, July 1. Being much concerned for the poor parishioners of Haworth, who hear and hear and are no more affected than stones, I spoke to them in the most cutting manner I could. May God apply it to their hearts!

On Monday and Tuesday I preached at Bingley and Bradford, and Wed. 4. rode to Halifax. Here I had an opportunity of enquiring thoroughly into a very extraordinary case. On January 26, 1760, a young woman of two and twenty, felt in the evening an uncommon coldness at her feet. Presently after, she was seized with convulsions. The disorder from that time attended her, more or less every day, in spite of all the medicines,

medicines, which were administered, by the most skillful Physicians. One of her fits began a little before we went in. At first she fell back in the chair seemingly senseless, and wrought (like one strangled) in her breast and throat. In two or three minutes, she sprung up, turned round many times, then dropped down, and began beating her head against the stone-floor. Quickly she started up, leaped right upwards many times, then ran to and fro with an hundred odd gesticulations. She beat herself on the head, tore her hair, and attempted to run into the fire. Being put into a chair, she spoke a good deal, but not articulately. She was convulsed again from head to foot; and afterwards said wildly, "Where am I? Who are these? I want my father. I will go to my father." In about an hour she came to her senses.

I should have imagined, the Physicians would have supposed all this to be counterfeit. But it seems, one and all thought that could not be; as she could have no motive to feign, since she gained nothing thereby, living upon the fruit of her own and her father's labour. And many of the circumstances could not be accounted for, upon that supposition. Such were her tears, her foaming at the mouth, her tearing her hair, striking herself, and beating her head against the stones: her strong convulsions, and what none can well conceive unless they saw it, the change of her countenance, which was horrid and dreadful, yea diabolical, as long as the fits were upon her, but was remarkably pretty and agreeable, as soon as she came to herself.

When old Dr. A—r was asked, what her disorder was? He answered, "It is what formerly they would have called *being bewitched*." And why should they not call it so now? Because the infidels have hooted witchcraft out of the world: and the complaisant Christians in large numbers, have joined with them in the cry. I do not so much wonder at this; that many of these should herein talk like infidels. But I have sometimes been inclined to wonder, at the pert, saucy, indecent manner, wherein some of those trample, upon men far wiser than themselves: at their speaking so dogmatically against what not only the whole world, Heathen and Christians, believed in all past ages, but thousands,

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thousands, learned, as well as unlearned, firmly believe at this day. I instance in Dr. Smollet and Mr. Guthrie, whose manner of speaking concerning witchcraft, must be extremely offensive to every sensible man, who cannot give up his Bible.

Thursday 5. I preached at six at Daw-green near Dewsbury. All things contributed to make it a refreshing season: the gently declining sun, the stillness of the evening, the beauty of the meadows and fields, through which

The smooth clear "River drew its sinuous train: "

The opposite hills and woods, and the earnestness of the people, covering the top of the hill on which we stood: and above all, the Day-Spring from on high, the consolation of the Holy One!

Sat. 7. I rode to Miss Bosanquet's. Her family is still a pattern, and a general blessing to the country. Sunday 8, I preached at White-chapel, Birstal, and Leeds; at each to as many as my voice could reach. Monday 9, About noon, I preached at Woodhouse, a village near Leeds, where a flame is suddenly broke out. Few days pass without fresh displays of the grace of God, converting sinners to himself; and a spirit of childlike, simple love, runs through the whole body of the people.

Tuesday 10. I rode to Harwood, and preached to a large congregation of the same spirit with that at Woodhouse. Here too the word of God runs swiftly; many are convinced, and many converted to God.

Wed. 11. I rode to Doncaster and preached at noon at the New-House: one of the neatest in England. It was sufficiently crowded, and (what is more strange) with serious and attentive hearers. What was more unlikely, some years since, than that such a house or such a congregation should be seen here! In the evening I preached at Finningly. The Church was filled; but I fear, few felt the word.

Thursday 12. I preached at Epworth. Friday 13, We rode through heavy rain to Newton upon Trent. The weather clearing up, I preached before the house, to an earnest congregation. A people more loving, more artless, or more athirst for God, I have seldom seen.

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Taking horse about eleven, we rode broiling in the sun, thro' Lincoln to Horncastle. Our brethren desiring me to preach in the Market-place, I cried to an unbroken multitude, "What is a man profited, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The power of God was upon them, and they all calmly attended, till I commended them to God.

This was the first day that I have been weary, (the violent heat drinking up my spirits) since I set out from London. Sat. 14. In another sultry day we rode to Lowth, formerly another den of lions. At first great part of the congregation, seemed to "care for none of these things." But God made them care: the Lord looked down from heaven, and "his arrows went abroad." I have seldom seen persons more sensibly struck. They gathered closer and closer together, till there was not one inattentive hearer, and hardly one unaffected. In riding hence, the heat was as intense as ever: so that I was again tired, before we reached Grimsby. But I soon recovered, and preached to a congregation of good, old Methodists, on "Daniel in the den of lions."

Sunday 15. I preached at eight and again at two, and then hastened away to Barrow. The people here much resembled those at Horncastle. So I would not take them out of their depth, but explained and enforced these solemn words, "It is appointed unto men once to die." Monday 16, at nine I preached in Awkboro', to a people of quite another kind. So I spoke to them directly of Christ crucified: and the salvation which is through him. About noon, I preached to a people of the same spirit at Amcotes. In the evening, the house at Swinfleet not being able to contain a third of the congregation, I preached on a smooth, green place, sheltered from the wind, on Heb. vii. 26. Many rejoiced to hear of being, "saved to the uttermost," the very thing which their souls longed after.

Tuesday 17. I preached in the Market-place at Thorn: all were quiet and tolerably attentive.

Wed. 18. About noon I preached at Crowle. This is the place, the former Rector of which, cotemporary with my father, ordered those words to be inscribed upon his Tomb-stone:

"Here lies the body of SOLOMON ASHBURN,
Forty years RECTOR of this PARISH.

All the day long have I stretched out my hands,

Unto a disobedient and gainfaying people :

So I gave them up unto their own hearts lusts,

And let them follow their own imaginations."

They *did* follow them for many years. But at length God hath visited them.

Friday and Sat. I spent at Epworth. Sunday 22, about eight, I preached at Misterton : at one, about half a mile from Haxey Church : and at five, on Epworth Cross, to the largest congregation in Lincolnshire, on, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."

Monday 23. I preached at Doncaster and Rotherham : on Tuesday and Wed. at Sheffield. On Wed. evening my heart was so enlarged, that I knew not how to leave off. Do some say, "I preach longer than usual, when I am barren?" It is quite the contrary with *me*. I never exceed, but when I am full of matter. And still I consider, it may not be with my audience as with *me*. So that it is strange, if I exceed my time, above a quarter of an hour.

On Thursday and Friday, I preached at Creitch, Derby, Burton upon Trent, and Ashby. Sat. 28. I rode to Castle-Donnington : but hay-making had emptied the town, till a violent shower brought all the hay-makers home, who received the good word with gladness.

At seven I preached in Nottingham : Sunday 29, at Sandy-Acre, where God was eminently present. At five in the evening, I went to the Market-place in Nottingham. Thousands upon thousands flocked together : and all were still as night, while I opened and applied, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." We closed the day with a love-feast, during which four mourners found peace with God ; two of them could not avoid declaring it, in the presence of all their brethren.

Monday 30. I preached at Bingham, ten miles from Nottingham. I really admired the exquisite stupidity of the people. They gaped and stared, while

while I was speaking of death and judgment, as if they had never heard of such things before. And they were not helped by two surly, ill-mannered Clergymen, who seemed to be just as wise as themselves. The congregation at Hooton, in the evening was more noble, behaving with the utmost decency-

Tuesday 31. At nine I preached in the Market-place at Loughboro', to almost as large a congregation as at Nottingham: and equally attentive. Thence I rode to Markfield. Notwithstanding the harvest, the Church was quickly filled, And great was our rejoicing in our *great High-priest*, thro' whom we *came boldly to the throne of grace*. In the evening I preached in the Castle-yard, at Leicester, to a multitude of awakened and unawakened. One feeble attempt was made to disturb them: a man was sent to cry *fresh Salmon*, at a little distance. But he might as well have spared the pains: for none took the least notice of him.

Monday, August 1. I rode to Northampton. It being still extremely hot, I determined not to be cooped up, but took my stand on the side of the Common, and cried aloud to a large multitude of rich and poor, "Acquaint thyself now with him, and be at peace."

Tuesday 2. Some friends from London met us at St. Alban's. Before dinner we took a walk in the Abbey, one of the most ancient buildings in the kingdom, near a thousand years old: and one of the largest, being five hundred and sixty feet in length, (considerably more than Westminster Abbey,) and broad and high in proportion. Near the East end is the tomb and vault of good Duke Humphrey. Some now living remember since his body was intire. But after the coffin was opened, so many were curious to taste the liquor in which it was preserved, that in a little time the corp was left bare, and then soon mouldered away. A few bones are now all that remain. How little is the spirit concerned at this!

Sunday 5. And for five or six days this week, the heat was as great, as I remember it in Georgia.

Tuesday 7. Our conference began, and ended on Friday

Friday 10. On Sunday evening I set out in the machine, and the next evening preached at Bristol. Sat. 18, I gave a solemn warning to a large congregation, on Redcliff-hill, from those awful words, "The time is come, that judgment must begin at the house of God." Surely it will: unless a general repentance prevent a general visitation.

Monday 20, I rode to Charlton. The violent heat continuing, I preached in the evening under a tree, to a congregation who were all attention. Tuesday 21, I rode on to Tiverton, and thence thro' Launceston, Camelford, Port Isaac, St. Cuthbert, St. Agnes, and Redruth to St. Ives. Here God has made all our enemies to be at peace with us, so that I might have preached in any part of the town. But I rather chose a meadow, where such as would might sit down, either on the grass or on the hedges, (so the Cornish term their broad stone-walls, which are usually covered with grass.) Here I enforced, "Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole of man."

Sunday 26. Being desired to preach in the town, for the sake of some who could not come up the hill, I began near the Market-place at eight, on, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." We had an useful sermon at Church, and another in the afternoon, delivered in a strong and earnest manner. At five I preached again. Well nigh all the town were present, and thousands from all parts of the country. To whom I explained, "The Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the Devil."

Monday 27. I was surprised to find, that the Select Society, had been wholly neglected. I got a few of them together; but did not find so much as one, who had not *given up his confidence*. At nine I renewed the meeting of the children, which had also been given up for a long season. But so dead a company have I seldom seen. I found scarce one spark of even the fear of God among them.

In the evening I preached before the house, at St. Just, on, "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God." It was a glorious hour. The same spirit
I 2: breathed.

breathed upon us, at the meeting of the Society. At such a season, who does not feel, that nothing is too hard for God?

On Tuesday and Wednesday, I preached at Newlin Gulzinny, and St. John's. Thursday 30, I rode to Falmouth, and preached at two in the afternoon near the Church, to a greater number of people than I ever saw there before: except the mob, five and twenty years ago. I preached at Penryn in the evening, Friday noon at Crowan, in the evening, at Trevorga near Redruth.

Here I met with an ingenious book, the late Lord Lyttleton's *Dialogues of the Dead*. A great part of it I could heartily subscribe to, tho' not to every word. I believe Madam Guion was in several mistakes, speculative and practical too; yet I would no more dare to call her than her friend, Archbishop Fenelon, "*a distracted Enthusiast*." She was undoubtedly a woman of a very uncommon understanding, and of excellent piety. Nor was she any more "*a Lunatic*," than she was an *Heretic*.

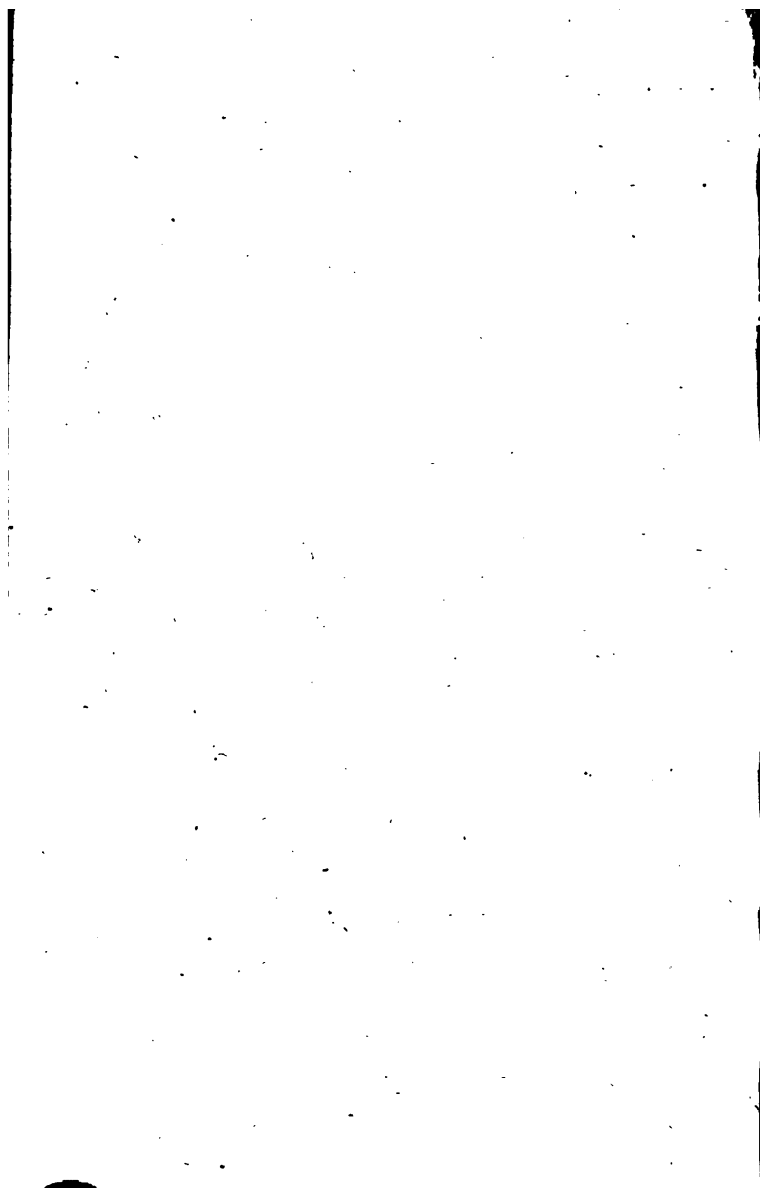
Another of this lively writer's assertions is, "Martin has spawned a strange brood of fellows, called *Methodists*, *Moravians*, *Hutchinsonians*, who are madder than Jack was, in his worst days." I would ask any one who knows what good breeding means, Is this language for a nobleman or a porter? But let the language be as it may, is the sentiment just? To say nothing of the *Methodists*, (altho' some of them too are not quite out of their senses) could his Lordship shew me in *England*, many more sensible men than Mr. Gambold, and Mr. Okely? And yet both of these were called *Moravians*. Or could he point out many men of stronger and deeper understanding, than Dr. Horne and Mr. William Jones? (If he could pardon them for believing the Trinity!) And yet both of these are *Hutchinsonians*. What pity is it, that so ingenious a man, like many others gone before him, should pass so peremptory a sentence, in a cause which he does not understand! Indeed how could he understand it? How much has he read upon the question? What sensible *Methodist*, *Moravian*, or *Hutchinsonian*, did he ever calmly converse with? What does he know of them

them, but from the caricatures drawn by Bishop Lavington, or Bishop Warburton? And did he ever give himself the trouble of reading the answers to those warm, lively men? Why should a good natured and a thinking man, thus condemn whole bodies of men by the lump? In this I can neither read the Gentleman, the Scholar, nor the Christian.

Since the writing of this, Lord Lyttleton is no more; he is mingled with common dust. But as his book survives, there still needs an answer, to the unjust reflections contained therein.

Sat. Sept. 1. I took a walk to the top of that celebrated hill, Carn-brae. Here are many monuments of remote antiquity, scarce to be found in any other part of Europe: Druid Altars of enormous size, being only huge rocks, strangely suspended one upon the other: and Rock-basons, hollowed on the surface of the rock, it is supposed, to contain the holy water. It is probable, these are at least coeval with Pompey's Theatre, if not with the Pyramids of Egypt. And what are they the better for this? Of what consequence is it, either to the dead or the living, whether they have withstood the wastes of time for three thousand, or three hundred years?

THE END.



A N
E X T R A C T

Of the Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY's

JOURNAL,

From Sep. 2, 1770, to Sep. 12, 1773.

XVI.



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AN EXTRACT

OF

The Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL, &c.

SUNDAY, *September 2.* At Five in the Evening, I preached in the natural Amphitheatre at *Gwenap*. The people covered a circle of near fourscore yards diameter, and could not be fewer than twenty thousand. Yet upon enquiry I found, they could all hear distinctly, it being a calm still Evening.

Monday, 3. Between Eight and Nine, while I was preaching at *Truro*, we had only a few light showers, altho' a few miles off there was impetuous rain, with violent thunder and lightning. About noon I preached at *Mevagissey*, in a vacant space near the middle of the town, and strongly applied those words, *Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?* At Six, I stood at the head of the street in *St Austell*, and enforced on a large and quiet congregation, *Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.*

After visiting *Medros*, *Plymouth*, and *Collumpton*, I came on Friday 7, to *Taunton*. . Presently after preaching I took horse: The rain obliged us to make haste: but in a while the saddle came over his neck, and then turned under his belly. I had

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then only to throw myself off, or I must have fallen under him. I was a little bruised, but soon mounted again and rode to *Lympham*, and the next day to *Bristol*.

Sunday 9. My voice was weak when I preached at *Princes-Street*, in the morning. It was stronger at two in the afternoon, while I was preaching under the Sycamore-tree in *Kingswood*: And strongest of all at five in the Evening, when we assembled near *Kings-Square* in *Bristol*.

Tuesday 11. In the Evening I preached at *Frome* but not abroad, as I design'd, because of the rain. The next Evening I preach'd in the adjoining meadow, to as quiet a congregation as that in the house.

Sunday 16. The appointed Preacher not coming in time I preached myself at Five: At Eight, in *Princes-street*, at Two in *Kingswood*, and near *Kings-square* at Five in the Evening, Sat. 15.

It was the day before that I first observed a very uncommon concern in the children at *Kingswood* School, while I was explaining and inforcing upon them, the first principles of Religion.

Tuesday 18. Most of them went to see the body of *Francis Evans*, one of our neighbours who died two or three days before. About seven, Mr. *Hindmarsh* met them all in the school, and gave an exhortation suited to the occasion. He then gave out that Hymn,

“ And am I born to die,
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling Spirit fly
Into a world unknown?”

This increased their concern, so that it was with great difficulty they contained themselves, 'till he began to pray. Then *Al—r M—r* and *R—d N—e* cried aloud for mercy; and quickly another and another, till all but two or three were constrain-
ed

ed to do the same. And as long as he continued to pray, they continued the same loud and bitter cry. One of the maids, *Eliz. Nutt*, was as deeply convinced as any of them. After prayer, Mr. *H.* said, "Those of you who are resolved to serve God may go and pray together" Fifteen of them did so, and continued wrestling with God, with strong cries and tears, till about Nine o'clock.

Wednesday, 19. At the Morning prayer many of them cried out again, though not so violently. From this time their whole spirit and behaviour were changed; they were all serious and loving to each other. The same seriousness and mildness continued on Thursday, and they walked together, talking only of the things of God. On Friday Evening their concern greatly increased, and caused them to break out again into strong cries. Saturday, 22. They seemed to lose none of their concern, and spent all their spare time in prayer.

Sunday, 23. Fifteen of them gave me their names, "being resolved, they said, to serve God." In the afternoon I gave them a strong exhortation, and afterward Mr. *Rankin*. Their very countenances were entirely changed. They drank in every word.

Tuesday, 25. During the time of prayer in the Evening, they were affected just as the Tuesday before. The two other Maids were then present, and were both cut to the heart.

Wednesday, 26. "I rode, says Mr. Rankin, in the Afternoon to *Kingwood*, and went up stairs in order to retire a little. But when I came up, I heard one of the boys at prayer in an adjoining room. I listened a while and was exceedingly struck with many of his expressions. When he ceased, I went in, and found two others with him; just then three more came in. I went to prayer. The Lord seemed to rest upon them all, and pierced their hearts with deep conviction. The next morning I spent some time with all the children;

and then desired those who were resolved to save their souls, to come up stairs with me. I went up, and nine of the children followed me, who said, " they were determined to flee from the wrath to come." I exhorted them, " Never to rest, till they found peace with God ; and then sung and prayed. The power of God came down in so wonderful a manner, that my voice was drowned by their cries. When I concluded, one of them broke out into prayer, in a manner that quite astonished me. And during the whole day a peculiar spirit of seriousness rested on all the children."

" After spending some time in the School on Friday, I desired those I had spoke to the day before, to follow me, which they did, and one more. I pressed each of them severally, Not to rest, till he had a clear sense of the pardoning love of God. I then prayed, and the Lord poured out his spirit, as the day before : so that in a few minutes, my voice could not be heard, amidst their cries and groans."

" On Friday, 28. says *Mr. Hindmarsh*, when I came out into the ground, ten of the children quickly gathered round about me, earnestly asking, " What they must do to be saved ?" Nor could I disengage myself from them, till the bell rang for dinner. All this time we observed, the children who were most affected, learned faster and better than any of the rest."

" In the Evening I explained to all the children, the nature of the Lord's supper. I then met twelve of them apart, and spoke to each particularly. When I asked one of them, *Simon Loyd*, " What do you want to make you happy ?" After a little pause, he answered, " God." We went to prayer. Presently a cry arose from one and another, till it ran thro' all, vehemently calling upon God, and refusing to be comforted, without the knowledge and the love of God."

" About half hour after Eight I bade them good-night, and sent them up to bed. But *Loyd, Brown*,
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and *Robert Hindmarsh* slipped aside, when the rest went up, being resolved they would not sleep, nor rest, till God revealed himself to them. When they began to pray, some of the others heard them, and one and another stole down, some half dressed, some almost naked. They continued praying by turns, near three quarters of an hour, in which time, first one, then a second, and before they concluded, two more found peace with God. I then went to them and asked *Bobby Hindmarsh*, "Why did you slip aside?" He said, "*Simon Loyd*, and *Jacky Brown*, and I had agreed together, that we would not sleep till the Lord set us at liberty." After I had prayed with them and praised God till about half hour past Nine, I desired them to go to bed. They did so; all but those three, who slipped away, and stayed with *Richard Piercy*, who was in deep agony of soul, and would by no means be persuaded to rise from his knees. The children above, hearing them pray, in a few minutes ran down again. They continued wrestling, with still increasing cries and tears, till three more found peace with God. About a quarter past ten, I went to them again, and observing some of them quite hoarse, insisted upon their going to bed, which all of them then did. But quickly one, and then another, stole out of bed, till in a quarter of an hour, they were all at prayer again. And the concern among them was deeper than ever, as well as more general; there being but four of our five and twenty children, that did not appear to be cut to the heart. However fearing they might hurt themselves, I sent one of our maids to persuade them to go up. But *Jacky Brown* catching hold of her, said, "O *Betty*, seek the salvation of your soul! Seek it in earnest! It is not too late: And it is not too soon." Immediately she fell upon her knees, and burst out into tears and strong cries. The two other maids hearing this, ran in, and were presently seized as violently as her. *Jacky*

Brown then began praying for *Betty*, and continued in prayer near three quarters of an hour. By that time there was a general cry from all the maids as well as the boys. This continued till past Eleven. My wife, and I, and Mr. *Keard* then went in, and fearing some of them might be hurt, with difficulty prevailed upon them to go to bed, and went up with them.

The maids continued below in much distress. We talked with them a little, and left them praying. But it was not above a quarter of an hour, before *Betty* broke out into thanksgiving. Going in, I asked her, "Now is the love of God free?" She answered, "Free as air: Blessed be God, that ever I came under this roof." The other two remained on their knees, praying as in an agony. I desired them to go into their own room, and they did: yet would not go to bed, but continued in prayer.

"Saturday, 29. I was waked between four and five by the children vehemently crying to God. The maids went to them at five: And first one of the boys, then another, then one and another of the maids, earnestly poured out their souls before God, both for themselves, and for the rest. They continued weeping and praying till Nine o'clock, not thinking about meat or drink, Nay, *Richard Piercy* took no food all the day, but remained in words or groans calling upon God."

"About Nine *Diana* went into her own room, and prayed, partly alone, partly with *Betty*. About ten, (as *Betty* was praying) her strength was quite spent, and she sunk down as dead. She lay so for some minutes while the other prayed on: but then suddenly started up, praising God with all her might, and rejoicing with joy unspeakable."

"*Mary* hearing her voice, broke off her work, and ran in to her in haste. They all remained praying by turns till twelve: when she lay like one at the point to die. But there was not yet any answer to prayer, nor any deliverance.

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“ About One, all the maids and three of the boys went up stairs and began praying again. And now they found the Lord's hand was not shortened; between two and three, *Mary* likewise rejoiced with joy unspeakable. They all continued together till after Four, praising the God of their salvation. Indeed they seemed to have forgotten all things here below, and to think of nothing but God and heaven.”

“ In the evening all the maids and many of the boys, not having been used to so long and violent speaking, were worne out, as to bodily strength, and so hoarse that they were scarce able to speak. But they were strong in the spirit, full of love, and of joy and peace in believing. Sunday, 30. Eight of the children, and the three maids received the Lord's Supper for the first time. And hitherto they are all rejoicing in God, and walking worthy of the gospel.”

All this time it was observed, that there was an uncommon revival of the work of God, in all societies round about. That in *Kingswood*, within a few months increased from an hundred and eighteen to above three hundred members. And every day more and more were convinced of sin, and more and more enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour.

Monday, October 1. and the following days, I preached at many of the towns round *Bristol*, and found the congregations increasing in every place. Sunday, 7. My brother and I complied with the desire of many of our friends, and agreed to administer the Lord's supper every other Sunday at *Bristol*. We judged it best to have the entire service, and so began at Nine o'clock. After it was ended I rode to *Kingswood*, gave an exhortation to the children, and preached to as many as the house would contain. A little before five, I began at the Square, and found no want of strength. At the conclusion of the Morning service I was weak
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and weary, hardly able to speak. After preaching at *Kingswood* I was better, and at night quite fresh and well!

Monday, 8. I preached at *Pensford* and *Shepton Mallet* in my way to *Wincaunton*, one of the dullest places in all the county. I preached on Death in the Evening, and Hell in the Morning. Tuesday 9. It seemed, these were the very subjects they wanted. I never saw this careless people so much affected before.

I preached in Shaftsbury at Noon, in Salisbury at Night. Wednesday 10. I preached at *Fording-bridge*, to a serious, well-behaved congregation. Only two young gentlewomen were at first inclined to mirth. But in the Evening two young women at Salisbury retained their mirth to the end; being greatly diverted with hearing of *the dead, small and great, standing before God!* Now what understanding have these pretty things? Have they as much as many children six years old?

Thursday, 11. About Eleven I preached at *Winchester*, to a genteel, and yet serious congregation. I was a little tired before I came to *Portsmouth*, but the congregation soon made me forget my weariness. Indeed the people in general here, are *more noble* than most in the south of *England*. They receive the word of God *with all readiness of mind*, and shew civility, at least, to all that preach it.

Friday, 12. I walked round the Dock, much larger than any other in *England*. The late fire began in a place where no one comes, just at low water, and at a time when all were fast asleep. So that none can doubt its being done by design. It spread with such amazing violence, among tow, and cordage, and dry wood, that none could come near without the utmost danger. Nor was any thing expected, but that the whole Dock would be consumed, if not the town also. But this God would not permit. It stopped on one side, close
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to the Commissioner's house, and just as it was seizing the town on the other side, the wind changed and drove it back. Afterwards the fury of it was checked, by water, by sand, and by pulling down some buildings. And yet it was full five weeks, before it was wholly put out. Saturday, 13. I set out at Two, and in the Afternoon came to the Foundery.

Monday, 15. I set out for *Oxfordshire*, and was thoroughly wet in my way to *Wallingford*. The congregation was large and deeply serious. Tuesday 16. I preached at *Witney*, in the new house, and again on Thursday Morning. After service, many crouding with me into the house, I spent some time with them in prayer. It was an happy opportunity ; and many praised God for the consolation they received.

We had afterwards a fair and pleasant ride to *High-Wycombe*. For many years we had little prospect of doing good here. But now the seed which had been so long dead, springs up into a plentiful harvest. Friday, 19. I conversed particularly with several, who believe God has saved them from sin, And their lives, I find, are suitable thereto, and do in no wise dishonour their profession. Saturday, 20. I returned to *London*. So rainy a week I have seldom seen. Yet we have not had one shower while we were abroad, except on Monday morning. Poor reasoners ! Who think any instance of providence too *small* to be observed or acknowledged !

Monday, 22. I took horse a little before five, in an exceeding thick fog. But it was gone by Noon. The rain which was suspended all day, began again when we came to *Whittlebury*, where notwithstanding the rain and boistrous wind, the room was filled, both in the evening and morning. On Tuesday noon I preached at *Toncaster*, and in the evening at *Weedon*. Here I heard a remarkable account. An eminently profane man, two or three days ago was swearing to his companions, that he
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should out-live forty of them. Instantly he began vomiting blood, and in ten minutes was stone-dead.

Wednesday, 24. I preached at *Weedon* at five, and about Nine at *Killingbury*, where I was obliged by the largeness of the congregation, to stand in the open air. At first the sun on the side was full warm, as it was about noon at *Horlston*. Thence I rode to *Northampton*, where we had now a more commodious place to preach in, formerly used by the Presbyterians. The people heard with great attention; and many of them came at Five in the Morning. Thursday 25. About ten I began at *Brighton*, where likewise the multitude of people constrained me to preach abroad. About two I preached at *Haddon*, to a far greater multitude, in a delightful meadow. Nor did I find any want of strength when I concluded the day by preaching and meeting the society at *Northampton*. On Friday I preached at *Bedford*: On Saturday Noon at *Hertford*, and in the afternoon went on to *London*.

Monday, 29. I rode to *Colchester*, and on Tuesday to *Norwich*. Wednesday 31, in applying those solemn words, *As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death*, my heart was enlarged and my mouth opened, both to convince and comfort. Surely in spite of the marvellous ignorance which prevails among the generality of people in this city, and the uncommon stumbling blocks which have been thrown in their way, the work of God will not only continue, but increase.

Thursday, November 1. I rode to *Yarmouth*, a dull, cold place. Yet this evening we had a remarkable blessing, as also the next evening. Lord, thy thoughts are not as our thoughts! Thou wilt work; and who shall hinder!

Sunday, 4. At Seven I met the society at *Norwich*, and administered the Lord's supper to about an hundred and fourscore persons. Monday 5.

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I met the leaders, and inquired into the state of the society. In all *England* I find no people like those of *Norwich*; They are eminently *unstable as water*. Out of two hundred whom I left here last year, sixty nine are gone already! What a blessing is knowledge when it is sanctified? What stability can be expected without it? For let their affections be ever so lively for the present, yet what hold can you have upon a people, who neither know books, nor men; neither themselves, nor the bible; neither natural nor spiritual things?

Wednesday, 7. I read and abridged an old treatise, on "The Origin of the Soul." I never before saw any thing on the subject so satisfactory. I think he proves to a demonstration, That God has enabled Man, as all other creatures, to propagate his whole species, consisting of soul and body.

Thursday, 8. I set out for *London*. It rained almost all the day: and in the Afternoon so impetuously (the rain being driven upon us by a furious wind) that it was with difficulty we reached *Lakenheath*. Here we found Mr. *Evans* just worne out, a picture of human nature in disgrace. He had not only no more strength than a little child, but no more understanding! Friday, 9. About ten I preached at *Bury* and at *Braintree* in the evening. Finding I was among stocks, I was obliged to strike with all my might: and I trust God did strike some of the flinty hearts.

Saturday, 10. I returned to *London*, and had the melancholy news of Mr. *Whitefield's* death, confirmed by his executors, who desired me to preach his funeral sermon on Sunday the 18th. In order to write this, I retired to *Lewisham* on Monday, and on Sunday following went to the chappel in *Tottenham Court* road. An immense multitude was gathered together from all corners of the town. I was at first afraid, that a great part of the congregation would not be able to hear. But it pleased God so to strengthen my voice, that even those at the
the

the door heard distinctly. It was an awful season : all were still as night : most appeared to be deeply affected. And an impression was made on many, which one would hope will not speedily be effaced.

The time appointed for my beginning at the *Tabernacle* was half hour after Five. But it was quite filled at Three ; so I began at Four. At first the noise was exceeding great : but it ceased when I began to speak. And my voice was again so strengthened, that all who were within could hear, unless an accidental noise hindered here or there for a few moments. O that all may hear the voice of Him, with whom are the issues of life and death ! And who so loudly by this unexpected stroke calls all his children to love one another.

Friday, 23. Being desired by the trustees of the *Tabernacle* at *Greenwich* to preach Mr. *Whitefield's* funeral sermon there, I went over to day for that purpose. But neither would this house contain the congregation. Those who could not get in made some noise at first, but in a little while all were silent. Here likewise I trust God has given a blow to that bigotry, which had prevailed for many years.

Monday, December 3. I took a little journey into *Kent*. In the evening I preached at *Chatbam*, in the new house, which was sufficiently crouded with attentive hearers. Tuesday, 4. I preached at *Canterbury*. Wednesday, 5. We went to *Dover*, where with some difficulty we climbed to the top of *Shakespear's* Cliff. It is exceeding high, and commands a vast prospect both by sea and land. But it is nothing so terrible in itself, as it is in his description. I preached to a very serious congregation, in the evening as well as in the morning. The same likewise we observed at *Canterbury* ; so that I hope to see good days here also. Friday, 7. I preached in *Faversham* at Nine, and in the Evening at *Chatbam*. So we go thro' water and fire ! And all is well, so we are doing or suffering the will of our Lord !

Wednesday,

Wednesday, 19. About Noon I preached at *Darking*. The hearers were many, and seemed all attention. About an hundred attended at *Ryegate* in the evening, and between twenty and thirty in the morning: Dull indeed as stones. But cannot God out of these stones raise up children unto Abraham?

Tuesday, 25. This was a day full of work; but blessed be God, not tiresome work. I began in the Foundery at Four: the service at *West-street* began at Nine. In the Afternoon I met the children at Three; preached at Five, and then had a comfortable season with the society.

Monday, 31. We concluded the year at the chapel, with the voice of praise and thanksgiving. How many blessings has God poured upon us this year? May the next be as this, and much more abundant!

Tuesday, January 1st, 1771. A large congregation met at Spitalfields in the evening, in order to renew with one heart and one voice, their covenant with God. This was not in vain. *The Spirit of glory and of God*, as usual, rested upon them. Wednesday, 2. I preached in the Evening at *Deptford*, a kind of funeral sermon for Mr. *Whitefield*. In every place I wish to shew all possible respect to the memory of that great and good man.

Thursday, 3. I spent an hour and a half in beating the air, in reasoning with an infidel of the lowest class. He told me roundly, "I believe God is powerful and the creator of all things. But I am nothing obliged to him for creating *me*, since he did it only for his own pleasure. Neither can I believe that he is good; since he can remove all the evil in the world if he will: and therefore, it is God's fault, and no one's else, that there is any evil in the universe." I am afraid we could not deny this, if we allowed, That God had "from all eternity, unchangeably determined every thing, great and small, which comes to pass in time."

B

Monday,

Monday, 7. I had an hour's conversation with that amiable young man, Mr. de C—, whose opinion has not yet spoiled his temper. But how long will he hold out against its baleful tendency? I fear, not to the end of the year.

Tuesday, 15. I dined at Mr. M—', an upright man willing to know and to live the gospel. I cannot but think, he would be an eminent christian if he were not rich.

Sunday, 20. While I was opening and applying at West-street.chappel those comfortable words, *He knoweth whercof we are made; he remembereth that we are but dust*; it pleased God to speak to many hearts, and to fill them with strong consolation. Now let them *walk as children of the light*, and they shall no more come into darkness.

Wednesday, 23. For what cause I know not to this day, — set out for *Newcastle*, purposing “never to return.” Non eam reliqui: Non dimisi: Non revocabo.

Friday, 25. I revised and transcribed my will, declaring as simply, as plainly, and as briefly as I could nothing more and nothing else, but “what I would have done with the worldly goods which I leave behind me.”

Sunday, 27. I buried the remains of *Joan Turner*, who spent all her last hours in rejoicing and praising God, and died full of faith and of the Holy Ghost at three years and an half old.

Thursday, February, 7. I met with that ingenious tract, “A Dialogue between Moses and Lord *Bolingbroke*.” It contains many striking and beautiful thoughts; yet some things in it are not quite clear. It is not clear, that Moses includes in his account neither more nor less than the *solar system*. Probably he speaks, either solely of the creation of the *earth*, and of other bodies as related thereto: Or of the *universe*; the *fixt stars* (mentioned Gen. i. 16) including their satellites also. But be this as it may; Is it well, thus to run down all that differ from

from us? Doctor *Pye* is an ingenious man: but so is Doctor *Robinson* also. So are twenty more, altho' they understand *Moses* in a quite different manner.

Thursday, 14. I went through both the upper and lower rooms of the *London Work-house*. It contains about an hundred children, who are in as good order as any private family. And the whole house is as clean from top to bottom, as any gentleman's needs be. And why is not every Workhouse in *London*, yea thro' the kingdom in the same order? Purely for want either of sense, or of honesty and activity in them that superintend it.

Tuesday, 19. I preached once more at *Welling*, to a larger congregation than I have seen there for many years. And many seemed to be uncommonly affected: Particularly one young gentlewoman, who had never heard any preaching of this kind, before this evening. After struggling some time, she cried out aloud, and could not be comforted; altho' her mother told her,—"How good she was: nay and had been all her life."

Wednesday, 20. We never, that I remember, before, had such a congregation at *Wapping*, either of hearers or communicants; and very seldom such an outpouring of the Spirit. Saturday, 23. We had the greatest number of communicants at *Snowsfields*, that we have had since the chapel was built. It seems as if God were about thoroughly to heal the wound which we received here in the house of our friends.

Monday, 25. I shewed a friend coming out of the country, the tombs in *Westminster-Abbey*. The two with which I still think none of the others worthy to be compared are that of Mrs. *Nightingale*, and that of the Admiral rising out of his tomb at the resurrection. But the vile flattery inscribed on many of them, reminded me of that just reflection

"If on the sculptur'd marble you rely,
Pity that worth like his should ever die,

If credit to the real life you give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live !”

Sunday, March, 3. After preaching at the chapel, Morning and Afternoon, in the Evening I preached at *Brentford*, the next Evening at *Newbury*, and on Tuesday at *Bristol*. Friday, 8. I went over to *Kingswood*, and found several of the boys still alive to God.

Monday, 11. I set out with *John Pritchard* in a severe frost, and about Two came to *Stroud*. Being desired to preach a funeral sermon, for good old Mr. *Arundel*, I willingly complied, and enlarged on, *These are they that come out of great tribulation, and have washed their garments white in the blood of the Lamb.*

Tuesday, 12. The frost changed into rain. About Noon I preached at *Tewksbury*; and at *Worcester* in the Evening. Wednesday, 13. I had the pleasure of spending an hour at *Kidderminster*, with that good man, Mr. *Fawcett*. I reached *Shrewsbury* but a few minutes before the time of preaching. The mob were quieter than usual, as they were likewise the next night. Friday, 15. being desired to give them a sermon at *Wem*, and finding no house would hold the congregation, I stood in Mr. *Henshaw's* yard, where I opened and strongly applied those words, *The disciples were called christians first at Antioch.* We were more at a loss, what to do with the congregation at *Whitchurch* in the Evening. At length we desired all that could to squeeze into the house; the rest stood quietly without. And none, I believe, repented their labour; for God was eminently present.

Saturday, 16. Between Nine and Ten, I began at *Cardinmarsh*. I have not seen the bulk of a congregation so melted down, since I left *London*. In the evening we had a Sunday congregation at *Chester*: And many were filled with consolation.

Both

Both on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, all our congregations were uncommonly large: otherwise I should have regretted staying so long, while the weather was pleasant and the wind fair. Wednesday 20. having agreed with a captain, who promised to sail immediately, we went down to *Park-gate*; but the wind turning, I preached in the Evening to most of the gentry in the town. I preached likewise, Morning and Evening on Thursday. Friday, 22. I embarked on board the *Kildare*, abundantly the best and cleanest ship which I have sailed in for many years. But the wind failing, we could not cross the bar, till about Noon. Saturday, 23. About One, the wind being high, and the sea rough, I judged it was my best way to lie down and go to sleep. Meantime the ship went forty leagues in about twelve hours, and reached *Dublin* early on Sunday Morning. Landing at the Key, I walked strait to the *New Room*, very well, (blessed be God!) and very hungry.

I immediately set myself to enquire into the state of the society in *Dublin*. It was plain there had been a continual jar, for at least two years last past, which had stumbled the people, weakened the hands of the preachers, and greatly hindered. I wanted to know the ground of this: and that I might do nothing rashly, determined to hear parties, separately first, and then face to face. Having already talked with the preachers, I talked this evening with the leaders at large. And from the spirit which appeared in all, I had a good hope, that all hindrances would be removed. On Wednesday Evening I met the leaders again, and gave them an opportunity of explaining themselves further: And on Friday I appointed an extraordinary meeting, at which some spoke with much warmth. But I tempered them on each side, so that they parted in peace.

Saturday, 30. I preached at the new Preaching house, near the *Barracks*, about six in the Evening. Many attended here who cannot, and many who will

not come to the other end of the town. So that I am persuaded, the preaching here twice or thrice a week, will be much for the glory of God.

Sunday, 31. The leaders, stewards, and preachers spoke their minds freely to each other. I now saw, the whole evil might be removed, all parties being desirous of peace.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I visited the classes, and found a general faintness had run through the society. Yet for several days, God has given a general blessing, and strengthened many of the feeble-minded. On Tuesday I preached again at the new house: and many were greatly comforted.

On Wednesday Evening I read over to the leaders the following paper.

1. That it may be more easily discerned whether the members of our societies are working out their own salvation, they are divided into little companies, called Classes. One person in each of these is stiled

The Leader. It is his business,

- I. To see each person in his class once a week.
To enquire how their souls prosper?
To advise, reprove, comfort, or exhort them.
- II. To receive what they are willing to give, toward the expences of the society; And
- III. To meet the Assistant and the stewards once a week.

2. This is the *whole and sole business* of a leader, or any number of leaders. But it is common for the assistant in any place, when several leaders are met together, to ask their advice, as to any thing that concerns either the temporal or spiritual welfare of the society. This he may, or he may not do, as he sees best. I frequently do it in the larger societies. And on many occasions I have found, That in a multitude of counsellors there is safety.

3. From this short view of the original design of leaders, it is easy to answer the following questions.

Q. 1. What

Q. 1. What *authority* has a single leader?

He has authority,
To meet his class,
To receive their contributions, and
To visit the sick in his class.

Q. 2. What authority have all the leaders of a society met together?

They have authority,
To shew their class-papers to the Assistant :
To deliver the money they have received to the stewards; and

To bring in the names of the sick.

Q. 3. But have they not authority to *restrain* the assistant, if they think he acts improperly?

No more than any member of the society has. After mildly speaking to him, they are to refer the thing to Mr. W.

Q. 4. Have they not authority to *bind* a person from preaching?

None but the assistant has this authority.

Q. 5. Have they not authority to *displace* a particular leader?

No more than the door-keeper has. To *place* and to *displace* leaders, belongs to the assistant alone.

Q. 6. Have they not authority to *expel* a particular member of the society?

No: The assistant only can do this.

Q. 7. But have they not authority to *regulate* the temporal and spiritual affairs of the society?

Neither the one, nor the other. Temporal affairs belong to the stewards; spiritual to the assistant.

Q. 8. Have they authority to make any *collection* of a public nature?

No: The assistant only can do this.

Q. 9. Have they authority to *receive* the yearly subscription?

No: This also belongs to the assistant.

Considering these things, can we wonder at the confusion, which has been here for some years.

If

If one wheel in a machine gets out of it's place, what disorder must ensue!

In the Methodist discipline, the wheels regularly stand thus: The assistant, the preachers, the stewards, the leaders the people.

But here the leaders, who are the lowest wheel but one, were got quite out of their place. They were got at the top of all, above the stewards, the preachers, yea, and above the assistant himself.

5. To this chiefly I impute the gradual decay of the work of God in Dublin.

There has been a jar throughout the whole machine. Most of the wheels were hindered in their motion. The stewards, the preachers, the assistant all moved heavily. They felt, all was not right. But if they saw, where the fault lay, they had not strength to remedy it.

But it may be effectually remedied now. Without rehearsing former grievances, (which may all die and be forgotten) for the time to come, let each wheel keep it's own place. Let the assistant, the preachers, the stewards, the leaders, know and execute their several offices. Let none incroach upon another, but all move together in harmony and love. So shall the work of God flourish among you, perhaps as it never did before: while you all hold the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace.

Dublin

March 29, 1771.

Saturday, 6. I gave the sacrament at the Widow's house, to four or five and twenty *that are widows indeed*; all poor enough, several sick or infirm, three bed-ridden, one on the brink of eternity. But almost all know in whom they have believed, and walk worthy of their profession.

Sunday, 7. I was agreeably surprized to see the largest congregation to day, which I have seen since I landed. The congregations used to be large for three or four days, and then gradually to decline: but

but they have now continually increased from first to last. This also is a token for good.

Monday, 8. As the weather continued extremely cold, I judged it best to visit the inland counties and the south of *Ireland* first. So to-day I rode to *Edinderry*; but was constrained by the keen north-wind to preach within. The case was the same at *Tyrrels-pass*, on Tuesday, 9. where I preached in the shell of the new house. Wednesday, 10. I preached in the Court-house at *Molingar*, to a serious and decent congregation. But they seemed quite unconcerned. Those who met in the Court-house at Longford in the evening, were of quite another spirit. They drank in every word, while I explained, *Lord, are there few that be saved?* Who can despair of doing good in any place? None in this kingdom seemed so barren as *Longford*: And that for many years: After near twenty years labour, we sought fruit, but found none. But on a sudden the seed so long hid, is sprung up, and promises a plentiful harvest.

Thursday, 11. I preached at *Loughan* and *Athlone*: Friday, 12. at *Aghim*. Saturday, 13. I rode back to *Athlone*, where there is now no opposition either from rich or poor. The consequence of this is, there is no zeal, while the people dwell at ease. O what state upon earth is exempt from danger; When persecution arises, how many are offended! When it does not arise, how many grow cold and leave their first love! Some perish by the storm, but far more by the calm. *Lord, save, or we perish!*

Sunday, 14. I designed to preach abroad; but the storm drove us into the house. This house was built and given, with the ground on which it stands, by a single gentleman.

In *Cork* one person, Mr. *Thomas Jones*, gave between three and four hundred pounds, toward the preaching-house. Towards that in *Dublin* Mr. *Luuel* gave four hundred. I know no such benefactors among the Methodists in *England*.

Monday,

Monday, 15. I rode to *Birr*, through much hail and snow, driven in our face by a furious wind. So was the hail the next day, as we rode to *Tullamore*. Here likewise I lamented the want of zeal. So the society here also is no larger, than it was two years ago.

On the following days, I preached at *Cooley-lough*, *Mountmelick*, and *Portarlinton*. Monday, 22. I rode to *Kilkenny*. The new preaching house was just finished; a neat and commodious building. But before we came to it in the Evening, it was filled from end to end. So it was the next Evening. On Wednesday, 24. I cheerfully commended them to the grace of God.

In the Evening, I knew not where to preach at *Inniscorthy*, the wind being very high and very cold. But I was in some measure sheltered by the side of an house: and the people standing close together sheltered one another. Only a few careless ones were blown away.

Thursday, 25. Two of our brethren from *Wexford* earnestly intreated me to go thither. I preached in the market-house at ten o'clock. The congregation was very large, and very genteel; and yet as remarkably well behaved, as any I have seen in the kingdom.

By hard riding we reached *Waterford* before Six, where the house tolerably well contained the congregation: So it generally does the first night I am here.

Friday, 26. I laboured to calm the minds of some, that had separated from their brethren. But it was labour lost. After two or three hours spent in fruitless altercation, I was thoroughly convinced, that they would not, and ought not to be re-united to them.

Sunday, 28. At Eleven, and again in the Afternoon, I went to the cathedral, where a young gentleman most valiantly encountered the *grievous wolves*, as he termed the *Methodists*. I never heard a man strike more wide of the mark. However, the shallow discourse

discourse did good: for it sent abundance of people, rich and poor, to hear and judge for themselves. So that the court, at the top of which I stood, was filled from end to end.

Monday, 29. In the Evening I preached in the market-place at *Clonmall*, to a listening multitude. Some seemed inclined to disturb; but the serious, well-behaved *troopers* kept them all in awe.

Tuesday, 30. I rode to *Corke*, and on Wednesday May 1. to *Bandon*: but the North-East wind forbade my preaching in the street. I was the less concerned at this, because my business now lay chiefly with the society. Those who had been scattered I laboured to gather up; those who were drowzy, to awaken; those that were dead, to quicken; and to unite all together in following after peace and holiness.

Sunday, 5. I returned to *Cork*, and would fain have preached abroad; but the violent wind would not suffer it. Monday, 6. I spake severally to the members of the society. Two years ago they were reduced to about an hundred and ninety. They are now only an hundred and seventy: and yet the work of God deepens in those that remain. I found many growing in grace; many rejoicing in the pure love of God; and many more, who were earnestly panting after the whole mind that was in Christ.

Sunday, 12. I assisted at the funeral of *Susannah Pylson*. She was one of the first members of this society, and continued firm in the hottest of the persecution. Upwards of twenty years she adorned the gospel, steadily and uniformly walking with God. For great part of the time she was a living witness, that the blood of Christ *cleanseth from all sin*. After a lingering illness, she calmly resigned her soul into the hands of her faithful Creator.

Monday, 13. We had an agreeable ride to *Killfinnan*. I designed to preach under the court-house; but was offered the use of the room above, where the church service has been for these two years, as the

the church lies in ruins. In a very short time, we had a large and attentive congregation. If the parish ministers were zealous for God, the protestants in *Ireland* would soon out-number the papists.

Tuesday, 14. I rode on to *Limerick*, and told the congregation plainly, "If, as is your manner, you attend three days and then fall off, I can bestow my time better elsewhere. But if you continue to come, I will stay with you longer." They took me at my word : and continued to increase both morning and evening, as long as I stayed in the city.

Wednesday, 15. A gentleman desired me to visit his daughter. I found a lovely, sensible woman, in the bloom of youth, scarce one and twenty, in the last stage of a consumption. From that time I visited her every day. In two or three days, she was considerably better. But, as I expected, when the hot weather came on, the sweet flower withered away.

Saturday, 18. I dined at Mr. —'s. Such another family I have not seen in the kingdom. He and Mrs. — are in person, in understanding, and in temper, made for each other. And their ten children are in such order as I have not seen for many years. Indeed never since I left my father's house. May they never depart from the good way !

May, 19. (Whitsunday,) The ground in the island being wet, I preached in the Evening near the new Custom-house, on *If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink*. I was not a little refreshed, observing so many who seemed to thirst for the living water. I preached there again the following evening, to nearly the same number of hearers. I should have thought it well worth while to have come to *Limerick*, were it only for these two Evenings.

Wednesday, 22. After preaching at *Balligarane*, I rode to *Asbkayton*. There are no ruins, I believe, in the kingdom of *Ireland*, to be compared to these. The old Earl of *Desmond's* castle is very large, and has been exceeding strong. Not far from this, and
formerly

formerly communicating with it by a gallery, is his great hall or banquetting-rooin. The walls are still firm and intire : and these with the fine carvings of the window-frames, (all of polished marble) give some idea of what it was once. Its last master lived like a prince for many years, and rebelled over and over against Queen *Elizabeth*. After his last rebellion, his army being totally routed, he fled into the woods with two or three hundred men. But the pursuit was so hot, that these were soon scattered from him, and he crept alone into a small cabin. He was sitting there when a soldier came in and struck him. He rose and said, "I am the Earl of *Desmond*." The wretch, rejoicing that he had found so great a prize, cut off his head at once. Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James* allowed a pension to his relic for many years. I have seen a striking picture of her, in her widow's weeds, said to be taken when she was an hundred and forty years old.

At a small distance from the castle stands the old Abbey, the finest ruin of the kind in the kingdom. Not only the walls of the church, and many of the apartments, but the whole cloysters are entire. They are built of black marble exquisitely polished, and vaulted over with the same. So that they are as firm now as when they were built, (perhaps seven or eight hundred years ago) : And if not purposely destroyed (as most of the antient buildings in *Ireland* have been) may last these thousand years. But add these to the years they have stood already, and what is it to Eternity ? A moment !

Friday, 24. I spoke severally to the members of the society in *Limerick*. I have found no society in *Ireland*, number for number, so rooted and grounded in love. We observed this as a day of fasting and prayer, and were much comforted together.

Sunday, 26. The rain obliged me to preach within, at Five in the Evening. It was a season of solemn joy and sorrow. I took horse immediately

after preaching, and rode through continued rain to *Snugborough*, about fourteen Irish miles from *Limerick*.

Monday, 27. We pushed on thro' violent wind and rain, and reached *Galway* in the Afternoon. About Six I preached in the Court-house, by far the neatest which I have seen in the kingdom. Abundance of the soldiers, who were to march for *Dublin* the next day, willingly attended: And not a few of the townsfolk; but (what is rarely seen in *Ireland*) five or six men to one woman. I was enabled to speak exceeding close: and many were stunned, if not wounded. The next evening the number of townsmen was doubled; among whom were the mayor and several other people of fashion. Again. I spoke with the utmost plainness, and could not but hope, there will be a work of God even in *Galway*.

Wednesday, 29. Heavy rain, with furious wind, accompanied us all day. However I reached *Ballinrobe* between Twelve and One, and preached in the Court-house to forty or fifty hearers. Five miles short of *Castle-barr* we took shelter for a while in a little cabin. The poor man brought us the best thing he had, a glass of rum. We talked a little with him and his wife; sung an hymn, and went to prayer; and then, the rain abating, rode chearfully on to *Castle-barr*.

Thursday, 30. I preached about Noon at *Cappavica*, four miles from *Castle-barr*. It is a lone house; but the people soon flocked together. Every one seemed to be exceeding serious: Six and twenty appeared resolved to work out their own salvation, and help each other therein.

Friday, 31. Observing many fashionable people in the Court-house at *Castle-barr*, I spoke with such closeness and pungency, as I cannot do but at some peculiar seasons. It is indeed the gift of God, and cannot be attained by all the efforts of nature and art united.

Saturday, June 1. This is the twelfth day that we have had continued rain, together with March winds.

I dined

I dined at *Rabin*, near *Castle-barr*, one of the pleasantest seats in *Connaught*. It was an old castle, standing between two Loughs, with a river behind, and a wood before. And the inhabitants

“ Did like the scene appear ;

“ Serenely pleasant, calmly fair :

“ Soft fell their words, as flew the air.”

O that the God of love may add to these amiable qualities, all the mind which was in *Christ Jesus* !

Sunday, 2. In the Evening I expounded the gospel for the day, the story of *Dives and Lazarus*. And now God opened both my mouth and the hearts of the hearers. His word seemed to take fast hold of them, even of the gay and rich, many of whom had wandered in among us.

Monday, 3. I rode to *Sligo* and preached in our own room, to an exceeding serious congregation, such as I have not seen here for many years. But the next evening a young officer, with several pretty gay things, behaved so ill, that I was obliged to reprove them. They took it well ; but we could not recover the fervor which was before swiftly spreading thro’ the people.

Wednesday, 5. I rode to *Ballybannon*, and preached in the Assembly-room. I was acquainted with some of the chief persons in the town ; but they were ashamed to own me. Only some of them sent their compliments to me, properly so called.

Hence I rode to *Mannor Hamilton*, and in the evening preached in a pleasant meadow to a very large congregation. But I found little life in the society. Thursday, 6. We came to *Swadlingbar*, and seemed to be got into another world. The people were all alive, full of faith and love, and panting after the whole image of God. The congregation in the evening refreshed me much, by their spirit, as well as their number : They made

“ The hills and the dales
With praises resound ;”

singing with the spirit and with the understanding also. I have heard no such voices since we left *Cork*, nor seen so earnest a people since we left *Limerick*.

Friday, 7. About Noon I preached at *Tonnynamon*, four miles short of *Iniskillen*, to just such another congregation, deeply athirst for the full salvation of God. In the Afternoon we rode to Mr. *A——*'s at *Sidare*. Some time since, one of his neighbours, being angry that his sister resolved to save her soul, by the advice, as he supposed, of *Nancy A——*, came one Sunday in the Afternoon while they were at prayers, burst into the room, struck a woman in the face who would have stopped him, and with his loaded whip struck *Nancy A——* on the temple, so that she lay as dead for several hours. He designed, it seems, to make an end of her at once. And indeed she never has been well since.

Here a tent was set up on a green, glassy place, amidst abundance of people, ripe for the gospel. So I cried, in our Lord's words, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink*. And it is not easy to express the thirst, the vehement desire which appeared in a great part of the congregation.

Saturday, 8. We set out for *Ruskey*, a little town near *Macquire's bridge*. But before we had gone nine miles, we found a congregation, waiting in the street at *Lismolaw*, where I know not who had given notice, that I was to preach. I at first thought of riding on. But fearing it might hurt the poor people, I alighted and preached immediately. They were all attention while I explained, *Ye are saved thro' faith*. About Noon I preached at *Ruskey*.

In the Evening we came to *Augher*. For several days we have been among some of the warmest christians in the kingdom. All at once we came to a people cold as ice. Here *was* a lively people! But they have long grieved the holy Spirit of God, and he seems to be departed from them. Knowing few would come to the house, I stood abroad, and had forty or fifty hearers, but unconcerned enough.

Sunday,

Sunday, 9. About Eight, I had a few more, and about an hundred in the Evening. I went to church at *Clogher*. The Dean is one of the best readers I have heard, and one of the most easy, natural preachers. And the congregation was not only large, but remarkably well-behaved.

I seldom look at the old castle at *Augher*, without thinking of the famous Sir *Phelim O' Neale*. In the beginning of the Irish rebellion, he called one night at one Mr. *Kennedy's*, an intimate acquaintance and foster-brother (a very sacred relation among the *Irish*) and said, "Rise, come away with me, that I may protect you, for fear some of my straggling parties should hurt you." Mrs. *Kennedy*, being very near her time, said, "Nay, Gossip, consider my condition, and do not take my husband from me." He replied, "You fool, it is for his own good." But soon after they were gone, Mrs. *K.* said, "My heart misgives me: whatever comes of it, I must follow them." So as well as she could, she walked between her man servant, and her maid, an *Irish* girl. About sun-rise they came near *Augher* castle, where Sir *Phelim* was standing with his men. Just by him was her husband hanged on a tree. Sir *Phelim* seeing her, sent and ordered the man and maid to stand from her. The man did so: the maid replied, "No: I will die with my mistress." On this he ordered his men to fire. She fell, and two infants fell out of her. Such was the mercy of the *Irish* at that time! Such the spirit which their good priests infused into them!

Monday, 10. I was surprized at the improvements made in this county within a few years. For above thirty miles, it is now cultivated like *England*, and sprinkled up and down with little new-built houses. A gentleman of *Dermquin* desiring me to preach there, I began without delay, at the end of his house. It being the fair-day, there was a numerous congregation: but not so numerous as that at *Mallilough*, where I preached about Noon. Be-

tween Six and Seven, after riding more than fifty *Irish* miles, I reached *Derry*, and preached on *There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to men*. God spake by his word to many tempted souls, and comforted them over all their troubles.

Every Morning and Evening, on the following days, the congregations were larger than I ever remember; and several clergymen were present every Evening. Thursday 13. I spoke severally to the members of the society. I found far more life among them, than I expected. Near one half of the sixty (that was the number of those that remained) I judged to be real believers. What a mischievous injustice it is, to represent all this people as *dead*! It has weakened the hands of the preachers much, and has greatly discouraged the people. The continually telling people, they are dead, is the ready way to make them so.

Friday, 14. I looked over a volume of Mr. *Skilton's* works. He is a surprizing writer. When there is occasion, he shews all the wit of Dr. *Swift*, joined with ten times his judgment; and with (what is far more) a deep fear of God, and a tender love to mankind. About Noon I preached at the *New-Buildings*, two miles from *Londonderry*. The people some time past bore a near resemblance to the colliers of *Kingwood*. They were equally without God in the world, and eminent for all manner of wickedness. But old things are past away, and they are eminent now for the fear of God, and the love of their neighbour. I preached there again on Sunday 16, and administered the Lord's supper to the society. I think they were all in tears; but with the greatest part, they were tears of joy and love.

Monday, 17. I met the singers, for the last time. I joined them together two years ago. But as the preachers following took no care or thought about them, they of course flew asunder. And no wonder; for nothing will stand in the *Methodist* plan, unless the preacher has his heart and his hand in it.

Every

Every preacher therefore should consider, it is not his business to mind *this* or *that* thing only, but *every* thing.

Thursday, 18. Cheerfully leaving *Londonderry*, I rode through the wild, dreary mountains to *Cookstown*. Here the scene was changed. The house at which I alighted was filled with *whisky drinkers*: and the whole town, it being the fair-day, was all hurry and confusion. However, about Seven the tent was set up: the people flocked from all quarters, and, considering many of them were far from sober, behaved tolerably well.

Wednesday, 19. I preached at Five and at Twelve to a lifeless company, and then rode through a fruitful country to *Stewart-town*. A large congregation soon assembled in the court-house, most of whom behaved with decency; though very few of them appeared to understand any thing of the matter.

Thursday, 20. We went on to *Castle Calfield*. As we were walking in the Afternoon, an horse that was feeding, turned short and struck me on the small of my back. Had he been but an inch or two nearer, I should not have travelled any farther. As it was, I was well again in a few days. In the Evening, I preached on the lovely green before the castle, to a serious and large congregation. This was the first summer day we have had this year: and this was only warm, not hot.

Friday, 21. About Eleven we had a still larger congregation, near the castle in *Charlemount*; whom I exhorted to be *not slothful in business*, but *servant in spirit, serving the Lord*. At Seven in the Evening, I preached at *Armagh*, in Mr. *Macgough's* avenue. The congregation was in an arbour, the wide-spread trees quite overshadowing them; while

“ The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
“ His beams entire, his fierceness lost.”

Saturday, 22. I rode to *Caladon*, where, two years ago, Mr. C— was ready to put me in his bosom. But he did not know me now: so I preached
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in the street to an exceeding quiet congregation, and rode back in the Evening. Is it strange, that men, or the moon should change?

Sunday, 23. In the Evening, such a multitude of people assembled, and stood so close together, that, though we were in open air, the heat was almost insupportable. Surely God will have a people in this place! The poor, at least, will receive the gospel.

Monday, 24. I preached about Noon at a village, which takes it's name from *the black water*, in which the *Irish* papists drowned so many protestants in 1641. In the Evening I preached at *Clanmain*, to a very dull congregation. Tis well, if the first are not last! Tuesday, 23. I preached at *Cock-hill* in a delightful Evening, under some shady trees. Many of the people were alive to God. Wednesday, 26. I preached at *the Grange*, to a still livelier and larger congregation. But I found the liveliest of all *Derry-Anvil*. Six or seven of this little society still rejoice in the pure love of God. Thus has God his secret ones, in a little corner of the land, surrounded with bogs, and out of all road! Friday, 28. I preached in the street at *Portadown*, to a serious, well-behaved congregation, and in the Evening at *Kilmaranty*, to the largest congregation I have seen, since we left *Armagh*.

This day I entered the sixty-ninth year of my age. I am still a wonder to myself. My voice and strength are the same, as at nine and twenty. This also hath God wrought.

Saturday, 29. I preached at the end of the market-house in *Tondragee*. Sunday, 30. At Nine, the people flocked from all parts; but much more at Six in the Evening, when we had a *London* congregation, both for number and seriousness.

Monday, July 1. I preached at *Killwarlin*, where a few weeks ago *Thomas Mott* died in peace. In the Evening I preached in the Linen-hall at *Lisburn*, to a numerous congregation. Tuesday, 2. I preached on the green at *New-town*. But the people had
not

not the spirit of those at *Lisbon*. Wednesday, 3. At Ten, I preached to a small congregation, a mile from *Belfast*, and in the market-place there at Twelve, I never saw so large a congregation there before, nor one so remarkably stupid, and ill-mannered. Yet a few should be excepted, even gentlemen, who seemed to know sense from nonsense. I have found as sensible men at *Dublin* as at *Belfast*: but men so self-sufficient I have not found.

I preached at *Carrickfergus* in the Evening, and Thursday 4. went on to *Lurn*, and preached at Nine in the main street, to a very attentive congregation. Thence I rode to *Glenarm*. The preaching began here in an uncommon manner. Some months since, *John Smith*, now with God, was pressed in spirit to go and preach there, though he knew no one in the town. Near it he overtook a young lady riding behind a servant; and on her saying, it was a very wicked place, he asked, "Are there no good men there?" She said, "Yes, there is one, *William Hunter*." He rode into the town, and enquired for *William Hunter*'s house. When he came to the door, a young woman was sweeping the house. He asked her name, and being answered, "*Betty Hunter*," alighted, and said, "*Betty*, take my horse to an inn, and tell every one you meet, "A gentleman at our house has good news to tell you, at Seven o'clock." At Seven the house was well filled. *John* preached to them twice a day, for nine days. But when he took his leave, he had only three pence: however, he asked the landlady, "What is to pay for my horse?" "Nothing, Sir," said the woman: "A gentleman has paid all; and will do, if you stay a month."

I preached near the market-house about Noon, to a large number of decent hearers; but to a much larger, in the market-house at *Ballinena*, in the Evening. Friday, 5. I rode to *Ballinderry*, and found an earnest, simple-hearted people. A great multitude here received the word, with all readiness
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of mind. A specimen of the society consisting of about fifty members, I had in the house where I dined ; wherein a father and mother, with a son and five daughters, were all walking in the light of God's countenance. Afterwards I prayed with an ancient woman, while a little girl, her grandchild, kneeling behind me, was all in tears, and said, " O grand-mama, have *you* no sins to cry for, as well as me."

Saturday, 6. After spending two hours very agreeably at *Mayra*, I rode on to *Drumbanabar*, and preached to a serious congregation. That at *Newry*, in the Evening, was much larger : at Nine in the Morning it was larger still ; but nothing to that in the Evening. Yet I think, all heard, and most of them seemed much affected. Monday, 8. I cheerfully left *Newry*, and in the Evening preached at *Dublin*,

Having rested a day, on Wednesday 10. I went to *Carlow*, and preached in the session-house to a large, wild congregation. In the Morning, I once more composed the differences of the poor, shattered society. About Noon, I preached in the street at *Beltingles* ; in the Evening, to a lovely congregation at *Donard*. Friday, 12. I returned to *Dublin*, well satisfied with my little excursion.

On Monday and Tuesday, I revised the classes. The number of members in the society, is shrunk from upwards of five hundred, to beneath four hundred, in two years. But, I trust, they will now increase, as the offences are removed, and brotherly love restored.

On Thursday and Friday, we had our little conference, a solemn and useful meeting. Sunday, 21. at the meeting of the society, many were comforted : and all seemed determined to set out anew, and take the kingdom of heaven by violence. Monday, 22. In the Evening, I embarked on board the *Nonpareil*, for *Parkgate*, with a small, fair wind, so that the sea was smooth as a looking-glass. Tuesday, 23. As we went slowly on, the gentlemen (of whom

whom we had many on board) desired me to give them a sermon. This I willingly did, and all were seriously attentive. We landed about Seven on Wednesday 24. and took chaise for *Liverpool*. Thursday, 25. I rode across the country to *Whitchurch*, and spent an agreeable Evening with that lovely family. Friday, 26. I went on to *Shrewsbury*, where Mr. *Fletcher* met me. Sunday, 28. I preached at *Madely*, Morning and Afternoon. The church could not near contain the congregation: but the window near the pulpit being open, those without could hear as well as those within. Monday, 29. I went on to *Worcester*. Our brethren had chosen a place for me, in a broad street, not far from the cathedral; where there was room for thousands of people. And we soon had company enough; part serious, part like the wild ass's colt. But in a while, the serious part prevailed, and silenced or drove away the rabble, till we had a tolerable degree of quietness, and concluded in peace.

Thursday, August 1. I rode to *Cheltenham*, and preached near the market-place to a large and quiet congregation. Friday, 2. I went on to *Kingswood*. Sunday, 4. We had above six hundred and fifty communicants at *Bristol*. In the Afternoon, I preached in St. *James's* barton, to an huge multitude: and all were still as night.

Tuesday, 6. We had more preachers than usual at the conference, in consequence of Mr. *Shirley's* circular letter. At Ten on Thursday Morning he came, with nine or ten of his friends. We conversed freely for about two hours. And I believe, they were satisfied, that we were not so "dreadful heretics," as they imagined, but were tolerably sound in the faith.

Monday, 12. I set out for *Wales*, and after preaching at *Chepstow* and *Brecknock*, on Wednesday 14. came to the *Hay*. Here I met with Dr. *Maclain's* translation of *Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History*. Certainly, he is a very sensible translator of
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a very sensible writer. But I dare not affirm, that either one or the other was acquainted with inward religion. The translator mentions, without any blame, Mr. *Shinstra's* letter *against fanaticism*; which, if the reasoning were just, would fix the charge of *fanaticism* on our Lord himself, and all his apostles. In truth, I cannot but fear, Mr. *Shinstra* is in the same class with Dr. *Conyers Middleton*; and aims every blow, though he seems to look another way, at the *fanatics* who wrote the bible.

The very thing, which Mr. *Shinstra* calls *fanaticism*, is no other than heart religion; in other words, righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. These must be *felt*, or they have no being. All therefore, who condemn *inward feelings* in the gross, leave no place either for joy, peace, or love in religion, and, consequently, reduce it to a dry, dead carcase.

In the Evening, I preached in the new, neat preaching-house; to many more than it would contain. The next Evening, I was constrained to preach abroad. Friday, 16. I returned to *Brecknock*: and after spending two comfortable days there, on Monday 19. rode to *Carmarthen*. The rain obliged me to preach within. Tuesday, 20. I rode to *Harverford West*; and, in the Evening, preached in St. *Martin's* church-yard, to a numerous, and deeply attentive congregation. The next Evening, I strongly applied the story of Dives and Lazarus: and many were *almost persuaded* to be Christians.

I rode on Thursday 22. to *Dala*, a little village at the mouth of *Milford haven*. It seemed to me, that our preachers had bestowed here much pains to little purpose. The people, one and all, seemed as dead as stones, perfectly quiet, and perfectly unconcerned. I told them just what I thought. It went as a sword to their hearts. They *felt* the truth, and wept bitterly. I know not, where we have found more of the presence of God. Shall we at last have fruit here also?

Friday,

Friday, 23. I preached at Noon, to a lovely congregation of plain, artless people, at *Houghton*; and in the town-hall at *Pembroke*, in the Evening, to many rich and elegant hearers. Sunday, 25. At Ten, I began the service at St. *Daniel's*. The church, as usual, would ill contain the congregation. In the Afternoon, I preached in *Monk-town* church (one of the three belonging to *Pembroke*), a large, old, ruinous building. I suppose, it has scarce had such a congregation in it, during this century. Many of them were *guy*, genteel people. So I spoke on the first elements of the gospel. But I was still out of their depth. O how hard it is, to be *shallow* enough for a polite audience!

Monday, 26. I rode to *Lanelly*, and at Six read prayers, and preached in another large church, almost as ruinous as that at *Pembroke*. The congregation was numerous; yet most of them seemed to understand what they heard. Tuesday, 27. We crept through a right *Welsh* road, and reached *Oxwich* between Twelve and One. The congregation had waited for some time: so I began without delay. The road to *Swansey* was a little better: so I reached the town in time; and at Six preached in the yard; as our room would contain hardly a third of the people. Wednesday, 28. I called at *Neath* on one of our friends; but, before I could sit down, was informed, a congregation was waiting for me. This I had no thought of; however I gave them a short sermon, and hastened on to *Coy* church, near *Bridge-end*. I preached as deliberately as possible, as great part of the audience were *Welsh*. And I believe; by this means all of them could understand at least the substance of the discourse. About Six, I preached in the town-hall at *Cowbridge*, to high and low, rich and poor: and the two next Evenings, in the court-house at *Cardiff*, to a still larger congregation. Afterwards we had a comfortable love-feast, which brought to our mind former days, when we praised God with *Ann Jenkins*, *Arthur Price*,
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them can witness, that *love edifieth*, builds us up both in holiness and happiness.

Monday, 30. I took leave of *Bristol* for the present, and, having preached at *Pensford* and *Sheptonmallet*, in the way came to *Shaftsbury*, and preached to a numerous congregation, but wonderfully unconcerned. I scarce know a town in *England*, where so much preaching has been, to so very little purpose.

Tuesday, October 1. I went on to *Salisbury*.

Wednesday, 3. I preached at *Whitchurch*: Thursday, 4. at *Winchester*. I now found time, to take a view of the cathedral. Here the sight of that bad cardinal's tomb, whom the sculptor has placed in a posture of prayer, brought to my mind those fine lines of *Shakespeare*, which he puts into the mouth of King *Henry* the Sixth;

“ Lord cardinal,

If thou hast any hope of heaven's grace,

Give us a sign. He dies, and makes no sign!

On Thursday and Friday Evening, I preached at *Portsmouth-common*. Saturday, 5. I set out at Two. About Ten, some of our *London* friends met me at *Cobham*, with whom I took a walk in the neighbouring gardens, inexpressibly pleasant, thro' the variety of hills and dales; and the admirable contrivance of the whole. And now, after spending his life in bringing it to perfection, the grey-headed owner advertises it to be sold! Is there any thing under the sun, that can satisfy a Spirit made for God!

On Monday and Tuesday, I preached at *Whittlebury*, *Towcester*, and *Weedon*: on Wednesday, at *Kislingbury*, *Harleston*, and *Northampton*. Thursday, 10. I preached at *Holmby-house*, where poor King *Charles* was formerly lodged. It has been a noble pile of building, finely situated on an hill. But little is left, except the kitchens, which, however, give a strong idea of it's ancient grandeur. Friday, 11. In the Evening, I preached at *Bedford*, and on Saturday returned to *London*.

Monday, 14. In my way to *Wallingford*, I read Dr. Hodge's *Elibu*. It contains abundance of fine remarks, worthy of a scholar, and of a christian. But none of them prove his main proposition, That *Elibu* was the second Person in the blessed Trinity. —I preached at *Wallingford* in the Evening, and at Five in the Morning. Many were moved: But who will endure to the end?

Tuesday, 15. I went on to *Witney*. I am surprized at the plainness and artlessness of this people. Who would imagine, that they lived within ten, yea, or fifty miles of *Oxford*? Wednesday, 16. I preached at *South-lye*. Here it was, that I preached my first sermon, six and forty years ago. One man was in my present audience, who heard it. Most of the rest are gone to their long home. After preaching at *Witney* in the Evening, I met the believers apart, and was greatly refreshed among them. So simple a people I scarce ever saw. They did "open the window in their breast." And it was easy to discern, that God was there, filling them with joy and peace in believing.

Thursday, 17. About ten I preached at *Oxford*, in a room well filled with deeply attentive hearers, on part of the sermon on the mount, the noblest compendium of Religion, which is to be found even in the oracles of God. In the Evening I preached at *Higb Wycombe*, the next at *Cobham*, where our own room being too small, that friendly man Mr. Spamer, willingly gave me the use of his *Meeting house*. I found the little Society much alive; many knowing in whom they had believed; several enjoying, and others thirsting after the whole image of God. On Saturday I had a pleasant journey to *London*.

Monday, 21. As I drove to *Chatham*, I read Mr. Hoole's fine translation of *Tasso's Jerusalem delivered*: allowed, I suppose, by most judges of Poetry, to be not much inferior to the *Aeneid*. But I wonder Mr. Hoole was so imprudently faithful, as to present Protestants

Protestants with all *Tasso's* Popish Fooleries. These excrescences might have been pared off, without the least injury to the work. In the Evening I preached to a crowded audience, ripe for all the promises of God. How good is it for *fallen* man, to earn his food by the sweat of his brow. Every where we find the labouring part of mankind the readiest to receive the Gospel.

Tuesday, 22. I went down to *Sheerness*, and preached in the New Room. But it would not near contain the congregation: I believe all that could hear found that God was there. Both Morning and Evening I warned them against being sick of opinions and strife of words; which has been the main hindrance of the work of God here from the beginning.

Thursday, 24. I returned to *Chatham*, and on Friday to *London*. Saturday, 26. Mr. N— gave me a melancholy account of his dismissal from the *Tabernacle*. Surely affairs will not stand thus at the *Foundry*, when my head is laid! If I thought they would, I would do just as I do now: all the good I can, while I live.

Monday, 28. I rode to *Staplehurst*, to Mr. Ch—'s, a pattern of love and patience. One eye is quite lost by his late illness. His reflection upon it was, "I bless God, that I had one eye to give him: and if he calls for it, I am ready to give him the other." I preached at Six to a willing people, simply desiring to save their souls: and the next Evening at *Rye*, to a far more numerous, but not more earnest congregation. Wednesday, 30. I walked over to *Winchelsea*, said to have been once a large city, with abundance of trade and of inhabitants, the sea washing the foot of the hill on which it stands. The situation is exceeding bold, the hill being high and steep on all sides. But the town is shrunk almost into nothing, and the seven churches into half an one. I preached at Eleven in the New Square, to a considerable number of serious people; and at

Rye in the Evening, where were many that are *not far from the kingdom of God*. Thursday, 31. I preached at *Robertbridge*. As yet the whole town is willing to hear. And we may hope, after the stony and the thorny ground hearers are deducted, some will *bring forth fruit with patience*.

Saturday, November 2. I returned to *London*.

Monday, 4. I went in the stage coach to *Colchester*, in which I met with two agreeable companions, whose hearts were quite open to instruction. Tuesday, 5. In our way to *Bury*, we called at *Felsham*,

near which is the seat of the late Mr. *Reynolds*.

The House is, I think, the best contrived and the most beautiful I ever saw. It has four fronts, and five rooms on a floor, elegantly, though not sumptuously, furnished. At a small distance, stands a delightful grove. On every side of this, the poor, rich man, who had no hope beyond the grave, placed seats, to enjoy life as long as he could. But being resolved, none of his family should be *put into the ground*, he built a structure in the midst of the grove, vaulted above and beneath, with niches for coffins, strong enough to stand for ages. In one of these, he had soon the satisfaction of laying the remains of his only child; and, two years after, those of his wife. After two years more, in the year 1759, having eat, and drank, and forgotten God, for eighty-four years, he went himself to give an account of his stewardship.

— In the Evening, I preached at *Bury*; and on Wednesday 6. rode on through heavy rain to *Lynn*.

The people *received the word with joy*; though few, as yet, had any *root in themselves*. Thursday, 7. I

was desired by the prisoners, to give them a word of exhortation. They received it with the utmost eagerness. Who knows, but one or two may retain it? In the Evening, those, who could not get in, were noisy at first; but in a while they went quietly away.

Here

Here I received a particular account of a poor, desolate one, *Betty Fairbridge*, formerly *Hewerdine*, of *Whitby*. For some time after she came to *Lynn*, she was cold and weary, quite choaked with the cares of this world. But this time twelve month, when she saw me, tho' she was in a deep consumption, her spirit revived. She began again earnestly to seek God: and he healed her backsliding. But her bodily weakness increased. So much the more did her faith and love increase, till prayer was swallowed up in praise, and she went away with triumphant joy.

Lynn seems to be considerably larger than *Yarmouth*: I believe it stands on double the ground. And the houses in general are better built: some of them are little palaces. The market-place is a spacious and noble square, more beautiful than either that at *Yarmouth* or *Norwich*. And the people are quite of another turn, affable and humane. They have the openness and frankness common throughout the county: and they add to it good-nature and courtesy.

Saturday, 9. I rode to *Norwich*. Sunday, 10. Our house was far too small in the Evening. I suppose many hundreds went away. To as many as could hear, I described the *strait gate*: I believe, God applied it to their hearts.

Every day I found more and more reason to hope, that we shall at length reap the fruit of that labour, which we have bestowed on this people for so many years; as it seemed almost in vain. In this hope I left them on Thursday, 14, and preached at *Lakenheath* in the Evening, with an uncommon blessing. Among them that attended at five in the morning, was poor *A—R—*, the man who first invited me to this town, but has for a long time forgotten every thing of the kind, seldom deigning even to hear the preaching. However he *felt* it to day, being in tears all the time that I was enforcing our Lord's words, *He who setteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God.*

I came

came to Mr. *Smitheman's* at *Braintree*, just as he had buried his daughter. So on this occasion we had, (what I never saw before) the house filled from end to end : I preached on, *The grass withereth ; the flower fadeth ; but the word of the Lord shall stand for ever.*

Sunday, 17. I preached both Morning and Afternoon on the education of children. But O ! How few had ears to hear ! Perhaps not ten mothers in the whole congregation.

Friday, 22. I went over to *Barnet*, and paid my last debt to that excellent man Mr. *John Shewell*, by preaching his funeral sermon, from, *It is appointed unto men once to die.* All the time that I knew him he was a pattern of seriousness, piety, patience and beneficence.

Thursday, 28. I went to *Staines*, where an house is just fitted up for preaching. But it would not contain one half of the people who flocked together from every side. Those that could not get in were noisy enough : those that could, were still as night.

Friday, 29. We viewed the improvements of that active and useful man, the late duke of *Cumberland* : the most remarkable work is, the triangular tower which he built on the edge of *Windsor* park. It is surrounded with shrubberies and woods, having some streight, some serpentine walks in them, and commands a beautiful prospect all three ways ; a very extensive one to the south west. In the lower part is an alcove, which must be extremely pleasant in a summer Evening. There is a little circular projection at each corner, one of which is filled by a geometrical staircase ; the other two contain little apartments, one of which is a study. I was agreeably surprized, to find many of the books not only religious, but admirably well chosen. Perhaps the great man spent many hours here, with only Him that seeth in secret. And who can say, how deep that change went, which was so discernible in the latter part of his life ?

Hence

Hence we went to Mr. *Bateman's* house, the oddest I every saw with my eyes. Every thing breathes antiquity; scarce a bedstead is to be seen, that is not an hundred and fifty years old. And every thing is quite out of the common way: he scorns to have any thing like his neighbours. For six hours I suppose these elegant oddities would much delight a curious man. But after six months they would probably give him no more pleasure than a collection of feathers.

Monday, December 2. I went down with several of our friends to *Gravesend*, where a building designed for an assembly-room was employed for a better purpose. It was quite crowded; yet abundance could not get in. After reading prayers, I preached on part of the second lesson, *Heb.* viii. 9, 10, 11. The room was pretty well filled at Five in the morning. Fair blossoms! But what fruit will there be?

Tuesday, 3. I preached at *Canterbury*. Wednesday, 4. I rode to *Ashford*, one of the pleasantest towns in *Kent*. The preaching-house, newly fitted up, was well filled with attentive hearers. Hence we hastened to *Dover*, where the house was quickly filled with serious, well-behaved people. Here I found *L. H—'s* preachers had gleaned up most of those whom we had discarded. They call them, "My lady's society," and have my free leave, to do them all the good they can.

Thursday, 5. I preached at *Sandwich* about Eleven, and at *Canterbury* in the Evening. Friday, 6. Having preached to a small, but much affected company at *Sittingburn*, I went on to *Chatham*. The huge congregation here devoured the word: yet I hope they digested it too. We were strangely kept from this place for many years; at length there is an open door.

Saturday, 7. In my way home, I finished the first volume of Mr. *Hask's* *Roman History*. On this I remark, 1. That it is immeasurably too long, containing a thousand passages not worth relating; 2. That

That he relates abundance of contradictory accounts, often without telling us, which is best: 3. That he recites at large the senseless tales of *Clelia* swimming in the *Tyber*, *Matius Secervola*, and twenty more; and afterwards knocks them all on the head. What need then of reciting them? We want history, not romance, tho' compiled by *Levy* himself. Yet 4. I admire him for doing justice to many great men, who have been generally misrepresented: *Manlius Capitolinus*, in particular, as well as the two *Gracchi*. So that upon the whole, this is far the best history of *Rome* that I have seen.

I read to day a circumstantial account of the late inundations in the north of *England*, occasioned by the sudden and violent over-flowing of three rivers, the *Tees*, the *Ware*, and the *Tyne*. All these have their rise within a few miles of each other, in a mountain at the head of *Teesdale* and *Weredale*; on which there was nothing more than a little miz'ling rain, till the very hour when the rivers rose, and poured down such an amazing quantity of water, as utterly astonished the people of *Sunderland*, at the mouth of the *Ware*, overflowed all the lower part of *Newcastle upon the Tyne*, and filled the main street of *Tarm*, upon the *Tees*, with water nine or ten feet deep. Such an overflowing of these rivers none ever saw before, nor have we an account of any such in history.

Rain was not the cause of this: for there was next to none, at the head of these rivers. What was the cause we may learn from a letter wrote at this time, by a clergyman in *Carlisle*. "Nothing is so surprizing as what lately happened at *Solway-Moss*, about ten miles north from *Carlisle*. About four hundred acres of this moss, arose to such a height above the adjacent level, that at last it rolled forward like a torrent, and continued its course above a mile, sweeping along with it houses and trees, and every other thing in its way. It divided itself into islands of different extent, from one to ten feet in thickness.

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It is remarkable, that no river, or brook runs either thro', or near the moss."

To what cause then can any thinking man impute this, but to an earthquake? And the same doubtless it was, which about the same time, wrought in the bowels of that great mountain, whence those rivers rise, and discharged from thence, that astonishing quantity of water.

Sunday, 8. I read a little more of that strange book Baron Swedenburg's *Theologia Cælestis*. It surely contains many excellent things. Yet I can't but think, the fever he had twenty years ago, when he supposes, he was "introduced into the society of angels," really introduced him into the society of lunatics. But still there is something noble, even in his ravings:

"His *mind* has not yet lost
"All its original brightness, but appears
"Majestic, tho' in ruin."

Monday, 16. I rode to *Darking*, where were many people; but none were cut to the heart. Tuesday, 17. I went on to *Rye-gate-place*. In King Henry the Fourth's time, this was an eminent monastery. At the dissolution of monasteries, it fell into the hands of the great spoiler, Henry the Eighth. Queen Elizabeth, pleased with the situation, chose it for one of her palaces. The gentleman, who possesses it now, has entirely changed the form of it; pulling down whole piles of ancient building, and greatly altering what remains. Yet, after all that is taken away, it still looks more like a palace than a private house. The stair-case is of the same model with that at *Hampton-Court*: One would scarce know, which is the original. The chimney-piece in the hall is probably one of the most curious pieces of wood work now in the kingdom. But how long? How many of its once bustling inhabitants are already under the earth! And how little a time will it be, before the house itself, yea, the earth shall be burnt up!

I preached

I preached in the evening to a small company, on *It is appointed unto men once to die*. All seemed moved for the present. They saw, that life is a dream. But how soon will they sleep again? Wednesday, 18, I preached to another kind of congregation at *Shoreham*. Here we are not plowing upon the sand: Many have received the seed upon good ground, and do bring forth fruit with patience.

Saturday, 21. I met an old friend, *James Hutton*, whom I had not seen for five and twenty years. I felt, this made no difference; my heart was quite open: his seemed to be the same. And we conversed just as we did in 1738, when we met in *Petter-lane*.

Monday, 23, and so all the following days, when I was not particularly engaged, I spent an hour in the morning with our preachers, as I used to do with my pupils at *Oxford*. Wednesday, 25. I preached early at the Foundry: Morning and Afternoon at the Chapel. In returning thence at Night, a coach ran full against my chaise, and broke one of the shafts and the traces in pieces. I was thankful that this was all; that neither man, nor beast received the least hurt.

Monday, 30. At my brother's request, I sat again for my picture. This melancholy employment always reminds me of that natural reflection,

“ Behold what frailty we in man may see!
“ His shadow is less given to change than he!”

Wednesday, January the first, 1772, we met, as usual in the Evening, in order solemnly and explicitly to renew our covenant with God. Sunday, 5. I buried the remains of *Elizabeth Hartland*, an Israelite indeed! I know not that in thirty years, she has ever dishonoured her profession, either by word or deed. Some of her last words were, *I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course: I have kept the faith.*

Tuesday,

Tuesday, 14. I spent an agreeable hour with Dr. S—, the oldest acquaintance I now have. He is the greatest genius in little things, that ever fell under my notice. Almost every thing about him is of his own invention, either in whole or in part. Even his fire-screen, his lamps of various sorts, his ink-horn, his very save-all. I really believe, were he seriously to set about it, he could invent the best mouse-trap that ever was in the world!

Thursday, 16. I set out for *Luton*. The snow lay so deep on the road, that it was not without much difficulty and some danger, we at last reached the town. I was offered the use of the church: The frost was exceeding sharp; and the glass was taken out of the windows. However, for the sake of the people, I accepted the offer, tho' I might just as well have preached in the open air. I suppose four times as many people were present, as would have been at the room: And about an hundred in the Morning. So I did not repeat of my journey thro' the snow.

Friday, 17. The usual road being blocked up with snow, we were obliged to take a by-road to *Hertford*. I found the poor children whom Mr. A. kept at school, was increased to about thirty boys, and thirty girls. I went in immediately to the girls. As soon as I began to speak, some of them burst into tears, and their emotion rose higher and higher. But it was kept within bounds till I began to pray. A cry then arose, which spread from one to another, till almost all cried aloud for mercy, and would not be comforted,

But how was the scene changed, when I went to the boys? They seemed as dead as stones, and scarce appeared to mind any thing that was said: nay some of them could hardly refrain from laughter. However I spoke on, and set before them the terrors of the Lord. Presently one was cut to the heart; soon after, another and another. And in ten minutes, the far greater part of them were little less

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affected

affected than the girls had been. Except at *Kingswood*, I have seen no such work of God upon children for above thirty years. I spoke exceedingly plain in the evening, on *the narrow way that leadeth to life*. But the men were widely different from the children: They were affected just as much as so many horses.

Saturday, February, 1. I found an increase of the work of God even in *Southwark*. Those who so furiously opposed us some years ago, as though they would have swallowed us up quick, are now crumbled into nothing. Only the old chapel subsists, as a dull, useless dissenting meeting-house.

Friday, 7. I called on a friend at *Hampton-Court*, who went with me thro' the house. It struck me more than any thing of the kind I have seen in *England*, more than *Blenheim* house itself. One great difference is, every thing *there* appears *designedly* grand and splendid. *Here* every thing is quite, as it were, natural, and one thinks it cannot be otherwise. If the expression may be allowed, there is a kind of stiffness runs thro' the one, and an easiness through the other. Of pictures I do not pretend to be a judge. But there is one by *Paul Rubens*, which particularly struck me, both with the design and the execution of it. It is *Zechariah* and *Elizabeth*, with *John* the Baptist, two or three years old, coming to visit *Mary* and our Lord sitting upon her knee. The passions are surprizingly expressed, even in the children. But I could not see either the decency or common sense, of painting them stark naked. Nothing can defend or excuse this: It is shockingly absurd, even an Indian being the judge. I allow, a man who paints thus, may have a good *hand*, but certainly *cerebrum non habet*!

Sunday, 9. I buried the remains of *Heller Tanner*. About thirty years he has adorned the gospel: Diligent, patient, loving to every man, and zealous of good works.

Monday, 10. In going to *Darking*, I read Mr. *Jones's* ingenious tract, "upon clean and unclean beasts."

beasts." He really seems to prove his point, to make it reasonably plain, that there is a deeper design in that part of the Levitical law, than is commonly understood : That God had a view throughout to the moral, rather than natural qualities of the creatures which he pronounced unclean ; and intended it as a standing warning to his people, against the fierceness, greediness, and other ill properties, which so eminently belonged to those beasts or birds that they were forbidden to eat or touch.

Tuesday, 11. I casually took a volume of what is called "*A sentimental journey thro' France and Italy.*" *Sentimental!* What is that? It is not *English*: He might as well say, *Continental*. It is not sense. It conveys no determinate idea : Yet one fool makes many. And this nonsensical word (who would believe it?) is become a fashionable one ! However the book agrees full well with the title : for one is as queer as the other. For oddity, uncouthness and unlikeness to all the world beside, I suppose the writer is without a rival !

Wednesday, 12. In returning, I read a very different book, published by an honest quaker, on that execrable sum of all villanies, commonly called the *Slave-trade*. I read of nothing like it in the heathen world, whether antient or modern. And it infinitely exceeds, in every instance of barbarity, whatever christian-slaves suffer in *Mabometan* countries.

Friday, 14. I began to execute a design, which had long been in my thoughts, to print as accurate an edition of my works, as a bookseller would do. Surely I ought to be as exact for God's sake, as he would be for money !

Monday, 17. One gave me a very remarkable relation. A gay, young woman lately came up to London. Curiosity led her to hear a sermon, which cut her to the heart. One standing by observed how she was affected, and took occasion to talk with her. She lamented, that she should hear no more such sermons, as she was to go into the country the

next day ; but begged her new acquaintance to write to her there, which she promised to do. In the country her convictions so increased, that she resolved to put an end to her own life. With this design she was going up stairs, when her father called her, and gave her a letter from *London*. It was from her new acquaintance, who told her, " Christ is just ready to receive you : now is the day of salvation." She cried out, " It is, it is ! Christ is mine !" and was filled with joy unspeakable. She begged her father to give her pen, ink, and paper, that she might answer her friend immediately. She told her what God had done for her soul, and added, " We have no time to lose ! The Lord is at hand ! Now, even now, we are stepping into eternity." She directed her letter, dropped down, and died.

Friday, 21. I met several of my friends, who had begun a subscription to prevent my riding on horseback ; which I cannot do quite so well, since an hurt which I got some months ago. If they continue it, well ; If not, I shall have strength, according to my need.

Tuesday, 25. I had an interview with *T. M—*, who seemed much to desire a re-union. But he only *seemed* : for when we explained upon the head, I found he meant just nothing.

Wednesday, 26. I took my leave of that amiable woman, Mrs. *Bl—*. I doubt whether we shall meet again upon earth : But it is enough, if we meet in Abraham's bosom.

Friday, 28. I opened the new Preaching-house in *Poplar* : One might say, *consecrated* it. For the *English* law (notwithstanding the vulgar error) does not *require*, nay does not *allow*, any other consecration of churches, than by performing public service therein.

Sunday, March, 1. After the Evening service, I went to *Brentford*. Monday, 2. I preached at *Newbury* : Tuesday, 3. About Noon, at the *Devizes*. The furious prejudice which long reigned in this town

town is now vanished away; the persecutors, almost to a man, being gone to their account. In the evening I preached at *Bristol*, and after having spent a few comfortable days there, on Monday, 9, set out for the North. In the Evening I preached at *Stroud*. Here I had much conversation with one that fifteen months ago, was clearly saved from sin: And immediately Satan was permitted to *fft* her as *wheat*. From that moment she was buffeted day and night, so that through the agony of her mind, sleep wholly departed from her eyes, and it was supposed she must soon lose her senses. But in the height of her distress, God spoke, and there was a great calm. All was peace and love, and from that time she has been unpeakably happy.

Wednesday, 11. About Noon I preached at *Tewksbury*, a funeral sermon, for one who had been a pattern of all holiness, till she was snatched away in the bloom of youth! In the evening I preached in the new chapel at *Worcester*. It was thoroughly filled. For a time the work of God was hindered here by a riotous mob. But the Mayor cut them short: and ever since we have been in perfect peace.

Saturday, 14. I left *Worcester*. The frost was exceeding sharp, as it was last year just at this time. I preached in *Bengeworth*, near *Evesham* at Eleven, and then took horse for *Broadmarston*. The North East wind, uncommonly sharp, was exactly in our face. But what is the pleasure or pain of this life? A moment, and it is gone!

Sunday, 15. At Six in the Morning, and Five in the Evening, I preached in our own chapel; at Eleven, in *Quinton* church; and between Two and Three at *Honeybourn*. Monday, 16. As much snow had fallen in the night, it was with difficulty we reached *Accester*, where I took chaise for *Birmingham*. Here our brethren walk in the fear of God, and the comforts of the Holy Ghost. And God has, at length, made even the beasts of the people to be at peace with

them. All were quiet in the Evening. And at Five in the Morning, although so much snow had fallen, that it lay mid-leg deep in all the streets, yet the house was nearly filled.

Tuesday, 17. Partly in a chaise, partly on horseback, I made a shift to get to *Bilbrook*, and after preaching to *Wolverhampton*. Thursday, 19. I preached at *Burton upon Trent*, at *Asbby de la Zouch* in the Afternoon, and in the Evening to a lovely congregation, in the new house at *Loughborough*. Here is a fair prospect: the last society in the circuit, is likely to be one of the first. They increase continually, and are athirst to be not almost, but altogether christians.

Friday, 20. I rode to *Markfield*, through violent rain. The church, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, was pretty well filled, not with curious hearers, but with earnest people, who sought only to save their souls. Some such we found at *Leicester* also, in the Evening, together with many who had little thought about it: to whom, therefore, I spoke in a quite different manner, exhorting them to *awake out of sleep*. I believe, God applied his word; for the house, large as it is, was nearly filled at Five in the morning. And all seemed willing to receive that important truth, *Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord*.

Saturday, 21. About Noon, I preached at *Hoton*; in the Evening, at *Nottingham*. Sunday, 22. While we were crossing *Sawley-ferry*, it rained in good earnest. But it was quite fair, all the time I was preaching at *Donnington*. In the Evening, I preached at *Derby*. Both the room and the yard were crowded enough, and yet abundance went away. After preaching, the people hung at the doors, and could not be persuaded to go away. So at length I suffered them to come in with the society, and strongly exhorted them, to worship God in spirit and in truth.

Monday,

Monday, 23. An huge congregation was present, at Five, to whom I spoke with all possible plainness. About Nine, I reached *Asbbourn in the Peak*: but the house would not hold a quarter of the people. So I stood in the market-place, and cried aloud, *Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found*. One or two walked to and fro, quite unconcerned. But none offered the least rudeness: and the bulk of the congregation drank in every word. While I was dining at *Leake*, some gentlemen of the town sent, to desire I would give them a sermon. As it seemed to be a providential call, I did not think it right to refuse. A large congregation quickly ran together, and were deeply attentive. We had a solemn congregation at *Macclesfield* in the Evening, to whom I preached longer than usual. But I felt no more weariness when I had done, than I did at Six in the Morning.

Wednesday, 25. We went on to *Congleton*, where all is now peace and love. None is now left to speak against the Methodists, except Mr. *Sambach*, the curate. He earnestly labours to drive them from the church; but they will not leave it yet. They both love her liturgy, and her doctrine, and know not where to find better.

Friday, 27. I preached at *Namptwich* about Noon, and then dragged through a miserable road, till within two or three miles of *Whitchurch* the chaise stuck fast, and all our strength could not get it a yard farther. So I took horse and rode to the town. Saturday, 28. I rode on to *Chester*.

Sunday, 29. There were about forty persons in St. *John's* church, at the Morning service. Our room was pretty well filled in the Morning, and crowded in the Evening. Monday, 30. At One, I preached in *Warrington*. I believe, all the young gentlemen of the academy were there: to whom I stated and proved the use of *reason*, from those words of St. *Paul*, *In wickedness be ye children: but in understanding be ye men*.

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I had very large and very serious congregations at *Liverpool*, Morning and Evening, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Friday, April 3. I set out for *Wigan*. But before we came to *Astton*, I was glad to use my own feet, and leave the poor horses to drag the chaise, as they could. I preached at *Wigan* about Twelve, and in the Evening at *Bolton*. How wonderfully has God wrought in this place! *John Bennet*, some years ago, reduced this society from seven-score to twelve. And they are now risen to an hundred and seventy.

Sunday, 5. I preached at Eight, to as many as the house would contain. But at Noon I was obliged to stand in the street, and explain the *one thing needful*. I preached at *Manchester* in the Evening. But the house was far too small: crouds were obliged to go away. The speculative knowledge of the truth has ascended here, from the least to the greatest. But how far short is this of *experimental* knowledge! Yet it is a step toward it, not to be despised.

Monday, 6. In the Afternoon, I drank tea at *Am. O.* But how was I shocked! The children, that used to cling about me, and drink in every word, had been at a boarding-school! There they had unlearned all religion, and even seriousness: and had learned pride, vanity, affectation, and whatever could guard them against the knowledge and love of God! Methodist parents, who would send your girls headlong to hell, send them to a fashionable boarding-school!

Tuesday, 7. I went to *New Mills*. Notwithstanding all the rain, the house was well filled; for nothing can hinder this lively, earnest people. Wednesday, 8. I returned to *Manchester*, and in the Evening fully delivered my own soul. Thursday, 9. Mr. *Bruce* offering to accompany me into *Scotland*. I took him and Mr. *E.* too. And it was well I did. For Mr. *E.*'s horse quickly fell, and so disabled himself, that I was obliged to leave him behind. God grant, that he may not be left behind for ever!

Friday,

Friday, 11. Having sent my chaise before, I rode to *Ambleside*. Thence, on Saturday, we went on comfortably in hired chaises to *Whitehaven*.

Sunday, 12. At Eight we had our usual congregation of plain, earnest people. But at Five, (who would imagine it?) we had well nigh all the gentry of the town. And *the power of the Lord was present to heal them*: so that few, I believe, were unaffected. The same power was present at the meeting of the children. I never, in all my life, was so affected with any part of *Solomon's Song*, as while one of the girls was repeating it!

Monday, 13. At Five in the Evening we had all the gentry again, with several clergymen. And again the Spirit applied the word; for the present even the rich seemed to be moved. As soon as I had delivered my message, I set out for *Cockermouth*.

Tuesday, 14. I set out for *Carlisle*. A great part of the road was miserably bad. However we reached it in the Afternoon, and found a small company of plain, loving people. The place where they had appointed me to preach was out of the gate; yet it was tolerably filled with attentive hearers. Afterwards enquiring for the *Glasgow-road*, I found it was not much round, to go by *Edinburgh*. So I chose that road, and went five miles forward this evening, to one of our friends houses. Here we had an hearty welcome *sub lare parvulo*, with sweet and quiet rest.

Wednesday, 15. Tho' it was a lone house, we had a large congregation at Five in the Morning. Afterwards we rode for upwards of twenty miles, thro' a most delightful country, the fruitful mountains rising on either hand, and the clear stream running beneath. In the Afternoon we had a furious storm of rain and snow: however we reached *Silkerk* safe. Here I observed a little piece of stateliness, which was quite new to me. The maid came in and said, "Sir, *the Lord of the stable* waits to know if he should feed your horses." We call him *Ostler*
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in *England*: After supper all the family seemed glad to join with us in prayer.

Thursday, 16. We went on thro' the mountains, covered with snow to *Edinburgh*. April, 17. Being Good-Friday, I went to the episcopal chapel, and was agreeably surprized: not only the prayers were read well, seriously, and distinctly, but the sermon, upon the sufferings of Christ, was sound and unexceptionable. Above all, the behavior of the whole congregation, rich and poor, was solemn and serious.

Saturday, 18. I set out for *Glasgow*. One would rather have imagined, it was the middle of January than the middle of April. The snow covered the mountains on either hand, and the frost was exceeding sharp. So I preached within, both this Evening and on Sunday Morning. But in the Evening the multitude constrained me to stand in the street. My text was, *What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common*. Hence I took occasion to fall upon their miserable bigotry for opinions and modes of worship. Many seemed to be not a little convinced. But how long will the impression continue?

Monday, 20. I went on to *Grenock*: a seaport town, twenty miles west of *Glasgow*. It is built very much like *Plymouth Dock*, and has a safe and spacious harbour. The trade and inhabitants, and consequently the houses are increasing swiftly. And so is cursing, swearing, drunkenness, sabbath-breaking, and all manner of wickedness. Our room is about thrice as large as that at *Glasgow*: but it would not near contain the congregation. I spoke exceedingly plain, and not without hope, that we may see some fruit, even among this hard-hearted generation.

Tuesday, 21. The house was very full in the Morning. And they shewed an excellent spirit. For after I had spoke a few words on the head, every one stood up at the singing. In the Afternoon I preached at *Port Glasgow*, a large town, two miles east of *Grenock*. Many gay people were there, careless

careless enough : but the greater part seemed to hear with understanding. In the Evening I preached at *Grenock* : and God gave them a loud call, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear.

Wednesday, 22. About Eight, I preached once more in the *Masons Lodge* at *Port Glasgow*. The House was crouded greatly ; and I suppose all the gentry of the town were a part of the congregation. Resolving not to shoot over their heads, as I had done the day before, I spoke strongly of death and judgment, heaven and hell. This they seemed to comprehend. And there was no more laughing among them, or talking with each other, but all were quietly and deeply attentive.

In the Evening when I began at *Glasgow*, the congregation being but small, I chose a subject fit for experienced christians : but soon after, a heap of fine gay people came in. Yet I could not decently break off what I was about, tho' they gaped and stared abundantly. I could only give a short exhortation in the close, more suited to their capacity.

Thursday, 23. was the fast before the Lord's supper. It was kept as a Sunday ; no shops open or business done. Three ministers came to assist Mr. *Gillies*, with whom I had much conversation. They all seemed to be pious as well as sensible men. As it rained in the Evening, I preached in the grammar school, a large, commodious room. I know not that ever I spoke more plain, nor perhaps with more effect.

Friday, 24. We had a large congregation at Five, and many of the rich and gay among them. I was aware of them now, and they seemed to comprehend perfectly well, what it is, to be *ashamed of the gospel of Christ*. I sat out at Seven ; in the Evening I preached at *Edinburgh*, on *My son give me thy heart* ; and after preaching in the Morning, on Saturday, 25. set out for the North.

I reached *Perth* in the Evening, and sent to the Provost

Provost to desire the use of the *Guild Hall*: in which I preached Sunday, 26. in the Morning, and (it being very cold) in the Evening. Afterwards I accepted of the Provost's invitation, to lodge at his house; and spent an agreeable Evening with him and three ministers, concluded with solemn prayer.

Monday, 27. I spent three or four hours in conversation with Dr. *Oswald* and Mr. *Frazer*, two as pious and sensible ministers, as any I know in *Scotland*. From *Metbuen* we went on to *Dunkeld*, once the capital of the *Caledonian* kingdom; now a small town, standing on the bank of the *Tay*, and at the foot of several rough, high mountains. The air was sharp, yet the multitude of people constrained me to preach abroad: and I trust not in vain; for great was the power of God in the midst of them.

Tuesday, 28. We walked thro' the duke of *Albhol's* gardens, in which was one thing I never saw before, a summer-house in the middle of a green-house, by means of which, one might in the depth of winter enjoy the warmth of May, and sit surrounded with greens and flowers on every side.

In the Evening I preached once more at *Perth*, to a large and serious congregation. Afterwards they did me an honour I never thought of, presented me with the freedom of the city. The diploma ran thus:

Magistra tuum illustris ordo & honorandus senatorum cætus inclytæ civitatis Perthensis, in debiti amoris & affectuum tesseram erga *Johannem W—y*, immunitatibus prefatæ civitatis, Societatis etiam & fraternitatis ædilitiæ privilegiis donarunt

Aprilis die 28^a anno Sal. 1772^o

I question whether any diploma from the city of *London* be more pompous, or expressed in better Latin.

In my way to *Perth* I read over the first volume of Dr. *Robertson's* history of *Charles V.* I knew not when I have been so disappointed. It might as well be called the history of *Alexander the Great.*

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Here is a Quarto volume, of eight or ten shillings price, containing dry, verbose dissertations on *Few-dal Government* ! The substance of all which, might be comprized in half a sheet of paper. But *Charles the V?*—Where is *Charles the Fifth*?

“ Leave off thy reflections, and give us thy tale ! ”

Wednesday, 29. I went on to *Brcebin*, and preached in the *Town-hall* to a congregation of all sorts, Seceders, Glasfites, Nonjurors, and what not? O what excuse have ministers in *Scotland*, for not declaring the whole counsel of God, where the bulk of the people not only endure, but love plain dealing?

Friday and Saturday I rested at *Aberdeen*. Sunday, May, 3. I went in the Morning to the *English* church. Here likewise I could not but admire the exemplary decency of the congregation. This was the more remarkable, because so miserable a reader, I never heard before. Listening with all attention, I understood but one single word, *Balak*, in the first lesson: and one more, *begat*, was all I could possibly distinguish in the second. Is there no man of spirit belonging to this congregation? Why is such a burlesque upon public worship suffered? Would it not be far better, to pay this gentleman for *doing nothing*, than for *doing mischief*? For bringing a scandal upon religion?

About Three I preached at the college kirk in the *Old town*, to a large congregation, rich and poor: at Six, in our own house, on *the narrow way*. I spoke exceeding plain, both this Evening and the next; yet none were offended. What encouragement has every preacher in this country, by *manifestation of the truth to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God*?

Tuesday. 5. I read over in my journey Dr. *Beattie's* ingenious “ Enquiry after Truth.” He is a writer quite equal to his subject, and far above the match of all the *minute philosophers*, *David Hume* in
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particular, the most insolent despiser of truth and virtue, that ever appeared in the world. And yet it seems, some complain of this Doctor's using him with too great severity! I cannot understand, how that can be, unless he treated him with rudeness, (which he does not) since he is an avowed enemy to God and man, and to all that is sacred and valuable upon earth.

In the Evening I preached in the New House at *Arbroth*, (properly *Aberbrothock*.) In this town there is a change indeed! It was wicked to a proverb: remarkable for sabbath-breaking, cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and a general contempt of religion. But it is not so now. Open wickedness disappears; no oaths are heard, no drunkenness seen in the streets. And many have not only ceased from evil, and learned to do well, but are witnesses of the inward kingdom of God, *righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost*.

Wednesday, 6. The magistrates here also did me the honour of presenting me with the freedom of their corporation. I value it as a token of their respect, tho' I shall hardly make any farther use of it.

Thursday, 7. I took *Thomas Cherry* away with me; but it was too late. He will hardly recover. Let all observe, (that no more preachers may murder themselves.) Here is another martyr to *Screaming*!

We had an huge congregation in the Evening at *Dundee*, it being the fast-day, before the sacrament. Never in my life did I speak more plain or close: let God apply it as it pleaseth him. Friday, 8. I laboured to reconcile those, who (according to the custom of the place) were vehemently contending about nothing. Saturday, 9. I went to *Edinburgh*.

Sunday, 10. I attended the church of *England* service in the Morning, and that of the kirk in the Afternoon. Truly *no man having drank old wine, straitway desireth new*. How dull and dry did the latter appear to me, who had been accustomed to the former,

former. In the Evening I endeavoured to reach the hearts of a large congregation, by applying part of the sermon on the mount. And I am persuaded God applied it with power to many consciences.

Monday, 11. I spoke severally to the members of the society, as closely as I could. Out of ninety (now united) I scarce found ten of the original society: so indefatigable have the good ministers been, to root out the seed God had sown in their hearts.

Thursday, 12. I preached at *Ormiston*, ten miles south of *Edinburgh*, to a large and deeply serious congregation. I dined at the minister's, a sensible man, who heartily bid us God speed. But he soon changed his mind; Lord *H—n* informed him, that he had received a letter from Lady *H—* assuring him, that we were "*dreadful heretics*, to whom no countenance should be given." 'Tis pity! should not the children of God leave the devil, to do his own work?

Wednesday, 13. I preached at *Leith*, in the most horrid, dreary room I have seen in the kingdom. But the next day I found another kind of room, airy, cheerful and lightsom; which Mr. *Parker* undertook to fit up for the purpose, without any delay.

Sunday, 17. I had appointed to preach at Noon, in the *Lady's Walk* at *Leith*. But being offered the use of the episcopal chapel, I willingly accepted it, and both read prayers and preached. Here also the behaviour of the congregation did honour to our church.

Monday, 18. Dr. *Hamilton* brought with him Dr. *Monro* and Dr. *Gregory*. They satisfied me what my disorder was; and told me, there was but one method of cure. Perhaps but one natural one: but I think, God has more than one method of healing either the soul or the body.

In the Evening, (the weather being still severe) I preached in the new house at *Leith*, to a lovely audience, on *Narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life.*

Many were present again at Five in the Morning. How long have we toiled here almost in vain! Yet I cannot but hope, God will at length have a people even in this place.

Wednesday, 20. I took my leave of *Edinburgh* in the Morning, by strongly enforcing the apostle's exhortation, *Be careful for nothing, but in every thing make your requests known unto God, with thanksgiving.*

I had designed to preach (as usual) at Provost *Dixon's* in *Haddington*, in the way to *Dunbar*. But the provost too had received light from the "circular letter," and durst not receive those *heretics*. So we went round by the marquis of *Tweeddale's* seat, compleatly finished within and without. But he that took so much delight in it, is gone to his long home, and has left it to one, that has no taste or regard for it. So rolls the world away!

In the Evening, I preached at *Dunbar*. Thursday, 21. I went to the *Bass*, seven miles from it, which, in the horrid reign of *Charles* the Second, was the prison of those venerable men, who suffered the loss of all things, for a good conscience. It is an high rock surrounded by the sea, two or three miles in circumference, and about two miles from the shore. The strong East wind made the water so rough, that the boat could hardly live. And when we came to the only landing place, (the other sides being quite perpendicular) it was with much difficulty that we got up, climbing on our hands and knees. The castle, as one may judge by what remains, was utterly inaccessible. The walls of the chapel, and of the governor's house, are tolerably intire. The garden walls are still seen near the top of the rock, with the well in the midst of it. And round the walls there are spots of grass, that feed eighteen or twenty sheep. But the proper natives of the island are *solan-geese*, a bird about the size of a *Muscovy*-duck, which breed by thousands, from generation to generation, on the sides of the rock. It is peculiar to these, that they lay but one egg, which

which they do not sit upon at all; but keep it under one foot, (as we saw with our eyes) till it is hatched. How many prayers did the holy men confined here offer up, in that evil day! And how many thanksgivings should we return, for all the liberty, civil and religious, which we enjoy!

At our return, we walked over the ruins of *Tantallon* castle, once the seat of the great earls of *Douglas*. The front walls (it was four square) are still standing, and, by their vast height and huge thickness, give us a little idea of what it once was. Such is human greatness!

Friday, 22. We took a view of the famous *Roman* camp, lying on a mountain, two or three miles from the town. It is encompassed with two broad and deep ditches, and is not easy of approach on any side. Here lay general *Lesley* with his army, while *Cromwell* was starving below. He had no way to escape: but the enthusiastic fury of the *Scots* delivered him. When they marched into the valley to swallow him up, he mowed them down like grass.

Saturday, 23. I went on to *Alnwick*, and preached in the town-hall. What a difference between an *English* and a *Scotch* congregation! These judge themselves rather than the preacher, and their aim is, not only to know, but to love and obey.

Monday, 25. I preached in *Morpeth* at Noon, and in the Evening at *Newcastle*. Wednesday, 27. I went on to *Sunderland*, and was surprized to find the society smaller than I left it. It is true, many are removed to other places, and many are removed to *Abraham's bosom*. But still there must be want of zeal in those that remain, or this loss would have been more than supplied, out of the multitude of serious people, who constantly attend the preaching.

Saturday, 30. I met a company of the most lively children, that I have seen for several years. One of them repeated her hymn with such propriety, that I did not observe one accent misplaced. Fair blossoms! And if they be duly attended, there may be good fruit!

Sunday, 31. At eight I preached near the market-place, to an immense congregation. That in *Gateshead Fell*, at Two, was still more numerous, but more attentive they could not be. About Five, I preached in the *castle-garth* at *Newcastle*, to the largest congregation of all but not the most serious; there being not a few casual or curious hearers among them.

Monday, June 1. I began a little tour through the *Dales*. About Nine, I preached at *Kip-bill*; at One, at *Walsingham*. Here we began to trace the revival of the work of God; and here began the horrid mountains, we had to climb over. However, before Six, we reached *Barnard-castle*. I preached at the end of the preaching-house, to a large congregation of established christians. At Five in the Morning, the house was near full of persons ripe for the height and depth of the gospel. Tuesday, 2. We rode to *New Orygan* in *Teesdale*. The people were deeply attentive; but, I think, not deeply affected. From the top of the next enormous mountain, we had a view of *Wardale*. It is a lovely prospect. The green gently-rising meadows and fields, on both sides of the little river, clear as crystal, were sprinkled over with innumerable little houses: three in four of which (if not nine in ten) are sprung up, since the Methodists came hither. Since that time, the beasts are turned into men, and the wilderness into a fruitful field.

It being very cold, I judged it best to preach in the house, though many of the people could not get in. Just as I began to pray, a man began to scream, and that so loud, that my voice was quite drowned. I desired, he would contain himself as far as he could: and he did so, tolerably well. I then applied the account of the woman of Canaan. The people devoured every word.

Wednesday, 3. I desired to speak with those, who believed, God had saved them from inward sin. I closely examined them, twenty in all, ten men, eight

eight women, and two children. Of one man, and one or two women, I stood in doubt. The experience of the rest was clear; particularly that of the children, *Margaret Spenser*, aged fourteen, and *Sally Blackburn*, a year younger. But what a contrast was there between them? *Sally Blackburn* was all calmness: her look, her speech, her whole carriage was as sedate, as if she had lived three-score years. On the contrary, *Peggy* was all fire: her eye sparkled; her very features spoke; her whole face was all alive; and she looked, as if she was just ready to take wing for heaven! Lord, let neither of these live to dishonour thee! Rather take them unspotted to thyself!

In the Evening, I preached on, *Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.* And indeed God confirmed his word. There was a cry on every side, but not like that last night. This did not damp, but quicken the rest, especially that of the children; many of whom mourned for God, but none rejoiced with joy unspeakable. About twenty of them, steady and consistent, both in their testimony and behaviour, desired to join with their elder brethren, in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving. A few were then also constrained to cry out: but the greater part enjoyed "the silent heaven of love."

Thursday, 5. At Five I took my leave of this blessed people. I was a little surprized, in looking attentively upon them, to observe so many beautiful faces as I never saw before in one congregation: Many of the children in particular, twelve or fourteen of whom (chiefly boys) sat full in my view. But I allow much more might be owing to grace than nature, to the heaven within, that shone outward.

Before I give a more particular account of this work of God, it may be well to look back to the very beginning of it. In this part of *Wardale* the people in general are employed in the lead-mines. In the year 1749, *Mr. Hopper* and *John Brown* came

came and preached among them. But it made no impression; none opposed, and none asked them to eat or drink. Mr. H. nevertheless made them several visits, in the ensuing spring and summer. Towards Autumn four found peace with God, and agreed to meet together. At Christmas two of the exhorters in *Allendale*, determined to visit *Wardale*. Before they entered it, they knelt down on the snow, and earnestly besought the Lord, that he would incline some person who was worthy, to receive them into his house. At the first house where they called, they were bid welcome, and they stayed there four days. Their word was with power, so that many were convinced, and some converted to God. One of these exhorters was *Jacob Rowell*: They continued their visits at intervals, all winter. In the beginning of Summer, about twenty lively, steady people were joined together. From that time they gradually increased to thirty five, and continued about that number for ten years. There was then a remarkable revival among them, by means of *Samuel Meggot*; so that they increased to eighty; but four years since, they were reduced to sixty three. From that time they increased again, and were in August one hundred and twenty.

In two respects, this society has always been peculiarly remarkable; the one, they have been the most liberal in providing every thing needful for the preachers: The other, they have been particularly careful, with regard to marriage. They have in general married with each other; and that not for the sake of money, but virtue. Hence having been yoke-fellows in grace before, they more easily bear the yoke of marriage, and assist each other in training up their children: And God has eminently blessed them therein. For in most of their families, the greatest part of the children above ten years old, are converted to God. So that to several among them one may say, (as St. Paul to *Timothy*) *The faith which dwelt first in thy grandmother, and thy mother, I am persuaded*

persuaded is in thee also. It was observable too, that their leaders were upright men, alive to God, and having an uncommon gift in prayer. This was increased by their continual exercise of it. The preachers were there but once a fortnight. But though they had neither preacher, nor exhorter, they met every night for singing and prayer.

Last Summer the work of God revived, and gradually increased till the end of November. Then God began to make bare his arm in an extraordinary manner. Those who were strangers to God, felt as it were a sword in their bones, constraining them to roar aloud. Those who knew God were filled with joy unspeakable, and were almost equally loud in praise and thanksgiving. The convictions that seized the unawakened, were generally exceeding deep. So that their cries drowned every other voice, and no other means could be used, than the speaking to the distressed, one by one, and encouraging them to lay hold on Christ. And this has not been in vain. Many that were either on their knees, or prostrate on the ground, have suddenly started up, and their very countenance shewed, that the Comforter was come. Immediately these began to go about from one to another of them that were still in distress, praising God, and exhorting them without delay to come to so gracious a Saviour. Many who to that hour appeared quite unconcerned, were thereby cut to the heart, and suddenly filled with such anguish of soul, as extorted loud and bitter cries. By such a succession of persons mourning and rejoicing, they have been frequently detained, so that they could not part till ten or eleven at night, nay, sometimes, not till Four in the Morning.

A farther account was drawn up by the leaders. " On Sunday Afternoon, December, 1. as *William Hunter* was preaching, the power of God fell on the congregation in a wonderful manner. Many being cut to the heart, cried aloud for mercy, and ten were added to the society. On Tuesday Evening we met again

again at Six; but could not part till Ten. In this time four found peace with God, and ran from one to another, exhorting them to believe in Christ. On Wednesday night many were deeply distressed, but none set at liberty. While we were meeting on Thursday, two were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. On Saturday night we met at Six, and three of us sung and prayed. But before the third had done, his voice could not be heard for the cries of the people. Seven of these soon arose, blessing and praising God, and went about encouraging others. Many hardened sinners were much affected thereby, and began to cry as loud as they had done; so that we had nothing to do, but to stand and see the wonderful work of God. And O! how dreadful, yet pleasing was the sight! All this time many were crying for mercy. Among these were four young men, who remained on their knees five hours together. We endeavoured to break up the meeting at Ten; but the people would not go: so that we were constrained to continue till Twelve: Near this time one was asked, "What he thought of this?" He answered, "I wish it be all *real*." He then turned to go home; but after taking a few steps, began to cry aloud for mercy. He cried till his strength was quite gone, and then lay as one dead till about Four o'clock in the Morning: then God revealed his Son in his heart. During this meeting, eleven persons found peace with God.

"On Sunday Morning we met at the common hour, and three of us sung and prayed as usual, till our voice was drowned by the thanksgivings of the new converts, and the cries of convinced sinners. Among the rest an ancient woman was so struck, that she vehemently cried out, "Mercy, mercy! O what a sinner am I! I was the first that received them into my house in *Wandale*, and have heard them almost these thirty years. O pray for me. Mercy, mercy!" It was not long before she found mercy, and mightily rejoiced in God her Saviour. And

And about the same time another mourner passed from death unto life.

" We met again at Two, and abundance of people came from various parts, being alarmed by some confused reports. We sung and prayed; and the power of God descended. A young man who had been deeply wounded in the Morning, now found one mighty to heal. We then concluded: but many of the people came in again, and others stayed at the door. Among those who came in, was one who had been remarkably profligate. He cried for mercy with all his might: several crowded about to see him. And before we parted, not only he, but five more were rejoicing and praising God together. We met again on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and by that time nine more found peace.

" Mr. *Roswell* came on Thursday, stayed three days, and joined many new members. Three and thirty of these had found peace with God, as did five more in the week following. When Mr. *Watson* came, he joined many more, eleven of whom were justified. At our meeting on Tuesday, eleven more were filled with the peace of God. Yet one young man seemed quite unconcerned. But suddenly the power of God fell upon him: he cried for two hours with all his might, and then the Lord set his soul at liberty. On Saturday a few met at Mr. *Hunter's* room, who were athirst for full sanctification. For this they wrestled with God, till a young man found the blessing, as several others have done since. We have ever since continued our meetings, and God has continued his loving-kindness toward us. So that above an hundred and twenty are added to the society, above an hundred of whom are believers."

I left John *Penwick* on Friday, June 5: to examine the society one by one. This he did on Friday and Saturday. The account of what ensued, he gave in the following words.

" On Saturday Evening, God was present thro' the whole service, but especially toward the conclusion. Then one and another dropped down, till fix
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lay on the ground together, roaring for the disquietude of their hearts. Observing many to be quite amazed at this, I besought them to stand still, and see the salvation of God. But the cry of the distressed soon drowned my voice: so I dismissed the congregation. About half of them went away. I continued praying with the rest, when my voice could be heard; when it could not, I prayed without a voice, till after ten o'clock. In this time, four of those poor mourners were clothed with the robes of praise.

"The society now consists of an hundred and sixty five members: of whom there are but twenty, that have not found peace with God. Surely such a work of God has not been seen before, in any part of the three kingdoms."

Such a work, it is true, in many respects, was that at *Everton*, some years since: yet not in all; as will fully appear, if we consider a few more circumstances of this.

"Forty-three of these are children, thirty of whom are rejoicing in the love of God. The chief instrument God has used among these is *Jane Salkeld*, a school mistress, a young woman, that is a pattern to all that believe. A few of her children are, *Phoebe Featherston*, nine years and an half old, a child of uncommon understanding: *Hannah Watson*, ten years old, full of faith and love; *Aaron Ridson*, not eleven years old, but wise and stayed as a man: *Sarah Smith*, eight years and an half old, but as serious as a woman of fifty. *Sarah Morris*, fourteen years of age, is as a mother among them, always serious, always watching over the rest, and building them up in love."

"Mention was made of four young men, who were affected on the second Wednesday in December. These hearing of the roaring of the people, came out of mere curiosity. That Evening, six were wounded and fell to the ground, crying aloud for mercy. One of them hearing the cry, rushed thro' the

the croud, to see what was the matter. He was no sooner got to the place, than he dropped down himself, and cried as loud as any. The other three, pressing on, one after another, were struck just in the same manner. And indeed all of them were in such agonies, that many feared, they were struck with death. But all the ten were fully delivered, before the meeting concluded, which indeed was not till four in the morning."

Jane Collins had been an hearer for twenty years, but was not awakened, till at a prayer-meeting last winter, she was cut to the heart. It being Sunday, the meeting should have ended at Nine: but thro' her distress it continued till near Twelve. She was then hardly persuaded to go home. In the Evening she returned, but was dead as a stone. So she continued all night. But the next day, God revealed his Son in her heart."

"*Edward Farles* had been an hearer for many years, but was never convinced of sin. Hearing there was much roaring and crying at the prayer-meetings, he came to hear and see for himself. That Evening, many cried to God for mercy. He said, he "wished it was all real;" and went away more prejudiced than before, especially against the "roarers and criers," as he called them. But soon after he got home, he was struck to the ground, so distressed, that he was convulsed all over. His family fearing that he would die, sent for some of the "praying people." For some hours he seemed to be every moment on the point of expiring, in deep agony both of body and mind. He then lay as quite breathless. But about Four in the Morning God in a moment healed both soul and body. Ever since he has adorned the gospel."

"The rise of the late work was this. *William Hunter* and *John Watson*, men not of large gifts, but zealous for christian perfection, by their warm conversation on the head, kindled a flame in some of the leaders. These pressed others to seek after it; and

for this end appointed meetings for prayer. The fire then spread wider and wider, till the whole society was in a flame." Thus far *John Fenwick*.

It was observed above, that this work greatly resembled that at *Everton*. It did in many respects, but not in all: To instance in some particulars.

It resembled that work, 1. In its unexpected beginning. No such work had ever been seen before either at *Everton* or in *Wardale*, when it broke out in so astonishing a manner, equally unlooked for by the instruments and by the subjects of it. The latter resembled the former work. Secondly, in the *swiftness* of its progress, I mean, in the persons affected: Many of whom were in one day, or even two or three hours, both convinced of sin (without any previous awakening) and converted to God: 3. In the *number* of persons both convinced and converted; which was greater in a few months, than it had been in *Wardale* from the first preaching there, or in *Everton* for a century. The work in *Wardale* resembled that at *Everton*, 4. In the outward symptoms which have attended it. In both, the sudden and violent emotions of mind, whether of fear, or sorrow, of desire or joy, affected the whole bodily frame; insomuch that many trembled exceedingly, many fell to the ground, many were violently convulsed, perhaps all over, and many seemed to be in the agonies of death. And the far greater part, however otherwise affected, cried with a loud and bitter cry. To name but one circumstance more, there was a great resemblance, 5. In most of the *instruments* whom God employed. These were plain, artless men, simple of heart, but without any remarkable gifts; men who (almost literally) *knew nothing save Jesus Christ, and him crucified*.

In these respects, the work of God in *Wardale* nearly resembled that at *Everton*. But in other respects, they were widely different. For 1. That was the *first work* of God, of the kind, which had ever been in those parts, in the memory of man.

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This was only the revival of a work, which had continued for many years. Now these circumstances are common at the dawn of a work, but afterwards very uncommon. I do not remember to have seen the like, any where in the three kingdoms, unless at the beginning of a work. 2. Although the former work was swift, the latter was far swifter. In general, persons were both awakened and justified in a far shorter time. 3. A far greater number were converted to God in *Wardale*, than about *Everton*; although the number of hearers, round about *Everton*, was abundantly greater than in *Wardale*. 4. Although the outward symptoms were the same, yet in *Wardale* there were none of the dreams, visions, and revelations, which abounded at *Everton*; and which, though at first they undoubtedly were from God, yet were afterwards fatally counterfeited by the devil, to the great discredit of the work of God. 5. There was a great difference in the *instruments*, whom God employed in one and in the other work. Not one of those in or near *Everton*, had any experience in the guiding of souls. None of them were more than *babes in Christ*, if any of them so much. Whereas in *Wardale*, not only the three preachers were, I believe, *renewed in love*, but most of the leaders were deeply experienced in the work of God, accustomed to train up souls in his way, and not ignorant of Satan's devices. And hence we may easily account for the grand difference between the former, and the latter work: namely, that the one was so *shallow*, there scarce being any subjects rising above an *infant state* of grace; the other so *deep*, many, both men, women, and children, being what *St. John* terms *young men* in Christ. Yea, many children here have had far deeper experience, and more constant fellowship with God, than the oldest man or woman at *Everton*, which I have seen or heard of. So that, upon the whole, we may affirm such a work of God, as this, has not been seen before in the three kingdoms.

Friday, 5. Upon examination, I found the society at *Newcastle* also smaller, than it was two years since. This I can impute to nothing, but the want of visiting from house to house; without which the people will hardly increase, either in number or grace.

In the following week, I preached in many towns round *Newcastle*, and on Saturday went again to *Sunderland*. In the Evening, we mightily wrestled with God, for an enlargement of his work. As we were concluding, an eminent backslider came strongly into my mind. And I broke out abruptly, "Lord, is Saul also among the prophets? Is *James Watson* here? If he be, shew thy power!" Down dropped *James Watson* like a stone, and began crying aloud for mercy:

Here, Lord, let all his wandrings end,
And all his steps to thee-ward tend.

Wednesday, 15. I left *Newcastle*. About Noon I preached at *Durham*, in the Evening at *Stockton*: on Tuesday, at *Yarm*; Wednesday, at *Thirsk*; on Thursday at *Osmotherley*, and *Huttonrudy*. Friday, 19. I preached in *Stokesley* at Eight, and then crept over the moors to *Castleton*. The congregation was gathered from many miles round, and was indeed *swift to hear*. It was with much difficulty that we got from hence to *Whitby*, between six and seven.

Here I found a lively society indeed: the chief reason of their liveliness was this. Those who were renewed in love, (about forty in number) continuing fervent in spirit, and zealous for God, quickened the rest, and were a blessing to all around them.

Saturday, 20. It being a fair, mild evening, I preached on the smooth, green top of the hill, a little above the church. As soon as I began to preach, some poor men began ringing the bells. But it was lost labour: for all the people could hear, to the very skirts of the congregation.

Sunday,

Sunday, 21. About Noon I preached in the little square at *Robinhood's Bay*, to most of the inhabitants of the town, and in the Evening at *Scarborough*, in the shell of the new house. Monday, 22. I went on to *Barlington*. The room being far too small, I was desired to preach in the church-yard. On the ringing of the bells, I removed thence to the market-house, where we had more than double the congregation, the snow-ball gathering all the way we went.

Tuesday, 23. About Eleven I preached at *Driffield*. The sun was extremely hot; but I was tolerably screened by a shady tree: In the Evening I preached at *Beverley*, and on Wednesday, 24. in the new house at *Hull*, extremely well finished, and upon the whole, one of the prettiest preaching-houses in *England*. The next Evening we were crowded enough. Being informed that many antinomians were present, I preached on *God sent his own Son, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, walking not after the flesh, but after the spirit*.

Friday, 26. I went on to *Tork*. The next day I read over Mr. *Elze's* ingenious treatise on the *Hydrocele*. He supposes the best cure is by a *seton* or a *caustic*: But I am not inclined to try either of them. I know a Physician that has a shorter cure than either one or the other.

Monday, 29. I preached about Ten at *Tadcaster*, and in the Evening at *Pately-bridge*. Tuesday, 30. Calling at a little inn on the Moors, I spoke a few words to an old man there, as my wife did to the woman of the house. They both appeared to be deeply affected. Perhaps Providence sent us to this house for the sake of those two poor souls. In the Evening I preached in the new house at *Osley*, as neat as that at *Hull*. And the people appeared to be much alive, so that I was greatly comforted among them.

Saturday, July, 4. I rode to the *Erwood*, to *S. Lockwood's*, formerly the wife of young Mr. *Grimshaw*: afterward married to Mr. *Lockwood*, and

now again, a young widow. Her sister was with her, the relict of Mr. *Sutcliff*, whose case was very uncommon. He had for some time used the cold bath, for a nervous disorder, and was advised to try the warm. Immediately he was seized with racking pains all over, and in two hours expired.

At One I preached at *Heptonstall*, to some thousands of people, who stood just before the preaching house, on a lovely green, which rises slope above slope, like artificial terraces. Hence we climbed up and down wonderful mountains to *Kiggley*, where many from various parts were waiting for us. Sunday, 5. Not half the congregation at *Haworth* could get into the church in the Morning, nor a third part in the Afternoon. So I stood on a kind of pulpit, near the side of the church. Such a congregation was never seen there before. And I believe all heard distinctly.

Monday, 6. At Noon I preached to a large congregation at *Bingley*, and at *Bradforth* in the Evening. From this comfortable place, on Wednesday, 8. I went to *Halifax*. My old friend, *Titus Knight*, offered me the use of his new meeting, larger than Dr. *Taylor's* at *Norwich*, full as *superb*, (so he terms it in his poem) and finished with the utmost elegance. But I judged more people would attend in the open air: so I preached in the *Cow-market* to an huge multitude. Our house was well filled at Five in the Morning. At Ten I preached in the new house at *Thong*: at Two in the market-place at *Huddersfield*, to full as large a congregation as at *Halifax*. Such another we had at *Dewsbury* in the Evening. And my strength was as my day.

Saturday, 11. I was presented with Mr. *Hill's Review*, a curiosity in its kind. But it has nothing to do either with good-nature or good manners. For he is writing to an *Arminian*! I almost wonder at his passionate desire to measure swords with me. This is the third time he has fallen upon me without fear or wit. *Tandem extorquebis ut vapules.*

Sunday,

Sunday, 12. I preached at *Morley* about Nine, *Birstal* at One, and *Leeds* in the Evening. Monday, 13. I preached in *Ledstone* church, and spoke as plain and close as I could. But it seemed to be heathen *Greek* to the congregation. In the Evening we had such another congregation at *Doncaster*. Tuesday, 14. I preached at *Sheffield*, Thursday, 16, at *Hatbenham*, and Friday, 17. at *Hatfield*. Here some time since a justice levied a fine on a local preacher, on pretence of the conventicle act. So did a justice in *Kent*, three or four years ago. But it cost him some hundred pounds for his pains.

The next day I rested at *Epworth*. Monday, 20. About Eight I preached at *Brigg*, a noisy, turbulent town, in which no Methodist had preached before. So it was supposed there would be much tumult. But there was none at all; for the fear of God fell upon the whole congregation. I preached in *Fealby* at One, and *Horncastle* in the Evening: on Tuesday and Wednesday, at *Trusthorpe*, *Lowth* and *Grimby*. Here I was informed of a good man, *Thomas Capiter*, dying in the full triumph of faith. He was between twenty and thirty years a pillar and an ornament of the society. A loss one would think, not soon to be repaired. But what is too hard for God?

Thursday, 23. I preached at *Barrow*, and at Five on Friday: about Nine at *Awkborough*; and at Two for the first time, in *Messingham*, under a wide spread tree. One or two poor men, not very sober, made some noise for a time. But they soon walked away, and left me a numerous and attentive congregation. In the Evening I preached at *Owston*, and after a busy day, lay down and slept in peace.

In this journey I read a volume of the *Medical Essays*, lately published at *London*, I have read a thousand strange things; but none stranger than the account which is here given, of three persons who were entirely cured of a confirmed dropsy, one by drinking six quarts a day of cold water, the second, by
drink.

drinking two or three gallons of new cyder, the third, by drinking a gallon or two of small beer, and the same quantity of butter-milk! Why then, what are we doing, in keeping dropical persons from small drink? The same as in keeping persons in the small-pox from air.

Monday, 27. I read Mr. *Adam's* ingenious comment on the former part of the epistle to the *Romans*. I was surprized and grieved. How are the mighty fallen! It is the very quintessence of Antinomianism. I did wonder much, but I do not wonder now, that his *rod does not blossom*.

Wednesday, 29. I crossed over to *Pomfret* (properly *Pontefract*) and about Noon opened the new preaching house there. The congregation was large, and still as night: perhaps this is a token for good. Being straitened for time, I was obliged to ride hard to *Swinsfleet*. And I had strength enough, tho' none to spare.

Thursday, 30. I preached in the new house at *Thorne*: Friday, 31. About Nine at *Doncaster*. It was the first time I have observed any impression made, upon this elegant people. After preaching at *Harbury*, *Wakefield* and *Binstal*, on Sunday Evening I preached at *Leeds*. On Tuesday, August 4. our conference began. Generally during the time of conference, as I was talking from Morning to night, I had used to desire one of our brethren to preach in the Morning. But having many things to say, I resolved with God's help, to preach Mornings as well as Evenings. And I found no difference at all: I was no more tired than with my usual labour: that is, no more than if I had been sitting still in my study from morning to night.

Friday, 7. We had a remarkable instance of God's hearing prayer. Last Friday a poor mourner after Christ, standing by the grave, at the burial of her husband, sunk down into her brother's arms, having no strength left in her. He thought it was with grief: but it was indeed with joy; for just then

then God wrote pardon on her heart. To day she sunk again as one dead, and continued so for some time. When she opened her eyes, she said, "Is not this heaven? Sure I cannot be upon earth still." She was in heaven tho' on earth. She was all love, having given God all her heart. I saw her in the evening, witnessing, that the blood of Christ *cleanseth from all sin.*

Sunday, 9. I preached at *Rotbawell*, in *Thorner* church, and at *Leeds*: Monday, 10. at *Cudworth* and at *Sheffield*. Tuesday, 11. About Eight, I preached at *Grindleford-bridge*. Before Two we reached *Longner*. After we had dined, a poor woman came in, and another, and another, till we had seventeen or eighteen men and women, with whom we spent a little time very comfortably in prayer and praise. At the end of the town the chaise broke down. We had two and twenty miles to *Bailem*. So I took horse, and making haste, came thither a little before preaching-time. Wednesday, 12. I preached at *Salop*, and spake strong words, to the amazement of many *notional* believers. Thursday, 13. I preached at the *Hay*. Friday, 14. About noon, at the request of my old friend *Howel Harris*, I preached at *Trevocka*, on the *strait gate*. And we found our hearts knit together as at the beginning. He said, "I have borne with those pert, ignorant young men, vulgarly called *Students*, till I cannot in conscience bear any longer. They preach bare-faced reprobation, and so broad antinomianism, that I have been constrained to oppose them to the face, even in the public congregation." It is no wonder they should preach thus. What better can be expected from raw lads, of little understanding, little learning, and no experience?

After spending a day or two very comfortably at *Brecknock*, on Monday, 17, I preached in the castle at *Carmarthen*, and on Tuesday. 18. in the new house at *Haverford west*, far the, neatest in *Wales*. There is a considerable increase in this society; and not in number only. After preaching on Wednesday Evening we had such a meeting as I have seldom known.

known. Almost every one spoke, as well as they could for tears; and with the utmost simplicity. And many of them appeared to know the great salvation, to love God with all their heart.

Thursday, 20. I rode over to Mr. Bowen's at *Llanguire*, an agreeable place, and an agreeable family. Here I rejoiced to meet with Mr. Pugh, whose living is within a mile of *Llanguire*. In the Evening he read prayers at *Newport* and preached to a deeply serious congregation. I trust, his lot is cast for good, among a people both desirous and capable of instruction. Friday, 21. I preached again about Eight, and then rode back to *Harford*. After dinner we halted to the passage. But the watermen were not in haste to fetch us over. So I sat down on a convenient stone, and finished the little tract I had in hand. However I got to *Pembroke* in time, and preached in the town-hall, where we had a solemn and comfortable opportunity.

Sunday, 23. The violent rain considerably lessened our congregation at *St. Daniel's*. Afterwards the wind was so extremely high, that I doubted if we could cross the passage. But it stood exactly in the right point: and we got to *Harford* just before the thunder storm began. In the Evening, I took my leave of this loving people, and the next reached *Llanelly*.

Tuesday, 25. I went on to *Swansey*, and preached in the Evening to a numerous congregation. I preached in *Old-castle* church, near *Bridge-end*, about Noon on Wednesday, 26: and in the Evening, in the assembly-room at *Cowbridge*, to an unusually serious congregation. Thursday, 27. I preached at *Cardiff* in the town-hall; as also the following Evening: about noon in the little church at *Cardiff*. Saturday, 29. I went on to *Bristol*.

Wednesday, September, 1. I preached at *Bath*. Our room, tho' considerably enlarged, will not yet contain the congregation, which is still continually increasing.

Friday,

Friday, 4. I went over to *Kingswood* and spake largely to the children, as also on Saturday and Sunday. I found there had been a fresh revival of the work of God among them some months ago. But it was soon at an end, which I impute chiefly to their total neglect of private prayer. Without this, all the other means which they enjoyed could profit them nothing.

Sunday, 6. I preached on the *Key*, at *Kingswood*, and near *Kings-square*. To this day field preaching is a cross to me. But I know my commission, and see no other way of *preaching the gospel to every creature*.

In the following week I preached at *Bath*, *Frome*, *Corsley*, *Bradford*, and *Kainsham*: on Tuesday, 15. at *Pensford*. Thence I went to *Publow*, which is now, what *Latonstone* was once! Here is a family indeed: such mistresses, and such a company of children, as I believe all *England* cannot parallel! Wednesday, 16. I spent an hour with them in exhortation and prayer, and was much comforted among them. I preached in *Pensford* at Eight, *Paulton* about One, and *Colford* in the Evening.

Friday, 18. I preached very quietly at the *Devizes*. Scarce one of the old persecutors is alive. Very few of them lived out half their days; many were snatched away in an hour when they looked not for it.

Friday, 25. I went over to *Kingswood* again, and had much satisfaction with the children. On Sunday I talked with the elder children, one by one, advising them as each had need. And it was easy to perceive that God is again working in many of their hearts.

Wednesday, 30. I began visiting the society from house to house, taking them from west to east. This will undoubtedly be an heavy cross, no way pleasing to flesh and blood. But I already saw, how unspeakably useful it will be to many souls.

Monday,

Monday, October 5. I left *Bristol*, and going round by *Shaftsbury*, *Salisbury*, *Winchester* and *Portsmouth*, on Saturday, 10. reached *London*.

Monday, 12. I began my little tour thro' *Northamptonshire*. Wednesday, 14. A book was given me to write on, the works of Mr. *Thompson*, of whose poetical abilities I had always had a very low opinion. But looking into one of his tragedies, *Edward and Elconara*, I was agreeably surprized. The sentiments are just and noble, the diction strong, smooth and elegant: and the plot conducted with the utmost art, and wrought off in a most surprizing manner. It is quite his master-piece, and I really think might vie with any modern performance of the kind.

Friday, 16. I went round to *Bedford*. I was sorry to hear from alderman *Parker*, that his son-in-law, who succeeded him in the mayoralty, had broke thro' all the regulations which he had made tolerating all the tippling, sabbath-breaking, &c. which Mr. *P.* had totally supprest! Thus shewing to all the world, that he was not *under the law* either of God or man!

Monday, 19. I began my tour through *Oxfordshire*. Tuesday, 20. In the Evening, I preached at *Witney*, to a crowded congregation, and, at present, one of the liveliest in the kingdom. Afterwards I met the society, much alive to God, and growing both in grace and number.

Wednesday, 21. I conversed freely with some of the most amiable christians I know. In the Morning, I met the select society, one and twenty in number, all (it seemed) or all but one rejoicing in the pure love of God. It is no wonder, if the influence of these should extend to the whole society, or even the whole town.

Thursday, 22. I found another society at *Highb Wycombe*, almost as earnest as that at *Witney*. A large congregation was present at Five in the Morning, many of whom were athirst for full salvation. I talked with twelve of them, who seemed to have

experienced it. This is genuine christianity! Friday, 23. I preached at *Chesham*, and on Saturday returned to *London*.

Monday, 26. At Twelve, I set out in the stage-coach, and in the Evening came to *Norwich*. Tuesday, 27. Finding abundance of people were out of work, and consequently in the utmost want, such a general decay of trade having hardly been known, in the memory of man) I inforced in the Evening, *Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.* For many years, I have not seen so large a congregation here, in the Mornings, as well as Evenings. One reason of which may be this. Thousands of people, who, when they had fulness of bread, never considered whether they had any souls or not, now they are in want, begin to think of God. Thursday, 29. I took an exact account of the society, considerably increased within this year. And there is reason to believe, that many of the members are now a little established, and will no longer be driven to and fro, as reeds shaken with the wind. Friday, 30. I went to *Loddon*, ten miles from *Norwich*, where there has been preaching for a year or two. The preaching house, at One, was thoroughly filled with serious and attentive hearers. So was the house at *Norwich* in the Evening. From all these blossoms, will there not be some fruit?

Saturday, 31. A young man of good sense, and an unblameable character, gave me a strange account of what (he said) had happened to himself, and three other persons in the same house. As I knew, they all feared God, I thought the matter deserved a farther examination. So in the Afternoon I talked largely with them all. The sum of their account was this,

“Near two years ago, *Martin S—* and *William J—* saw, in a dream, two or three times repeated to each of them, a person who told them, there was a large treasure hid in such a spot, three miles

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from

from *Norwich*, consisting of money and plate, buried in a chest, between six and eight feet deep. They did not much regard this, till each of them, when they were broad awake, saw an elderly man and woman standing by their bedside, who told them the same thing, and bad them go and dig it up, between Eight and Twelve at Night. Soon after, they went, but being afraid took a third man with them. They began digging at Eight, and after they had dug six feet, saw the top of a coffer or chest. But presently it sunk down into the earth; and there appeared over the place a large globe of bright fire, which, after some time, rose higher and higher, till it was quite out of sight. Not long after, the man and woman appeared again, and said, "You spoiled all, by bringing that man with you." From this time, both they, and *Sarah* and *Mary J*—who live in the same house with them, have heard, several times in a week, delightful music, for a quarter of an hour at a time. They often hear it, before those persons appear; often when they do not appear." They asked me, "whether they were good or bad spirits?" But I could not resolve them.

Sunday, November 1. I administered the Lord's supper, as usual, to the society; and had, at least, fifty more communicants than this time last year. In the Evening, many hundreds went away, not being able to squeeze into the room. For those that were within, it was a blessed season: God watered them with the dew of heaven; and so likewise at Five in the Morning. Even to part in this manner is sweet. But how much sweeter will it be, to meet before the throne?

Monday, 2. No coach setting out hence to day, I was obliged to take chaises to *Bury*. I preached to a little, cold company, on the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the *Corinthians*. This love is the very thing they want: but they did not like to be told so. But I could not help that: I must declare just what I find in the book.

Tuesday,

Tuesday, 3. I went on to *Colchester*. The congregation in the Evening was little smaller than that at *Norwich*. The next Evening, I took an exact account of the society, a little increased since last November. But most of them were hard beset with poverty. So indeed they were ever since I knew them: but they are now in greater want than ever, through scarcity of business. Few of our societies are rich: but I know none in the kingdom so deplorably poor as this. Saturday, 7. I returned in the coach, with very sensible and agreeable company, to *London*.

Sunday, 8. In discoursing on *Psalms* xv. 1. I was led to speak more strongly and explicitly, than I had done for a long time before, on the universal love of God. Perhaps in times past, from an earnest desire of living peaceably with all men, we have not declared, in this respect, the whole counsel of God. But since Mr. *Hill* and his allies have cut us off from this hope, and proclaimed an inexpiable war, we see it is our calling, to go strait forward, declaring to all mankind, that Christ tasted death for all, *to cleanse them from all sin*.

Monday, 9. I began to expound (chiefly in the Mornings, as I did some years ago) that compendium of all the Holy Scriptures, the first epistle of St. *John*.

Friday, 13. I went to *Barnet*, and found a large congregation, though it was a rainy and dark Evening. Saturday, 14. I saw, for the first time, the chappel at *Snowfields* full: a presage, I hope, of a greater work there, than has been since the deadly breach was made.

Tuesday, 17. One was relating a remarkable story, which I thought worthy to be remembered. Two years ago, a gentleman of large fortune, in *Kent*, dreamed that he was walking through the church-yard, and saw a new monument with the following inscription,

“ Here lies the body of *Samuel Savage*, Esq;
 “ who departed this life on September 1772:
 “ aged——”

He told his friends in the Morning, and was much affected. But the impression soon wore off. But on that day he did depart, and a stone was erected with that very inscription.

A gentlewoman present added a relation equally surprizing, which she received from the person's own mouth.

" Mrs. B—, when about fourteen years of age, being at a boarding school, a mile or two from her father's, dreamed she was on the top of the church-steeple, when a man came up, and threw her down to the roof of the church. Yet she seemed not much hurt, till he came to her again, and threw her to the bottom. She thought, she looked hard at him, and said, " Now you have hurt me sadly, but I shall hurt you worse," and waked. A week after, she was to go to her father's. She set out early in the Morning. At the entrance of a little wood, she stopped and doubted, whether she should not go round, instead of through it. But, knowing no reason, she went strait through, till she came to the other side. Just as she was going over the stile, a man pulled her back by the hair. She immediately knew, it was the same man whom she had seen in her dream. She fell on her knees, and begged him, " For God's sake, do not hurt me any more." He put his hands round her neck, and squeezed her so, that she instantly lost her senses. He then stripped her, carried her a little way, and threw her into a ditch.

Mean time, her father's servant coming to the school, and hearing she was gone without him, walked back. Coming to the stile, he heard several groans, and looking about, saw many drops of blood. He traced them to the ditch, whence the groans came. He lifted her up, not knowing her at all, as her face was covered with blood, carried her to a neighbouring house, and, running to the village, quickly brought a surgeon. She was just alive; but her throat was much hurt, so that she could not speak at all.

Just

Just then, a young man of the village was missing. Search being made, he was apprehended in an ale-house, two miles off. He had all her cloaths with him in a bag, which, he said, he found. It was three months before she was able to go abroad. He was arraigned at the assizes. She knew him perfectly, and swore to the man. He was condemned, and soon after executed.

Monday, 23. I opened the new house at *Dorking*, and was much comforted, both this and the following Evening. In returning to *London*, I read over *Belisarius*. The historical part is both affecting and instructive. But his tedious detail of the duties of a king might very well be spared.

Wednesday, December 2. I preached at the new preaching house, in the parish of *Bromley*. In speaking severally to the members of the society, I was surprized at the openness and artlessness of the people. Such I should never have expected to find, within ten miles of *London*.

Monday, 7. I went to *Canterbury*, and on Tuesday to *Dover*. The raw, pert young men, that lately came hither, (vulgarly, though very improperly, called *Students*) though they have left no stone unturned, have not been able to tear away one single member from our society. I preached here two Evenings and two Mornings, to a large and much affected congregation. Thursday, 10. I preached at *Margate* about One, and at *Canterbury* in the Evening. Friday, 11. Passing through *Sittingburn*, I found a congregation ready: so I gave them a short discourse, and went on to *Chatham*.

In this journey, I read over Sir *John Dalrymple's* "Memoirs of the Revolution." He appears to be a man of strong understanding; and the book is wrote with great accuracy of language, (allowing for a few Scoticisms) and intermixt with very sensible reflections. But I observe 1. He believes just as much of the bible, as *David Hume* did. Hence he perpetually ascribes to *enthusiasm* whatever good men did,

from a strong conviction of duty. 2. He cordially believes that idle tale, which King *James* published, concerning Father *Huddleston's* giving King *Charles* extreme unction. My eldest brother asked Lady *Oglethorpe* concerning this. "Sir, (said she) I never left the room, from the moment the king was taken ill, till the breath went out of his body: and I aver, that neither *F. Huddleston*, nor any priest came into the room, till his death." 3. He much labours to excuse that monster of cruelty, *Grabam* of *Claverhouse*, afterwards, as a reward for his execrable villanies, created Lord *Dundee*. Such wanton barbarities were scarce ever heard of, as he practised toward men, women, and children. Sir *John* himself says enough, in telling us his behaviour to his own troops. "He had but *one* punishment for *all* faults, death: and for a very moderate fault, he would ride up to a young gentleman, and, without any trial or ceremony, shoot him thro' the head." 4. He is not rightly informed concerning the manner of his death. I learned in *Scotland*, that the current tradition is this. At the battle of *Gallycrankie*, being armed in steel from head to foot, he was brandishing his sword over his head, and swearing a broad oath, that "before the sun went down, he would not leave an Englishman alive." Just then a musket-ball struck him under the arm, at the joints of his armour. Is it *enthusiasm* to say, Thus the hand of God rewarded him according to his works!

Monday, 14. I read prayers and preached to a crowded congregation at *Gravesend*. The stream here spreads wide; but it is not deep. Many are *drawn*; but none converted, or even awakened. Such is the general method of God's providence: where all approve, few profit.

Thursday, 17. In my way to *Luton*, I read Mr. *Hutcheson's* "Essay on the Passions." He is a beautiful writer; but his scheme cannot stand, unless the bible falls. I know both from scripture, reason and experience, that his picture of man is not drawn

drawn from the life. It is not true, that no man is capable of malice, or delight in giving pain; much less, that every man is virtuous, and remains so as long as he lives: nor does the scripture allow, that any action is good, which is done without any design to please God.

Friday, 18. I preached at *Hertford*. Last year there was a fair prospect there. But the servants of God quarrelled among themselves, till they destroyed the whole work. So that not only the society is no more, but even the preaching is discontinued. And hence those who had no religion before, are now more hardened than ever. A more stupid and senseless mob I never saw, than that which flocked together in the Evening. Yet they softened by degrees, so that at last all were quiet, and as it were, attentive.

Monday, 21. I visited the sick in various parts of the town, but was surprized, that they were so few I hardly remember so healthy a winter in *London*: So wisely does God order all things, that the poor may not utterly be destroyed, by hunger and sickness together.

Sunday, 27. I dined with one who in the midst of plenty is completely miserable, through *the spirit of bondage*, and in particular, through the fear of death. This came upon him not by any outward means, but the immediate touch of God's Spirit. It will be well, if he does not shake it off, till he receives *the Spirit of adoption*.

Thursday, 31. Being greatly embarrassed by the necessities of the poor, we spread all our wants before God in solemn prayer; believing that he would sooner *make windows in heaven*, than suffer his truth to fail.

Friday, January, 1. 1773. We (as usual) solemnly renewed our covenant with God. Monday, 4. I began revising my letters and papers. One of them was wrote above an hundred and fifty years ago (in 1619) I suppose; by my grandfather's father, to her
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he was to marry in a few days. Several were wrote by my brothers and me when at school, many while we were at the University; abundantly testifying (if it be worth knowing) what was our aim from our youth up.

Thursday, 7. I called where a child was dying of the small-pox, and rescued her from death and the doctors, who were giving her saffron &c. *to drive them out!* Can any one be so ignorant still?

We observed Friday the 8th, as a day of fasting and prayer, on account of the general want of trade and scarcity of provisions. The next week I made an end of revising my letters. And from those I had both wrote and received, I could not but make one remark, That for above these forty years, of all the friends who were once the most closely united, and afterwards separated from me, every one had *separated himself!* He left me, not I him. And from both mine and their own letters, the steps whereby they did this are clear and undeniable.

Monday, 18. In my scraps of time this week, I read over "An account of the *European Settlements in America.*" But some part of it I cannot receive; I mean, touching the manners of the *native Americans*: If it be true, that "they all nearly resemble each other," then from the knowledge I have of not a few *American* nations, I must judge a great part of that account, to be pure, absolute romance: and I suspect it to have been transcribed from some papers, which I myself read, before I embarked for *America.*

Thursday, 28. I buried the remains of poor *E. T.*: of whom *ever since she died* her husband speaks as a most excellent woman, and a most affectionate wife! I have known many such instances: Many couples, who while they lived together, spoke of each other as *mere sinners.* But as soon as either was dead, the survivor spake of the deceased as the *best creature* in the world!

Tuesday, February, 2. Captain *Webb* preached at the Foundery. I admire the wisdom of God, in still raising

raising up various preachers, according to the various tastes of men. The captain is all life and fire: Therefore although he is not deep or regular, yet many who would not hear a better preacher, flock together to hear him. And many are convinced under his preaching; some justified; a few built up in love.

Thursday, 4. I had much conversation with T. M. He said, his "printing that wretched book against me, was owing to the pressing instances of Mr. Wb, and Lady H." I cannot tell how to believe it. But if it was, they might have been better employed.

On Monday, 15, and the following days, I took a little journey into *Surry*. On the road I read *Bonawici's* history of the late war in *Italy*. I think the late revolution at *Genoa*, which he recites at large, is altogether as strange as that of *Massaniello* at *Naples*. That an unarmed rabble without any head, should drive a disciplined army, under an experienced general, who were in possession of the arms, the forts and the whole city, not only out of the city and forts, but out of the whole territory of *Genoa*, is a plain proof, That God rules in all the kingdoms of the earth, and executes his will by whomsoever it pleaseth him.

Wednesday, 24. A very remarkable paragraph was published in one of the *Edinburgh Papers*.

"We learn from the *Rosses* in the county of *Donegal*, in *Ireland*, that a Danish man of war, called the *North Crown*, commanded by the Baron *D'Ulfeld*, arrived off those islands, from a voyage of discovery towards the pole. They sailed from *Bornholme* in *Norway*, the 1st of June, 1769, with stores for 18 months, and some able astronomers, landscape-painters, and every apparatus suitable to the design; and steering N. by E. half E. for 27 days, with a fair wind and open sea, discovered a large rocky island, which having doubled, they proceeded W. N. W. till the 17th of September, when they

they found themselves in a strong current, between two high lands, seemingly about ten leagues distant, which carried them at a prodigious rate for three days, when, to their great joy, they saw the main land of America, that lies between the most westerly part of the settlements on Hudson's river and California. Here they anchored, in a fine cove, and found abundance of wild deer and buffaloes, with which they victualled; and sailing southward, in three months got into the Pacific Ocean, and returned by the streights of le Maine, and the West India islands. They have brought many curiosities, particularly, a prodigious bird, called a Contor, or Contose, above six feet in height, of the eagle kind, whose wings, expanded, measure twenty two feet, four inches. After bartering some skins with the country people, for meal, rum, and other necessaries, they sailed for Bremen, to wait the thaw, previous to their return to Copenhagen."

Feb. 24. 1773.

If this account is true, one would hope not *only* the king of *Denmark* will avail himself of so important a discovery.

Wednesday, March, 3. I was invited to see Mr. Cox's celebrated *Museum*. I cannot say, my expectation was disappointed; for I expected nothing, and I found nothing but an heap of pretty, glittering trifles, prepared at an immense expence. For what end? To please the fancy of, fine ladies and pretty gentlemen!

Sunday, 7. In the Evening I set out for *Bristol*, and after spending a few days there, on Monday, 15, went to *Stroud*, and on Tuesday, 16. to *Worcester*. Here I enquired, concerning the "intelligence sent Mr. Hill from *Worcester*" (as he says in his warm book) "of the shocking behaviour of some that professed to be perfect." It was supposed, that intelligence came from Mr. Skinner, a dear lover of me and all connected with me. The truth is, One of the society, after having left it, behaved extremely ill. But none who professed to love God with all
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their heart, have done any thing contrary to that profession.

I came to *Liverpool* on Saturday, 20. Monday, 22. The captain was in haste to get my chaise on board. About Eleven we went aboard ourselves; and before One we ran on a sand-bank. So the ship being fast, we went ashore again. Tuesday, 23. We embarked again on board the *Free-mason*, with six other cabin-passengers, four gentlemen, and two genteel-women, one of whom was daily afraid of falling in labour. This gave me several opportunities of talking closely and of praying with her and her companion. We did not come abreast of *Holyhead* till Thursday Morning. We had then a strong gale, and a rolling sea. Most of the passengers were sick enough, but it did not affect me at all. In the Evening the gentlemen desired I would pray with them: so we concluded the day in a solemn and comfortable manner.

Friday, 26. We landed at *Dunlary*, and hired a coach to *Dublin*. Saturday, 27. I buried the remains of *Richard Walsb*. For several months, he had been quite disordered. But for some time before his death, his senses returned, and he died rejoicing and praising God.

On Monday and Tuesday I examined the Society a little lessen'd, but now well-united together. I was a little surprized to find the Commissioners of the Customs would not permit my Chaise to be landed, because they said, "The Captain of a Pacquet-boat had no right to bring over Goods." Poor pretence! However, I was more obliged to them than I then knew. For had it come on shore, it would have been utterly spoiled.

Monday April 5. Having hired such a chaise as I could, I drove to *Edenderry*. Tuesday 6, I went on to *Tyrrels-pass*. Thursday 8. I preached in the Court-House at *Molingar* in the Morning, and in that at *Longford* in the Evening, and again at Eight in the Morning (being *Good-Friday* :) and then went on to *Athlone*.

I believe all the officers, with a whole army of Soldiers, were present in the Evening: So were most of them the next. I would fain have preached abroad on *Easter-Day*: but the rain would not permit. However the whole Congregation in the house behaved with so remarkable a seriousness, that it was good to be there. And I could not be sorry, that we were driven into it.

Monday 12. I preached at *Ballinaslo* and *Agbrim*. Tuesday 13. As I went into *Eyre-court* the street was full of people, who gave us a loud huzza, when we passed through the market-place. I preached in the open air, to a multitude of people, all civil, and most of them serious. A great awakening has been in this town lately: And many of the most notorious and profligate finners are entirely changed, and are happy witnesses of the gospel salvation.

I preached at *Birr* in the Evening: Wednesday, 14. At *Ferbatin* and *Coolylough*: Thursday, 15. In the church at *Clare*, one of the neatest I have seen in the kingdom. In the Evening I preached at *Fullamore*. I believe all the troopers were present: none of whom was more affected than one who had been a finner far above his fellows. He was present again at Five in the Morning, and seemed fully resolved to forsake all sin.

Friday, 16. In the Evening and at Ten on Saturday, I preached at *Portarlinton*: On Saturday Evening at *Mountmelick*, and on Sunday, 18. at Nine, and again at Twelve, to an artless, earnest serious people. In the Afternoon I went on to *Montrath*. The rain constrained me to preach in the house. And God was present, both to wound and to heal.

Monday, 19. In the Evening I preached in the New House at *Kilkenny*, to a numerous congregation, almost as genteel and full as unawakened as that at *Portarlinton*. The next Evening it was considerably larger, and many seemed to be deeply affected. Even at this fountain-head of wickedness, I trust, God will always have a seed to serve him.

Wednesday,

Wednesday, 21. Some applied to the Quakers at *Eniscorthy*, for the use of their meeting-house. They refused. So I stood at *Hugh M'laughlin's* door, and both those within and without could hear. I was in doubt, which way to take from hence, one of my chaise-horses being much tired: till a gentleman of *Ballyrane* near *Wexford* told me, If I would preach at his house the next Evening, he would meet me on the road with a fresh horse. So I complied, tho' it was some miles out of the way. Accordingly he met us on Thursday, 22, six or seven miles from *Eniscorthy*. But we found, his mare would not draw at all. So we were forced to go on as we could. I preached in the Evening at *Ballyrane*, to a deeply serious congregation. Early in the morning we set out, and at Two in the Afternoon came to *Ballinac-Ferry*.

A troop of sailors ran down to the shore, to see the chaise put into the boat. I was walking at a small distance, when I heard them cry out, "Avast! Avast! The coach is overset into the river." I thought, "However 'tis well my bags are on shore: so my papers are not spoiled." In less than an hour they fished up the chaise, and got it safe into the boat. As it would not hold us all, I got in myself, leaving the horses to come after. At half hour after Three I came to *Passage*. Finding no post-chaise could be had, and having no time to spare, I walked on (six or seven miles) to *Waterford*, and began preaching without delay on, *My yoke is easy, and my burden is light*.

Saturday, 24. I had much satisfaction both Morning and Evening, in the number and seriousness of the congregation. Sunday, 25. Word being brought me, that the Mayor was willing I should preach in the *howling-green*, I went thither in the Evening. An huge multitude was quickly gathered together. I preached on, *I saw the dead small and great, stand before God*. Some attempted to disturb, but without success; the bulk of the congregation

being deeply attentive. But as I was drawing to a conclusion, some of the papists set on their work in earnest. They knocked down *John Christian*, with two or three more, who endeavoured to quiet them; and then began to roar like the waves of the sea: but hitherto could they come and no farther. Some gentlemen who stood near me, rushed into the midst of them, and after bestowing some heavy blows, seized the ringleader and delivered him to the constable. And one of them undertook to conduct me home. So, few received any hurt, but the rioters themselves, which I trust will make them more peaceable for the time to come.

Monday, 26. I went on to *Clobeen*; Tuesday, to *Cork*, Wednesday to *Bandon*. The wind being boisterous, I preached in the house, well filled with serious hearers. Even the fashionable ones, who were not a few, were uncommonly attentive. So they were the next Evening: such congregations had not been seen in *Bandon* for twenty years. And the society was near doubled within a twelve-month. So had God blessed the labours of *William Collins*! Another proof, that *at present*, a prophet is not without honour, even in his own country.

Friday, 30. We had a solemn watch-night at *Cork*. I believe the confidence of many was shaken, while I was enforcing, *Tho' I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing*. An hard saying! But yet absolutely necessary to be insisted on, particularly among the people called methodists. Otherwise how many of them will build on the sand, on an unloving, unholy faith!

Tuesday, May 4. I left *Cork* with much satisfaction, having seen the fruit of my labour. In the Afternoon we had a quick succession of piercing wind, rain, hail and snow: and in a short time after, loud thunder, with a few flashes of lightning. We lodged at *Charleville*, and on Wednesday, 5. after an easy ride dined at *Limerick*.

Here

Here I found as in time past, a settled, serious people, but in danger of sinking into formality. Thursday, 6. I hired a post-chaise for *Balligarane*, the man promising to go two miles and an half an hour. But he could not perform it. In about five hours he could not drive quite twelve miles. I then took horse, and after riding two miles, came just at the time I had appointed. In the Evening I preached at *Newmarket*: papists and protestants flocked together from every side. And for the time they appeared to be greatly affected. But who will endure to the end?

Friday, 7. I returned to *Limerick*, but could not preach abroad, because of the severe weather. Monday, 10. After the Morning preaching, I met the select society. All of these once experienced salvation from sin: some enjoy it still: but the greater part are, more or less shorn of their strength; yet not without hope of recovering it.

Tuesday, 11. The north wind was so high and sharp, that it was thought best, I should preach within. But had I known what a congregation was assembled in the Barracks, I should have preached there at all events. I am afraid satan made us consult our own ease, more than the glory of God.

Wednesday, 12. I took my leave of this affectionate people, and in the Evening preached at *Clare*. What a contrast between *Clare* and *Limerick*! A little, ruinous town! No inn that could afford us either meat, or drink, or comfortable lodging! No society; and next to no congregation, till the soldiers came! After preaching, I spent an agreeable hour, with the commanding officer: and having procured a tolerable lodging in the barracks, slept in peace.

Thursday, 13. We went on, thro' a most dreary country to *Galway*; where, at the late survey, there were twenty thousand papists and five hundred protestants. But which of them are christians? Have the mind that was in Christ, and walk as he walked?

And without this, how little does it avail, whether they *are called* protestants or papists? At Six I preached in the court-house to a large congregation, who all behaved well. Friday, 14. In the Evening I preached at *Ballinrobe*, and on Saturday went on to *Castlebar*. Entering the town, I was struck with the sight of the charter-school: no gate to the court yard! A large chasm in the wall! Heaps of rubbish before the house-door! Broken windows in abundance! The whole a picture of slothfulness, nastiness and desolation! I did not dream there were any inhabitants, till the next day, I saw about forty boys and girls walking from church. As I was just behind them, I could not but observe, 1. That there was neither master nor mistress, tho' it seems, they were both well. 2. That both boys and girls were compleatly dirty. 3. That none of them seemed to have any garters on, their stockings hanging about their heels. 4. That in the heels even of many of the girls stockings, were holes larger than a crown-piece. I gave a plain account of these things to the trustees of the charter-school in *Dublin*: whether they are altered or no, I cannot tell.

Sunday, 16. I preached in the grand-jury-room, Morning and Evening to a lovely congregation, whose hearts seemed to be as melting wax. Monday, 17. I spent a comfortable Afternoon with the amiable family at *Rehins*. I know not that I could bear many such days; strong cordials must not be taken too often. Tuesday, 18. I went on to *Tubbercarnagh*, and on Wednesday Morning to *Sligo*. Here I expected little comfort, as having little expectation of doing any good: and the less, as some strollers were acting a play over the market-house where I was to preach. At Seven I began in our own room. Many of the soldiers, with some officers were present. And the whole congregation, rich and poor, were so remarkably serious, that I had a faint hope, we shall see some fruit, even in cold, barren *Sligo*.

Thursday,

Thursday, 20. We had a large congregation of soldiers, as well as townsmen, at Five in the Morning. In the Evening I preached in the market-house to such a congregation as has not been seen here for many years. Surely God is giving yet another call to the poor, stupid sinners of *Sligo*.

Friday, 21. I went on to *Mannor Hamilton*, and preached to a large and serious congregation. Saturday, 22. in our way to *Swadling-bar*, the hinder axle-tree of the chaise broke in two. I borrowed an horse and rode on, till we overtook one of our friends, who was a coach-maker. By his help the damage was repaired, and things made at least, as good as they were before.

In the Evening we had a large congregation, of (mostly) experienced christians, and a larger at Eight in the Morning on Sunday: but the grand-concourse was in the Evening. When the hearts of the people were as wax melting before the fire, and I trust many received the stamp of love.

Monday, 24. About Noon I preached to just such another congregation at *Tonnylmonn*. Afterwards I talked with four men and eight women, who believe they are saved from sin. Their words were in wisdom as well in power: I think none who heard them could doubt of their testimony.

One of my horses having a shoe loose, I borrowed Mr. *Watson's* horse, and left him with the chaise. When we came near *Iniskillen*, I desired two only to ride with me, and the rest of our friends to keep at a distance. Some masons were at work on the first bridge, who gave us some coarse words. We had abundance more, as we rode thro' the town. But many soldiers being in the street, and taking knowledge of me in a respectful manner, the mob shrunk back. An hour after, Mr. *Watson* came in the chaise. Before he came to the bridge, many ran together, and began to throw whatever came next to hand. The bridge itself they had blocked up with large stones, so that a carriage could not

pass. But an old man cried out, "Is this the way you use strangers?" And rolled away the stones. The mob quickly rewarded him, by plastering him over with mortar from head to foot. They then fell upon the carriage, which they cut with stones in several places, and well nigh covered with dirt and mortar. From one end of the town to the other, the stones flew thick about the coachman's head. Some of them were two or three pounds weight, which they threw with all their might. If but one of them had struck him, it would have effectually prevented him from driving any farther. And then doubtless they would have given an account of the chaise and horses.

I preached at *Sydore* in the Evening and Morning, and then set out for *Roosky*. The road lay not far from *Iniskillen*. When we came pretty near the town, both men and women saluted us, first with bad words, and then with dirt and stones. My horses soon left them behind; but not till they had broke one of the windows, the glass of which came pouring in upon me; but did me no further hurt.

About an hour after, *John Smith* came to *Iniskillen*. The masons on the bridge preparing for battle, he was afraid, his horse would leap with him into the river, and therefore chose to alight. Immediately they poured in upon him a whole shower of dirt and stones. However, he made his way thro' the town, though pretty much daubed and bruised.

At *Roosky*, Mr. *Macburney*, one of our preachers, gave me the following account. On Thursday, March 4. he went to Mr. *Perry's*, a quarter of a mile from *Achalun*, a village six or seven miles from *Iniskillen*. In the Evening, he was singing an hymn, when a large mob beset the house. Six of these rushed in, armed with clubs, and immediately fell upon the people. But many of them joining together thrust them out, and shut and fastened the door. On this they broke every pane of glass in the windows, and threw in a large quantity of stones. They

They then broke into the house, through a weak part of the wall, and hawling out both men and women, beat them without mercy. Soon after, they dragged out Mr. *Macburny*, whom M— N— instantly knocked down. They continued beating him on the head and breast, while he lay senseless on the ground. Yet after a while, coming a little to himself, he got up; but not being quite sensible, staggered, and fell again. Then one of them set his foot upon his face, swearing, "he would tread the Holy Ghost out of him." Another ran his stick into his mouth. As soon as he could speak, he said, "May God forgive you; I do." They then set him on his horse, and M— N— got up behind, and forced him to gallop down the rocky mountain to the town. There they kept him, till a gentleman took him out of their hands, and entertained and lodged him in the most hospitable manner. But his bruises, on the head and breast in particular, would not suffer him to sleep. And ever since he has felt such inward pain and weakness, that it is a wonder he is still alive.

One of those that was much abused was Mr. *Mitchell*, who lives about a mile from the town. On Saturday the mob came to his house, about Eight in the Evening, swearing they "would have his father's heart's blood." They threw many large stones at the windows, and broke a great hole in the door. Thro' this hole, Mr. *Mitchell* seeing no other remedy, fired twice with small shot. At the second shot, they ran away with all speed, no man looking behind him.

Mr. *Perry* and *Mitchell* applying to Mr. *Irwin* of *Green-Hill*, he granted warrants for six of the rioters; and the next week, for fifteen more: but the constable would not take them. And the next week at the assizes held in *Iniskillen*, the *Grand Jury* threw out all the bills! Therefore it is to these honourable gentlemen I am obliged, for all the insults and outrage I met with. But mean time, where

is liberty, civil or religious ? Does it exist at *Athlun* or *Iniskillin* ?

Wednesday, 26. We set out at half hour past two, and reached *Omagh* a little before Eleven. Finding I could not reach *Ding-bridge* by Two o'clock in the chaise, I rode forward with all the speed I could. But the horse dropping a shoe, I was so retarded, that I did not reach the place till between Three and Four. I found the minister and the people waiting. But the church would not near contain them. So I preached near it to a mixt multitude of rich and poor, church-men, papists, and presbyterians. I was a little weary and faint when I came, the sun having shone exceeding hot. But the number and behaviour of the congregation made me forget my own weariness.

Having a good horse, I rode to the place where I was to lodge (two miles off) in about an hour. After tea, they told me another congregation was waiting: so I began preaching without delay, and warned them, of the *madness*, which was spreading among them, namely, *leaving the church*. Most of them, I believe, will take the advice: I hope, all that are of our society. The family here, put me in mind of that at *Rebins*: they breathe the same spirit.

Thursday, 27. I went on to *Londonderry*. Friday, 28. I was in invited to see the bishop's palace, (a grand and beautiful structure) and his garden, newly laid, and exceeding pleasant. Here I innocently gave some offence to the gardener, by mentioning the *Englisb* of a *Greek* word. But he set us right, warmly assuring us, "That the *Englisb* name of the flower, is not *Crane's-bill* but *Geranium*!"

Saturday, 29. We walked out to one of the pleasantest spots, which I have seen in the kingdom. It is a garden laid out on the steep side of an hill; one shady walk of which in particular, commands all the vale and the hill beyond. The owner finished his walks—and died !

In

In the Evening I preached to a serious, artless congregation, at *Rahun*, seven miles west from *Derry*. On Whitsunday, May 30: I dined at Mr. S's a sensible, friendly man; where were five clergymen besides me, all of whom attended the preaching every Evening. One would have imagined from this friendliness of the clergy, joined with the good will both of the bishop and dean, the society would increase swiftly. But in fact, it does not increase at all: it stands just as it was two years ago: so little does the favour of man advance the work of God!

Monday, 31. At Noon I preached at *Muff*, a town five miles north east of *Derry*. In returning, the wind being in our back; and the sun in our face, it was intensely hot. But what signifies either pain or pleasure, that passes away like a dream?

Tuesday, June 1. I preached at the *New Buildings*, and spent an hour with the society. I found them as lively as ever, and more exactly regular than any society in these parts.

Wednesday, 2. I took my leave of this pleasant city, and agreeable people. When we came to the foot of the mountain beyond *Dungevan*, my horses did not chuse to draw me any farther; so I walked on seven or eight miles, and ordered them to follow me to *Cookstown*.

Thursday, 3. At Noon I preached to a large congregation on the green at *Castle-caulfield*, and in the Evening near the barracks at *Charlembunt*.

Friday, 4. We went on to *Armagh*. The Evening congregation in the avenue was very large and exceeding serious; rich and poor kneeling down on the grass, when I went to prayer.

Saturday, 5. I walked over the fine improvements which the Primate has made near his lodge. The ground is hardly two miles round; but it is laid out to the best advantage. Part is garden, part meadow, part planted with shrubs, or trees of various kinds. The house is built of fine, white stone, and is fit for a nobleman. He intends to carry away a bog which lies

lies behind it, and have a large piece of water in its place. He intends also to improve the town greatly and to execute many other grand designs: I doubt, too many even for a primate of *Ireland*, that is above seventy years old!

Sunday, 6. (Trinity Sunday) at Nine, I explained the great text of St. *John*, to an exceeding large congregation. We had at church an anthem, which I know not that I have heard these fifty years, *Praise the Lord, O my soul*; and sung in a manner that would not have disgraced any of our *English* cathedrals. The congregation in the Evening, was the largest I have seen in *Ulster*. And I believe for the present, all were convinced, that nothing will avail, without humble, gentle, patient love.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, I preached at *Hamilton's Barn, Clanmain, Legall, the Grange, and Cockhill*. Thursday, 10. I rode to *Derry Arvill*; some of the liveliest christians I have seen in the kingdom. Eight of them I examined closely, who testified that they had never lost the Witness; nor felt any decay, since the hour they were perfected in love.

On Friday and Saturday I preached at *Portadown, Killmararty, Dawson's Grove, and Tandragee*. Sunday, 13. I preached at Nine with great enlargement of heart. At half hour past Eleven the church service began. The curate read prayers exceeding well, and the Rector preached with uncommon earnestness. But what I most admired was, 1. The cleanness of the church, equal to any I have seen in *England*. 2. The serious behaviour of the whole congregation, and 3. The excellent singing, by forty or fifty voices, half men and half women. I have heard nothing like it in any church, since I came into the kingdom.

The Rector inviting me to dinner, I spent an agreeable hour with him and his curate. The congregation at Six was exceeding numerous, and exceeding serious. We concluded the day with the societies,

societies, gathered from all parts. And great was our rejoicing : many were filled with consolation, and many feeble hands were strengthened.

Monday, 14. After preaching at *Lurgan*, I enquired of Mr. *Miller*, whether he had any thoughts of perfecting his speaking statue, which had so long lain by ? He said, " He had altered his design : that he intended, if he had life and health, to make *two* which would not only speak, but sing hymns alternately with an articulate voice : that he had made a trial, and it answered well. But he could not tell when he should finish it, as he had much business of other kinds, and could only give his leisure hours to this." How amazing is it that no man of fortune enables him to give all his time to the work !

I preached in the Evening at *Lisburn*. All the time I could spare here, was taken up by poor patients. I generally asked, " What remedies have you used ?" And was not a little surprized. What has fashion to do with *physic* ? Why, (in *Ireland* at least) almost as much as with head-dress. *Blisters*, for any thing or nothing, were all the fashion, when I was in *Ireland* last. Now the grand fashionable medicine for twenty diseases, (who would imagine it ?) is *mercury sublimata* ! Why is it not an *balter*, or a *pistol* ? They would cure a little more speedily.

Tuesday, 15. I went to dreary *Newtown*. This place always makes me pensive. Even in *Ireland* I hardly see any where such heaps of ruins as here. And they are considerably increased since I was here before. What a shadow is human greatness !

The Evening congregation in the new market-house appeared deeply attentive : especially the backsliders ; several of whom determined to set out afresh.

When I came to *Belfast*, I learnt the real cause of the late insurrections in this neighbourhood. Lord *Donnegal*, the proprietor of almost the whole country, came hither to give his tenants new leases.

But

But when they came, they found two merchants of the town, had taken their farms over their heads; so that multitudes of them, with their wives and children were turned out to the wide world. It is no wonder that as their lives were now bitter to them, they should fly out as they did. It is rather a wonder, that they did not go much farther. And if they had, who would have been most in fault? Those who were without home, without money, without food for themselves and families? Or those who drove them to this extremity?

In the Evening I preached to a numerous congregation in the new market-house, but trifling enough. Yet by degrees they sunk into seriousness. The greater part of them came again in the Morning: and their behaviour was then remarkably decent.

Thursday, 17. There was a lovely congregation at the Shire-hall in *Carrickfergus*, very large and very serious. Nor was it much smaller at Five in the Morning. I added several to the society, and could not but hope, that there was seed sown here, that will never be rooted up.

Friday, 18. I went to *Ballinena*, and read a strange tract, that professes to discover "the inmost recesses of *Free-masonry*;" said to be "translated from the *French* original, lately published at *Berlin*." I incline to think, it is a genuine account. Only if it be, I wonder the author is suffered to live. If it be, what an amazing banter upon all mankind, is free-masonry! And what a secret is it which so many concur to keep! From what motive? Through fear—Or shame to own it?

In the Evening, the minister offered me the use of the church. I feared it would not contain the people, who ran together so eagerly, that it was with difficulty I could get to the door. But after we had stowed them close together, almost all could get in. I dealt exceeding plainly with them, and they had ears to hear.

Saturday,

Saturday, 19. I declared to a loving people at *Ballinderry*, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Many of them experienced this; and many felt their wants; several children in particular. In the Evening I preached at *Lisburn*, and on the two following days. Monday, 21. I met a gentleman, who looked hard, and asked me, "If I did not know him?" Indeed I did not tho' I had been at his house some years ago in *Londonderry*. Mr. *Sampson* was then one of the ministers there, a lively, sensible man; very fat, and of a fresh, ruddy complexion. But he was now, after a long and severe melancholy, so thin, pale and wan, that I did not recollect one feature of his face. I spent an hour with him very agreeably. He did not shew the least touch of wildness, but calm, rational seriousness: so that I could not but believe, it is good for him, that he has seen affliction.

Wednesday, 23. I preached at *Drumbanabur* and *Newry*. Thursday, 24. Some friends from *Dublin* met us at *Drogheda*. In the Evening we walked to see the place where King *William* passed the *Boyne*. It was almost a desperate attempt, considering the depth of the river and the steepness of the banks! But God was on his side! Near the place an handsome obelisk is erected, with an inscription, giving a brief account of that memorable action.

Friday, 25. I went on to *Dublin*. I left three hundred and seventy-eight members in the society, and found four hundred and twelve, many of whom were truly alive to God. Saturday, July 3. I sent to the commanding officer, to desire leave to preach in the barracks. But he replied, "He would have no innovations." No. Whoredom, drunkenness, cursing and swearing for ever!

Monday, 5. About Eleven we crost *Dublin-bar*, and were at *Hoy-lake* the next Afternoon. This was the first night I ever lay awake in my life, (tho' I was at ease in body and mind). I believe few can say this: in seventy years I never lost one night's sleep!

In my passage I read Dr. *Leland's* history of *Ireland*: a fine writer, but unreasonable partial. I can easily believe, that the *Irish* were originally *Tartars* or *Scythians*, tho' calling at *Spain* in their way: but not, that they were a jot less barbarous, than their descendants in *Scotland*; or that ever they were a civilized nation, till they were civilized by the *English*: much less that *Ireland* was in the seventh or eighth century, the grand seat of learning: that it had many famous colleges; in one of which only, *Armagh*, there were seven thousand students. All this, with St. *Patrick's* converting thirty thousand at one sermon, I rank with the history of *Bel and the Dragon*.

I went by moderate stages, from *Liverpool* to *Madely*, where I arrived on Friday, 9. The next Morning we went to see the effects of the late earthquake. Such it undoubtedly was. On Monday, 27. At Four in the Morning, a rumbling noise was heard, accompanied with sudden gusts of wind, and wavings of the ground. Presently the earthquake followed; which only shook the farmer's house, and removed it entire about a yard; but carried the barn about fifteen yards, and then swallowed it up in a vast chasm: tore the ground into numberless chasms, large and small: in the large, threw up mounts, fifteen or twenty feet high: carried an hedge with two oaks above forty feet, and left them in their natural position. It then moved under the bed of the river; which making more resistance received a ruder shock, being shattered in pieces, and heaved up about thirty feet from its foundations. By throwing this and many oaks into its channel, the *Severn* was quite stoppt up, and constrained to flow backward, till with incredible fury, it wrought itself a new channel. Such a scene of desolation I never saw. Will none tremble, when God thus terribly shakes the earth?

In the Evening I preached under a spreading oak in *Madely-Wood*. Sunday, 11. Morning and Afternoon,

noon, in the church. In the Evening I preached to the largest congregation of all, near the market-house at *Broseley*. I came back just by the famous well. But it burns no more. It ceased from the time a coal-pit was sunk near it, which drew off the sulphureous vapour.

Monday, 12. I preached at *Wolverhampton* and *Birmingham*. In my journey from *Liverpool*, I read Dr. *Byrom's* poems. He has all the wit and humour of Dr. *Swift*, together with much more learning, a deep and strong understanding, and above all, a serious vein of piety. A few things in him I particularly remarked. 1. The first is, concerning the patron of *England*. And I think, there can be no reasonable doubt of the truth of his conjecture, That "*Georgius* is a mistake for *Gregorius*: that the real patron of *England*, is St. *Gregory*, (who sent *Austin* the Monk to convert *England*) and that St. *George* (whom no one knows) came in by a mere blunder." 2. His criticisms on *Homer* and *Horace* seem to be well-grounded. Very probably the *Kύες* mentioned by *Homer*, were not *dogs*, but *attendants*. And without doubt *ἄρνες* means, not *mules*, but the *outguards* of the camp.

It seems, that ode in *Horace* ought to be read

Sume, Meccenas, cyathos amici
Sospitis. Cantum & vigilis lucernas
Perfer in lucem.

In the Art of Poetry he would read,

Unumque prematur in annum :

Lib. 1. Ode 9. For Campus & arece,
Read Cantus & abece

Lib. 3. Ode 9. For Tum mehire mis præsidio scap-
tice aura feret :

Read Cum me—Aura ferat.

Lib. 3. Ode 23. Read Thure placaris & horna
Fruge Lares, avidasque Parcas. And

Lib. 1. Ode 20. Read Vile potabo.

A few things in the second volume are taken from *Jacob Behmen*: to whom I object, not only that he is *obscure*: (altho' even this is an inexcusable fault in a writer on practical religion) not only that his whole hypothesis is *unproved*; wholly unsupported either by scripture or reason: but that the ingenious madman over and over contradicts christian experience, reason, scripture, and himself.

But setting these things aside, we have some of the finest sentiments that ever appeared in the *English* tongue: some of the noblest truths expressed with the utmost energy of language, and the strongest colours of poetry. So that, upon the whole, I trust this publication will much advance the cause of God, and of true religion.

Tuesday, 13. I preached at *Wdnesbury*: Wednesday, 14. at *Dudley* and *Birmingham*. Thursday, 15. I went on to *Witney*, and had the satisfaction to find, that the work of God was still increasing. In the Evening, I preached at the East end of the town, to a numerous and attentive congregation. In the Morning, I met the select society, full of faith and love; although the greater part of them are young; some little more than children. At Six, I preached at the West end of the town, near Mr. *Bolton's* door. After preaching, I had a pleasant journey to *Wheatley*, and the next day to *London*.

In this journey, I read over that strange book, the life of *Sextus Quintus*, an hog driver at first, then a monk, a priest, a bishop, a cardinal, a pope. He was certainly as great a genius, in his way, as any that ever lived. He did great things; and designed far greater: but death prevented the execution. And he had many excellent qualities; but was full as far from being a christian, as *Henry VIII.* or *Oliver Cromwell*.

Wednesday, 21. We had our quarterly meeting at *London*: at which I was surprized to find, that our income does not yet answer our expence. We were again near two hundred pounds bad. My private

vate account I find still worse. I have laboured as much as many writers. And all my labour has gained me, in seventy years, a debt of five or six hundred pounds.

Sunday, 25. was a day of strong consolation, particularly at *Spitalfields*. At Five, I preached in *Moorfields*, to (it was supposed) the largest congregation that ever assembled there. But my voice was so strengthened, that those, who were farthest off, could hear perfectly well. So the season for field-preaching is not yet over. It cannot, while so many are in their sins and in their blood.

Tuesday, August 3. Our conference began. I preached Mornings as well as Evenings. And it was all one. I found myself just as strong, as if I had preached but once a day.

Sunday, 8. At night I set out in the machine, and on Monday reached *Bristol*. In the way, I looked over Mr. ———'s dissertations. I was surprized to find him a thorough convert of Mr. *Stonehouse's*, both as to the pre-existence of souls, and the non-eternity of hell. But he is far more merciful than Mr. *Stonehouse*. He allows it to last (not five millions, but) only thirty thousand years!

It would be excusable, if these menders of the bible would offer their hypotheses *modestly*. But one cannot excuse them, when they not only obtrude their novel scheme with the *utmost confidence*, but even *ridicule* that scriptural one, which always was, and is now held by men of the greatest learning and piety in the world. Hereby they promote the cause of infidelity more effectually, than either *Hume* or *Voltaire*.

Thursday, 12. I set out for *Cornwall*; and the next day we came to *Collumpton*. For five or six days, I think, the weather has been as hot as it is in *Georgia*. After preaching, I went on to *Exeter* with *Ralph Mather*, then an humble, scriptural christian. Saturday, 14. I went on to *Plymouth-dock*, and in the Evening preached in the square. Sunday, 15.

As I could not sleep, (an uncommon thing with me) till near Two in the Morning, my companion was afraid, I should not be able to go through the labour of the day. But I knew, I did not go a warfare at my own cost. At Seven, I preached in Mr. *Kinsman's* preaching-house, on *Strive to enter in at the strait gate*. And I think many received the truth in the love thereof. Between One and Two, I preached in the tabernacle at *Plymouth*, and in the Evening declared in the square, to a multitude of people, the nature of that love, without which all we say, know, believe, do and suffer, profits nothing.

Monday, 16. In the Evening, I preached at St. *Aussel*; Tuesday, 17. in the coinage-hall at *Truro*; at Six, in the main street at *Helston*. How changed is this town, since a Methodist preacher could not ride through it, without hazard of his life!

Wednesday, 18. I preached in the town-hall in *Penzance*. It was soon filled from end to end. And it was filled with the power of God. One would have thought, every soul must have bowed down before him. In the Evening, I preached at St. *Just*: Thursday, 20. in *Penzance* and *Marazion*: and in the Evening in the market-place at St. *Ives*, to the largest congregation I have yet seen in *Cornwall*.

Saturday, 22. I preached in *Illogan* and at *Redruth*; Sunday, 23. in St. *Agnes* church, a town, at Eight; about One, at *Redruth*; and at Five, in the amphitheatre at *Gwenap*. The people both filled it, and covered the ground round about, to a considerable distance. So that, supposing the space to be four-score yards square, and to contain five persons in a square yard, there must be above two and thirty thousand people: the largest assembly I ever preached to. Yet, I found, upon enquiry, all could hear, even to the skirts of the congregation! Perhaps the first time, that a man of seventy had been heard by thirty thousand persons at once!

Hence

Hence I went by *St. Cuthberts, Port Isaac, Camelford*, and *Launceston*, to *Tiverton*. Saturday, 28. I returned to *Bristol*.

Friday, September 3. I went over to *Kingswood*, and enquired into the ground of many heavy charges, which had been confidently advanced against the management there. One article was true, and no more. And this fault is now amended.

I waited a few days, before I sat down what has lately occurred among the children here. From the time God visited them last, several of them retained a measure of the fear of God. But they grew colder and colder, till *Ralph Mather* met them in the latter end of August. Several then resolved to meet in class again, and appeared to have good desires. On Saturday, September 4. he talked with three of them, about Four in the Afternoon. These freely confessed their besetting sins, and appeared to be greatly humbled. At Five all the children met in the school. During an exhortation then given, first one, then two or three were much affected. Afterwards two more were taken apart, who were soon deeply distressed: and one of them (*James Whitestone*), in less than half an hour, found a clear sense of the love of God. Near Seven, they came down the boys in the school; and Mr. *Mather* asked, "Which of you will serve God?" They all seemed to be thunderstruck, and ten or twelve fell down upon their knees. Mr. *Mather* prayed, and then *James Whitestone*. Immediately one and another cried out, which brought in the other boys, who seemed struck more and more, till about thirty were kneeling and praying at once. Before half hour past Nine, ten of them knew, that they were accepted in the beloved. Several more were brought to the birth; and all the children, but three or four, were affected more or less.

Sunday, 5. I examined sixteen of them, who desired to partake of the Lord's supper. Nine or Ten had

had a clear sense of the pardoning love of God. The others were fully determined never to rest, till they could witness the same confession.

Eighteen of the children from that time met in three bands, besides twelve who met in trial band. These were remarkable for their love to each other, as well as for steady seriousness. They met every day : beside which, all the children met in class.

Those who found peace were, *James Whitestone, Alexander Mather, Matthew Lowes, William Snowdon, John Keil, Charles Farr, John Hamilton, Benjamin Harris, and Edward Keil.*

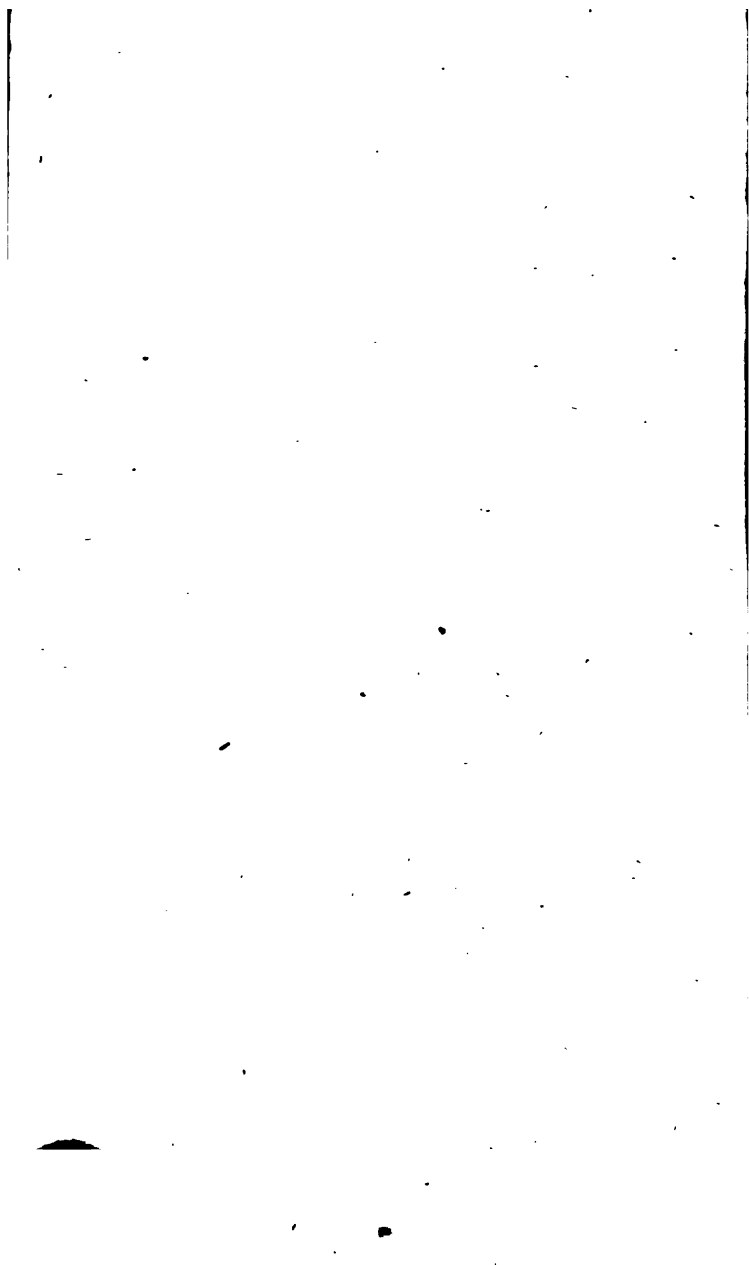
Monday, 6. After Mr. Mather had preached at *Pensford*, he met the children there. Presently the spirit of contrition fell upon them, and then the spirit of grace, and of supplication, till the greater part of them were crying together for mercy, with a loud and bitter cry. And all Miss Owen's children but one, (two and twenty in number) were exceedingly comforted.

Friday, 10. I went over to *Kingswood*, and enquired into the present state of the children. I found part of them had walked closely with God ; part had not, and were in heaviness. Hearing in the Evening, that they were got to prayer by themselves in the school, I went down ; but not being willing to disturb them, stood at the window. Two or three had gone in first ; then more and more, till above thirty were gathered together. Such a sight I never saw, before nor since : Three or four stood and stared as if affrighted. The rest were all on their knees, pouring out their souls before God, in a manner not easy to be described. Sometimes one, sometimes more, prayed aloud : sometimes a cry went up from them all : till five or six of them who were in doubts before, saw the clear light of God's countenance.

Sunday, 12. Four of Miss Owen's children, desired leave to partake of the Lord's supper. I talked with

with them severally, and found they were all still rejoicing in the love of God. And they confirmed the account, that "there was only one of their whole number, who was unaffected on Monday: But all the rest could then say with confidence, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." I suppose, such a visitation of children, has not been known in *England* these hundred years! In so marvellous a manner *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God has perfected praise!*

F I N I S.



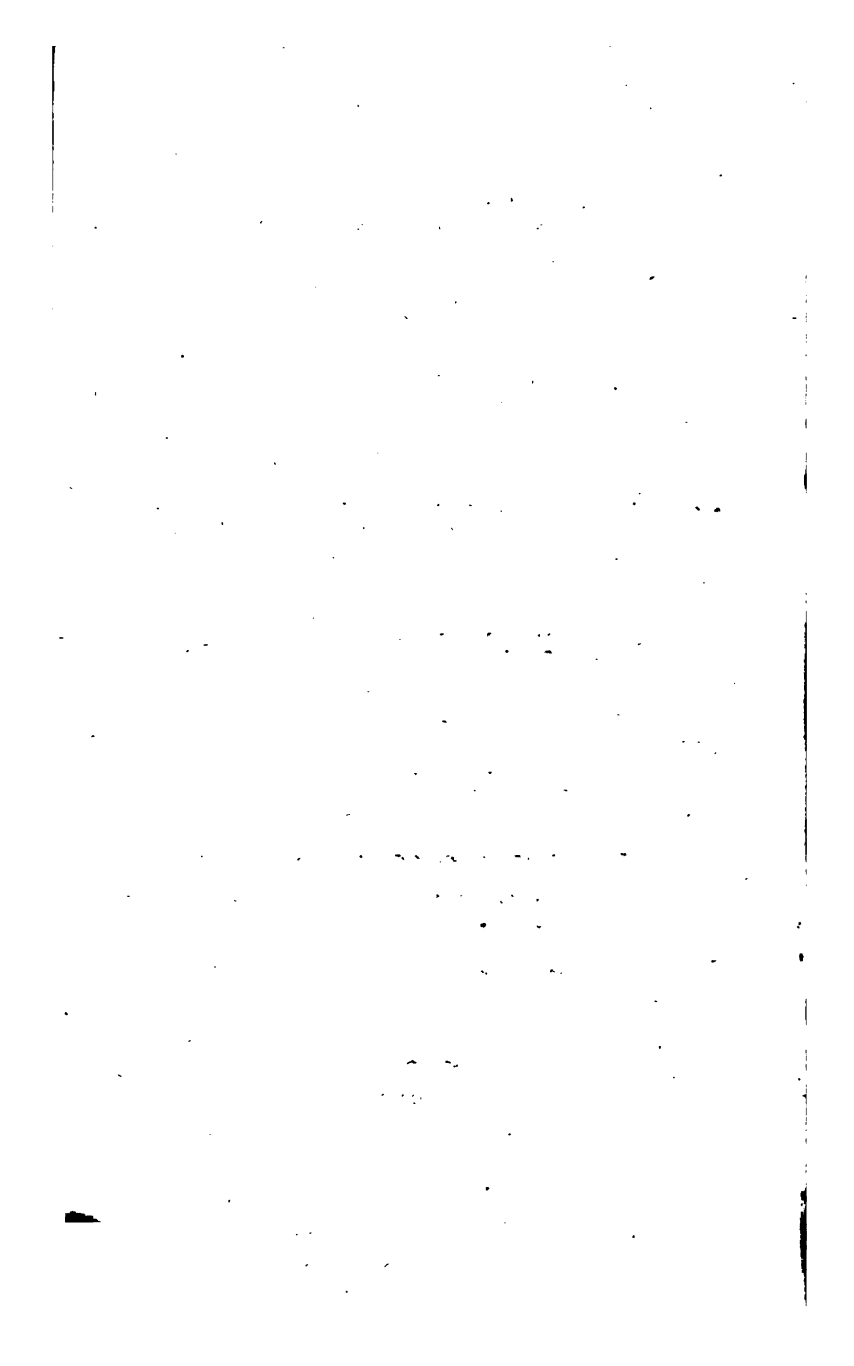
AN
EXTRACT
OF THE
REV. JOHN WESLEY'S
JOURNAL,
FROM
SEPTEMBER 13, 1773,
TO
JANUARY 2, 1776.

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Nº. XVII.  
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AN  
E X T R A C T  
OF THE  
REV. JOHN WESLEY'S  
J O U R N A L.

**M**ONDAY, Sept. 13, 1773. My cold remaining. I was ill able to speak. In the evening I was much worse, my palate and throat being greatly inflamed: however I preached as I could. But I could then go no farther. I could swallow neither liquids, nor solids, and the windpipe seemed nearly closed. I lay down at my usual time; but the defluxion of rheum was so uninterrupted, that I slept not a minute till near three in the morning. On the following three days I grew better. Friday 17, I went to Kingswood, and found several of the children still alive to God.

Saturday 18. I gave them a short exhortation, which tired, but did not hurt me.

Sunday 19. I thought myself able to speak to the congregation, which I did for half an hour. But afterwards I found a pain in my left side and in my shoulder by turns, exactly as I did at Canterbury twenty years before. In the morning I could scarce lift my hand to my head. But after being electrified I was much better: so that I preached with tolerable ease in the evening: and the next evening read the letters, though my voice was weak. From this time I slowly recovered my voice and my strength, and on Sunday preached without any trouble.

Wednesday 29. After preaching at Pensford, I went to Publow, and in the morning spent a little time with the lovely children. Those of them who were lately affected, did not appear to have lost any thing of what they had received. And some of them were clearly gaining ground, and advancing in the faith which works by love. Sunday, Oct. 3. I took a solemn leave of the Society at Bristol, now consisting of eight hundred members.

Monday 4. I went by Shepton Mallet to Shaftsbury, and on Tuesday to Salisbury. Wednesday 7. Taking chaise at two in the morning, in the evening I came well to London. The rest of the week I made what enquiry I could into the state of my accounts. Some confusion had arisen from the sudden death of my Book-keeper; but it was less than might have been expected.

Monday 11. And the following days I took a little tour through Bedfordshire and Northamptonshire. Between Northampton and Towcester we met with a great natural curiosity, the largest Elm I ever saw: it was twenty-eight feet in circumference: six feet more than that which was some years ago in Magdalen College walks at Oxford.

Monday 18. I began my little journey through Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire. In the way I read over Sir Richard Blackmore's Prince Arthur. It is not a contemptible Poem; although by no means equal to his Poem on the Creation, in which are many admirably fine strokes.

Monday 25. I went to Shoreham and spent two days both agreeably and profitably. The work of God, which broke out here two or three years ago, is still continually increasing. I preached near Bromley on Thursday, and on Friday 29, had the satisfaction of dining with an old friend. I hope she meant all the kindness she professed. If she did not, it was her own loss.

Monday, Nov. 1. I set out for Norfolk, and came to Lynn while the congregation was waiting for me. Here was once a prospect of doing much good: but it has almost vanished away. Calvinism breaking in upon



Nov. 1773.

( 5 )

upon them, has torn the infant Society in pieces. I did all I could to heal the breach, both in public and private. And having recovered a few, I left them all in peace, and went on to Norwich on Wednesday.

Friday 5. I preached at noon to the warm congregation at Loddon, and in the evening to the cold one at Yarmouth. I know there is nothing too hard for God: else I should go thither no more. Monday 8, I found the Society at Lakenheath, was intirely vanished away. I joined them together once more, and they seriously promised to keep together. If they do, I shall endeavour to see them again, if not, I have better work.

Tuesday 9. I preached at Bury, and on Wednesday at Colchester, where I spent a day or two with much satisfaction, among a poor, loving, simple-hearted people. I returned to London on Friday, and was fully employed in visiting the Classes from that time to Saturday the 20th.

In my late journey I read over Dr. Lee's *Sophron*: he is both a learned and a sensible man. Yet I judge his book will hardly come to a second impression, for these very obvious reasons: 1. His language is generally rough and unpleasing; frequently so obscure, that one cannot pick out the meaning of a sentence, without reading it twice or thrice over. 2. His periods are intolerably long, beyond all sense and reason; one period often containing ten or twenty, and sometimes thirty lines. 3. When he makes a pertinent remark, he knows not when to have done with it, but spins it out, without any pity to the reader. 4. Many of his remarks, like those of his Master, Mr. Hutchinson, are utterly strained and unnatural: such as give pain to those who believe the Bible, and diversion to those who do not.

Monday 22. I set out for Suffex, and found abundance of people willing to hear the good word; at Rye in particular. And they *do many things gladly*. But they will not part with the accursed thing, smuggling. So I fear with regard to these, our labour will be in vain. Monday 29, I went to Gravesend, on Tuesday to Chatham, and on Wednesday to Sheerness,

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over

over that whimsical Ferry, where footmen and horses pay nothing, but every carriage four shillings! I was pleasing myself that I had seen *One fair day* at Sheerness! But that pleasure was soon over. We had rain enough in the evening. However the house was crowded sufficiently. I spoke exceeding plain to the bigots on both sides. May God write it on their hearts!

Monday, Dec. 6. I went to Canterbury in the stage-coach, and by the way read lord Herbert's Life, written by himself, the author of the first System of Deism, that ever was published in England. Was there ever so wild a Knight-Errant as this? Compared to him Don Quixot was a sober man. Who can wonder, that a man of such complexion, should be an Infidel? I returned to London, Friday 10, with Captain Hinderfon of Chatham, who informed us,—“Being off the Kentish coast, on Wednesday morning last, I found my ship had been so damaged by the storm which still continued, that she could not long keep above water. So we got into the boat, twelve in all, though with little hope of making the shore. A ship passing by, we made all the signals we could; but they took no notice. A second passed near. We made signals and called: but they would not stay for us. A third put out their boat, took us up, and set us safe on shore.”

Friday 17. Meeting with a celebrated book, a volume of Captain Cook's Voyages, I sat down to read it with huge expectation. But how was I disappointed. I observed, 1. Things absolutely incredible: “A nation without any Curiosity.” And what is stranger still, (I fear, related with no good design) “Without any sense of shame! Men and women coupling together in the face of the sun, and in the sight of scores of people! Men whose skin, cheeks, and lips are white as milk.” Hume or Voltaire might believe this: but I cannot. I observed, 2. Things absolutely impossible. To instance in one, for a specimen. “A native of Otaheite is said to understand the language of an island eleven hundred miles distant from it in latitude; besides I know not how many  
hundreds

Jan. 1774.

( 7 )

hundreds in longitude! So, that I cannot but rank this Narrative with that of Robinson Crusoe; and account Tupia to be, in several respects, a-kin to his man Friday.

Saturday 25. And on the following days, we had many happy opportunities of celebrating the solemn feast-days, according to the design of their institution. We concluded the year with a fast-day, closed with a solemn watch-night.

Tuesday, January 4, 1774. Three or four years ago, a stumbling horse threw me forward on the pommel of the saddle. I felt a good deal of pain: but it soon went off, and I thought of it no more. Some months after I observed, *testiculum alterum altero duplo majorem esse*. I consulted a Physician. He told me, it was a common case, and did not imply any disease at all. In May twelve-month it was grown near as large as a hen's egg. Being then at Edinburgh, Dr. Hamilton insisted on my having the advice of Dr. Gregory and Monro. They immediately saw it was a Hydrocele, and advised me, as soon as I came to London, to aim at a radical cure, which they judged might be effected in about sixteen days. When I came to London, I consulted Mr. Wathen. He advised me, 1. "Not to think of a radical cure, which could not be hoped for, without my lying in one posture fifteen or sixteen days. And he did not know whether this might not give a wound to my constitution, which I should never recover. 2. To do nothing while I continued easy." And this advice I was determined to take.

Last month the swelling was often painful. So on this day, Mr. Wathen performed the operation, and drew off something more than half a pint, of a thin, yellow, transparent water. With this came out (to his no small surprize) a pearl of the size of a small shot; which he supposed might be one cause of the disorder, by occasioning a conflux of humours to the part. Wednesday 5, I was as perfectly easy, as if no operation had been performed.

Tuesday 12. I began at the East end of the town, to visit the Society from house to house. I know no branch

branch of the Pastoral office, which is of greater importance than this. But it is so grievous to flesh and blood, that I can prevail on few, even of *our* Preachers, to undertake it.

Sunday 23. Mr. Pentecost assisted me at the Chapel. O what a curse upon the poor sons of men is the *Confusion of opinions!* Worse by many degrees than the curse of Babel, the *Confusion of tongues.* What but this could prevent this amiable young man from joining heart and hand with us?

Monday 24. I was desired by Mrs. Wright of New-York, to let her take my effigy in wax-work. She has that of Mr. Whitefield and many others; but none of them, I think, comes up to a well drawn picture.

Friday 28. I buried the remains of that venerable mother in Israel, Bilhah Asperniell. She found peace with God in 1738; and soon after, purity of heart. From that time she walked in the light of God's countenance, day and night, without the least intermission. She was always in pain, yet always rejoicing, and going about doing good. Her desire was, that she might not live to be useless; and God granted her desire. On Sunday evening she met her Class, as usual. The next day she sent for her old fellow-traveller, Sarah Clay, and said to her, "Sally, I am going." Sarah asked, "Where are you going?" She cheerfully answered, "To my Jesus, to be sure!" and spoke no more.

Sat. 29. And several times in the following week, I had much conversation with Ralph Mather, a devoted young man, but almost driven out of his senses by Mystic divinity. If he escapes out of this specious snare of the devil, he will be an instrument of much good.

Thursday, Feb. 10. I was desired by that affectionate man, Mr. P----, to give him a sermon at Chelsea. Every corner of the room was thoroughly crowded; and all but two or three gentlewomen (so called) were deeply serious, while I strongly enforced "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life."

Monday.

March 1774. ( 9 )

Monday 14. In my way to Dorking; I gave another reading to the Life of Anna Maria Schurman: perhaps a woman of the strongest understanding that the world ever saw. And she was likewise deeply devoted to God. So was also Antionette Bourignon: nearly her equal in sense, though not in learning; and equally devoted to God. In many things there was a surprizing resemblance between them, particularly in severity of temper, leading them to separate from all the world, whom they seemed to give up to the devil without remorse. Only with this difference. Madam Bourignon believed there were *absolutely no children of God*, but her and her three or four associates! Anna Schurman believed there were *almost none*, but her and her little community. No wonder that the world returned their love, by persecuting them in every country.

Thursday, March 3. I preached at L——. But O! what a change is there! The Society is shrunk to five or six members, and probably will soon shrink into nothing. And the family is not even a shadow of that, which was for some years a pattern to all the kingdoms!

Sunday 6. In the evening I went to Brentford, and on Monday to Newbury. Tuesday 8, coming to Chippenham I was informed, that the floods had made the road by Marshfield impassable. So I went round by Bath, and came to Bristol, just as my brother was giving out the hymn; and in time, to beseech a crowded audience, "Not to receive the grace of God in vain."

Saturday 12. I went over to Kingswood, and put an end to some little misunderstandings which had crept into the family. At this I rejoiced; but was grieved to find, Ralph Mather's falling into Mysticism and Quakerism, had well nigh put an end to that uncommon awakening which he had before occasioned among the children. But the next day I found the little paids at Publow, who found peace by his means, had retained all the life which they had received, and had increased therein.

Tuesday

Tuesday 15. I began my Northren journey, and went by Stroud, Gloucester, and Tewksbury, to Worcester. Thursday 17, I preached in the Town-hall at Evesham, to a numerous and serious congregation. Friday 18, I returned to Worcester. The Society here continues walking together in love; and are not moved by all the efforts of those, who would faintly teach them another gospel. I was much comforted by their steadfastness and simplicity. Thus let them *silence the ignorance of foolish men!*

Saturday 19. In the evening I preached at Birmingham, and at eight in the morning. At noon I preached on Bramwick Heath, and, the room being far too small, stood in Mr. Wiley's Court-yard, notwithstanding the keen North-East wind. At Wednesday likewise I was constrained by the multitude of people to preach abroad in the evening. I strongly enforced upon them the Apostle's words, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" If we do not *go on to perfection*, how shall we escape lukewarmness, antinomianism, and hell-fire?

Monday 21. I preached at nine in Darlaston, and about noon at Wolverhampton. Here I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Fletcher, and we took sweet counsel together. Tuesday 22, at five I explained that important truth, That God *trieth us every moment*, weighs all our thoughts, words, and actions, and is pleased or displeased with us, *according to our works*. I see more and more clearly, that *there is a great gulph fixt* between us and all those who by denying this, sap the very foundation both of inward and outward holiness.

At ten I preached at Dudley, and in the afternoon spent some time in viewing Mr. Bolton's works, wonderfully ingenious, but the greater part of them wonderfully useless. Wednesday 23, I preached at Ashby-de-la Zouch, and Thursday 24, we went to Markfield. The church was quickly filled. I preached from these words in the second Lesson, "Lazarus, come forth!" In the evening I preached at Leicester. Here likewise the people "walk in the fear of the Lord, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost."

Sunday

March 1774.

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Sunday 27. About noon I preached at Stapleford, six miles West from Nottingham. I stood in a meadow, because no house could contain the congregation. But it was nothing to that at Nottingham-Cross in the evening, the largest I have seen for many years, except at Gwenap. Monday 28, about noon I preached at Donnington. It was a showery day, but the showers were suspended during the preaching. In the evening I preached at Derby, and had the satisfaction to observe an unusual seriousness in the congregation. Careless as they used to be, they seemed at length to know the day of their visitation.

Tuesday, March 29. About ten, I preached in the Market-place at Ashburn, to a large and tolerably serious congregation. And some, I believe, felt the word of God quick and powerful, while I enforced, "God now commandeth all men every where to repent." After dinner we went on to Newcastle under Lane (that is the proper name of the river) where I was invited by the Mayor, a serious, sensible man, to lodge in his house. I was desired (our room being but small) to preach in the Market-place. Abundance of people were soon gathered together, who surprized me not a little, by mistaking the tune and striking up the March in Judas Maccabeus. Many of them had admirable voices, and tolerable skill. I know not when I have heard so agreeable a sound: it was indeed the voice of melody. But we had one jarring string: a drunken gentleman was a little noisey, till he was carried away.

Wednesday 30. I went on to Congleton, where I received letters informing me, that my presence was necessary at Bristol. So about one I took chaise, and reached Bristol about half an hour after one the next day. Having done my business in about two hours, on Friday in the afternoon I reached Congleton again; (about a hundred and forty miles from Bristol) no more tired (blessed be God!) than when I left it. What a change is in this town! The bitter enmity of the townsfolks to the Methodists is clean forgotten. So has the steady behaviour of the little flock turned the hearts of their opposers.

Easter-

Easter-day, April 3. I went on to Macclesfield, and came just in time (so is the scene changed here also!) to walk to the old church, with the Mayor and the two Ministers. The rain drove us into the house in the evening, that is, as many as could squeeze in; and we had a season of strong consolation, both at the preaching, and at the meeting of the Society.

Monday 4. I went on to Manchester, where the work of God appears to be still increasing. Tuesday 5, about noon I preached at New-Mill, to an earnest, artless, loving people; and in the evening at poor, dull, dead Stockport, not without hopes that God would raise the dead. As one means of this, I determined to restore the morning preaching, which had been discontinued for many years. So I walked over from Portwood in the morning, and found the house well filled at five o'clock. Wednesday 6, I preached at Pendleton pole, two miles from Manchester, in a new Chapel, designed for a Church minister, which was filled from end to end.

Thursday 7. I preached about noon at Northwich, now as quiet as Manchester: and in the evening at that lovely spot Little Leigh. Friday 8, I went on to Chester. Saturday 9, I visited our old friends at Alpraham; many of whom are now well nigh worn out, and just ready for the bridegroom.

Monday 11. I preached about noon at Warrington, and in the evening at Liverpool. Thursday 14, I preached in Wigan at noon, where all tumult is now at an end: the lives of the christians having quite put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. In the evening I preached at Bolton, to the most lively and most steady people in all these parts.

Friday 15. I preached at a Preaching-house just built at Chow-bent, which was lately a den of lions. But they are all now quiet as lambs. So they were the next day at the new house, near Bury. Friday 16. At noon I preached in Rochdale, and in the evening, near the Church in Huddersfield. The wind was high, and very sharp; but the people little regarded it, while I strongly enforced those words, "What dost thou here, Elijah?"

Sunday



April 1774. ( 13 )

Sunday 17. I rode to Halifax. Such a country Church I never saw before. I suppose, except York Minster, there is none in the county so large. Yet it would not near contain the congregation. I was afraid, it would be impossible for all to hear; but God gave me a voice for the occasion. So that I believe all heard, and many felt the application of those words (part of the first Lesson) "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

While I was at dinner at Dr. Leigh's, one came from Huddersfield to tell me, "The Vicar was willing I should preach in the Church." Dr. Leigh lending me his servant and his horse, I set out immediately, and riding fast, came into the church while the Vicar was reading the Psalms. It was well the people had no notice of my preaching, till I came into the town. They quickly filled the church. I did not spare them, but fully delivered my own soul.

Monday 18. The Minister of Heptonstall sent me word that I was welcome to preach in his church. It was with difficulty we got up the steep mountain; and when we were upon it, the wind was ready to bear us away. The church was filled, not with curious, but serious hearers. No others would face so furious a storm. At Ewood in the evening we had the usual blessing.

Tuesday 19. Mrs. Holmes, who has been some years confined to her bed, sent and desired I would preach at her house. As I stood in the passage, she could hear and all that stood in the adjoining rooms. I preached on Rev. xiv. ver. 1---5. It was a refreshing season to her and to many. At half hour after ten I preached in the New House at Hightown, and in the evening at Daw-Green.

I found Mr. Greenwood (with whom I lodged) dying (as was supposed) of the gout in the stomach. But on observing the symptoms, I was convinced it was not the gout, but the Angina Pectoris, (well described by Dr. Heberden; and still more accurately by Dr. M'Bride, of Dublin) I therefore advised him, To take no more medicines, but to be electrified through the breast. He was so. The violent symp-

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toms immediately ceased, and he fell into a sweet sleep.

Thursday 21. I preached at Morley, on, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" About two I preached at the New-built house at Pudsey, where the Germans (I was informed) are continually declining. Twenty years since one would have thought they would never have been moved. But who can stand any longer than God is on their side? This evening and the next I preached to the lively congregation at Bradford, and was much comforted. So were many: indeed all that earnestly desired to recover the whole image of God.

Friday 22. I rode and walked to Bradshaw-house, standing alone in a dreary waste. But although it was a cold and stormy day, the people flocked from all quarters. So they did at noon the next day, to Clough, (two or three miles from Coln;) where though it was cold enough, I was obliged to preach abroad. In the evening I preached to our old, upright, loving brethren at Kighley.

Sunday 24. It being a cold and stormy day, Haworth church contained the people tolerably well. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I preached at Bingley and Yeadon: and on Thursday opened the new House at Wakefield. What a change is here, since our friend was afraid to let me preach in his house, lest the mob should pull it down! So I preached in the main street: and then was sown the first seed, which has since borne so plenteous a harvest.

Hence I went to Leeds, and on Saturday 30, to Birstal. Here, on the top of the hill, was the standard first set up four and thirty years ago. And, since that time, What hath God wrought?

Sunday, May 1. I preached at eight on that delicate device of Satan to destroy the whole religion of the heart, the telling men, "Not to regard *frames* or *feelings*, but to live by *naked faith*: that is, in plain terms, Not to regard either love, joy, peace, or any other fruit of the Spirit: not to regard, whether they *feel* these or the reverse; whether their souls be in a heavenly or hellish *frame*!" At one I preached

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at the foot of the hill to many thousand hearers; and at Leeds to about the same number: whom I besought in strong terms, "Not to receive the grace of God in vain!"

On Monday and Tuesday I preached at Otley and Pately-bridge. Wednesday 4, I went to Ambleside; and on Thursday to Whitehaven. Monday 9, I set out for Scotland. At eight I preached in the Castle-yard at Cockermouth, to abundance of careless people, on, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." In the evening I preached at Carlisle. On Tuesday I went on to Selkirk, and on Wednesday to Edinburgh; which is distant from Carlisle ninety-five miles and no more. Thursday 12, I went in the stage-coach to Glasgow; and on Friday and Saturday preached on the Old Green, to a people, the greatest part of whom *hear* much, *know* every thing, and *feel* nothing.

Sunday 15. My spirit was moved within me at the Sermons I heard both morning and afternoon. They contained much truth, but were no more likely to awaken one soul, than an Italian Opera. In the evening a multitude of people assembled on the Green, to whom I earnestly applied these words, "Though I have all knowledge, though I have all faith, though I give all my goods to feed the poor, &c. and have not love, I am nothing."

Monday 16. In the afternoon, as also at seven in the morning, I preached in the Kirk at Port Glasgow. My subjects were death and judgment, and I spoke as home as I possibly could. The evening congregation at Greenock was exceeding large. I opened and enforced those awful words, "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life." I know not that ever I spoke more strongly. And some fruit of it quickly appeared. For the house, twice as large as that at Glasgow, was thoroughly filled at five in the morning. In the evening, Tuesday 17, I preached on the Green at Glasgow once more, although the North-wind was piercing cold. At five in the morning I commended our friends to God.

B 2

How

How is it that there is no increase in this Society? It is exceeding easy to answer. One Preacher stays here two or three months at a time, preaching on Sunday morning, and three or four evenings in a week. Can a Methodist Preacher preserve either bodily health, or spiritual life with *this exercise*? And if he is but half alive, what will the people be? Just so it is at Greenock too.

Wed. 18. I went to Edinburgh, and on Thursday to Perth. Here likewise the morning preaching had been given up: consequently the people were few, dead, and cold. These things must be remedied, or we must quit the ground.

In the way to Perth, I read that ingenious tract, Dr. Gregory's "Advice to his daughters." Although I cannot agree with him in all things (particularly as to *dancing*, decent *pride*, and both a *reserve* and a *delicacy*, which I think are quite unnatural:) yet I allow there are many fine strokes therein, and abundance of common sense. And if a young woman followed this plan in little things, in such things as daily occur, and in great things copied after Miranda, she would form an accomplished character.

Friday 20. I rode over to Mr. Frazer's at Monedy, whose mother-in-law was to be buried that day, O what a difference is there between the English and the Scotch method of burial! The English does honour to human nature; and even to the poor remains, that were once a temple of the Holy Ghost! But when I see in Scotland a coffin put into the earth, and covered up without a word spoken, it reminds me of what was spoken concerning Jehoiakim, "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass!"

Sat. 21. I returned to Perth, and preached in the evening to a large congregation. But I could not find the way to their hearts. The generality of the people here, are so *wise*, that they need no more knowledge; and so *good*, that they need no more religion! Who can warn them that are brim full of wisdom and goodness, to flee from the wrath to come?

Sunday 22. I endeavoured to stir up this drowzy people, by speaking as strongly as I could, at five, on  
"Awake

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"Awake thou that sleepest:" at seven, on, "Where their worm dieth not," and in the evening on, "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God." In the afternoon a young gentleman in the West-Kirk, preached such a close, practical sermon on "Enoch walked with God," as I have not heard since I came into the kingdom.

Monday 23. About ten, I preached to a considerable number of plain, serious, country people, at Reil, a little town in the middle of that lovely valley, called "The Carle of Gowry." In riding on to Dundee, I was utterly amazed at reading and considering a Tract put into my hands, which gave a fuller account than I had ever seen, of the famous Gowry-Conspiracy in 1600. And I was thoroughly convinced, 1. From the utter improbability, if one should not rather say, Absurdity, of the King's account, (the greater part of which rests entirely on his own single word :) 2. From the many contradictions in the depositions which were made to confirm some parts of it: and 3. From the various collateral circumstances, related by cotemporary writers, that the whole was a piece of King-craft; the clumsy invention of a covetous and blood-thirsty tyrant, to destroy two innocent men, that he might *kill and also take possession* of their large fortunes.

In the evening I preached at Dundee, and on Tuesday 24, went on to Arbroth. In the way I read lord K—'s plausible Essays on Morality and Natural Religion. Did ever man take so much pains to so little purpose, as he does in his Essay on Liberty and Necessity. Cui bono? What good would it do to mankind, if he could convince them, That they are a mere piece of clock-work? That they have no more share in directing their own actions, than in directing the Sea or the North wind? He owns, that "if men saw themselves in this light, all sense of moral obligation, of right and wrong, of good or ill desert, would immediately cease." Well, my lord *sees himself in this light*. Consequently, if his own doctrine is true, he has no "sense of moral obligation, of right and wrong, or good or ill desert." Is he not then  
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excellently well qualified for a Judge? Will he condemn a man for not *holding the wind in his fist*?

The high and piercing wind made it impracticable to preach abroad in the evening. But the house contained the people tolerably well, as plain and simple as those at Rait. I set out early in the morning; but not being able to ford the North-Esk, swollen with the late rains, was, obliged to go round some miles. However I reached Aberdeen in the evening.

Here I met with another curious book, "Sketches of the History of Man." Undoubtedly the Author is a man of strong understanding, lively imagination, and considerable learning. And his book contains some useful truths. Yet some things in it gave me pain: 1. His affirming things that are not true; as, that all Negro children turn black the ninth or tenth day from their birth. No: most of them turn partly black on the second day, entirely so on the third. That all the Americans are of a copper colour: not so: some of them are as fair as we are. Many more such assertions I observed, which I impute not to design but credulity. 2. His flatly contradicting himself: many times within a page or two. 3. His asserting, and labouring to prove, that man is a mere piece of clock-work: and, lastly, his losing no opportunity of vilifying the Bible, to which he appears to bear a most cordial hatred. I marvel, if any but his brother Infidels, will give two guines for such a work as this!

Sunday 29. At seven the congregation was large. In the evening the people were ready to tread upon each other. I scarce ever saw people so squeezed together. And they seemed to be all ear, while I exhorted them with strong and pointed words, Not to receive the grace of God in vain.

Monday 30. I set out early from Aberdeen, and preached at Arbroth in the evening. I know no people in England, who are more loving, and more simple of heart than these. Tuesday 31, I preached at Easthaven, a small town inhabited by Fishermen. I suppose all the inhabitants were present: and all were ready to devour the word. In the evening I preached

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at Dundee, and had great hope, that brotherly love would continue.

In my way hither I read Dr. Reid's ingenious Essay. With the former part of it I was greatly delighted: but afterwards I was much disappointed: I doubt whether the sentiments are just: but I am sure his language is so obscure, that to most readers it must be mere Arabic. But I have a greater objection than this; namely his exquisite want of judgment, in so admiring that prodigy of self-conceit, Rousseau—A shallow, yet supercilious Infidel, two degrees below Voltaire! Is it possible, that a man who admires him, can admire the Bible?

Wed. June 1. I went on to Edinburgh, and the next day examined the Society one by one. I was agreeably surprized. They have fairly profited since I was here last. Such a number of persons having found christian experience I never found in this Society before. I preached in the evening to a very elegant congregation, and yet with great enlargement of heart! Saturday 4, I found uncommon liberty at Edinburgh in applying Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones. As I was walking home, two men followed me, one of whom said, "Sir, you are my prisoner. I have a warrant from the Sheriff, to carry you to the Tolbooth." At first I thought he jested; but finding the thing was serious, I desired one or two of our friends to go up with me. When we were safe lodged in a house adjoining to the Tolbooth, I desired the Officer to let me see his warrant. I found the prosecutor was one George Sutherland, once a member of the Society. He had deposed; "That Hugh Sanderfon, one of John Wesley's preachers, had taken from his wife one hundred pounds in money, and upwards of thirty pounds in goods; and had, besides that, terrified her into madness, so that through the want of her help, and the loss of business, he was damaged five hundred pounds."

Before the Sheriff, Archibald Cockburn, Esq; he had deposed, "That the said John Wesley and Hugh Sanderfon, to evade pursuit, were preparing to fly the country, and therefore he desired his warrant to search for, seize, and incarcerate them in the Tolbooth;  
till

till they should find security for their appearance." To this request the Sheriff had assented, and given his warrant for that purpose.

But why does he incarcerate John Wesley? Nothing is laid against him, less or more. Hugh Saunderson preaches in the connexion with him. What then? Was not the Sheriff strangely overseen?

Mr. Sutherland furiously insisted, That the Officer should carry us to the Tolbooth without delay. However he waited till two or three of our friends came, and gave a bond for our appearance on the 24th instant. Mr. S. did appear, The cause was heard, and the Prosecutor fined one thousand pounds.

Sunday 5. About eight I preached at Ormiston, twelve miles from Edinburgh. The house being small, I stood in the street, and proclaimed *the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ*. The congregation behaved with the utmost decency. So did that on the Castle-hill in Edinburgh at noon: though I strongly insisted, That God "now commandeth all men every where to repent." In the evening the house was thoroughly filled. And many seemed deeply affected. I do not wonder, that Satan, had it been in his power, would have had me otherwise employed this day.

Wednesday 8. I took my leave of our affectionate friends, and in the evening preached at Dunbar. Thursday 9, the wind being high, I preached in the Court-house at Alnwick; but it was intolerably hot. Friday 10, about eleven I preached in the little Square adjoining to the Preaching-house in Morpeth. In the evening I preached at Newcastle: and in the morning, Saturday 11, set out for the Dales. About noon I preached at Walsingham, and in the evening, near the Preaching-house in Weardale.

Sund. 12. The rain drove us into the house, both morning and afternoon. Afterwards I met the poor remains of the Select Society. But neither of my two lovely children, neither Peggy Spence, nor Sally Blackburn were there. Indeed a whole row of such I had seen before; but three in four of them were now as careless as ever. In the evening I sent for Peggy Spence and Sally Blackburn. Peggy came, and I found.



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found she had well nigh regained her ground, walking in the light, and having a lively hope of recovering all that she had lost. Sally flatly refused to come, and then ran out of doors. Being found at length, after a flood of tears, she was brought almost by force. But I could not get one look; and hardly a word from her. She seemed to have no hope left. Yet she is not out of God's reach.

I now enquired into the causes of that grievous decay in the vast work of God which was here two years since. And I found several causes had concurred, 1. Not one of the Preachers that succeeded, was capable of being a nursing father to the new-born children. 2. Jane Salkeld, one great instrument of the work, marrying, was debarred from meeting the young ones: and there being none left, who so naturally cared for them, they fell heaps upon heaps. 3. Most of the liveliest in the Society, were the single men and women. And several of these in a little time contracted an inordinate affection for each other: whereby they so grieved the Holy Spirit of God, that he in great measure departed from them. 4. Men arose among ourselves, who undervalued the work of God, and called the great work of Sanctification, a delusion. By this they grieved some, and angered others, so that both the one and the other were much weakened. 5. Hence the love of many waxing cold, the Preachers were discouraged: and jealousies, heart-burnings, evil surmises, were multiplied more and more. There is now a little revival: God grant it may increase!

Monday 13. At eleven I preached in Teesdale, and at Swaledale in the evening. Tuesday 14, we crossed over the enormous mountain, into lovely Wensdale, the largest by far of all the Dales, as well as the most beautiful. Some years since many had been awakened here, and joined together by Mr. Ingham and his Preachers. But since the bitter dissention between their Preachers, the poor sheep have all been scattered. A considerable number of these have been gleaned up and joined together by our preachers. I came into the midst of them at Redmire. As I rode through the town, the people stood staring on every side, as if we had

had been a company of monsters. I preached in the street, and they soon ran together, young and old, from every quarter. I reminded the elder of their having seen me thirty years before, when I preached in Wensley church, and enforced once more, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved:" when I rode back through the town, it wore a new face. The people were profoundly civil. They were bowing and curtsying on every side. Such a change in two hours I have seldom seen.

Hence we hasted to Richmond, where I preached in a kind of Square. All the Yorkshire militia were there. And so were their Officers, who kept them in awe, so that they behaved with decency. At six I preached at the end of our house in Barnardcastle. I was faint and feverish when I began. But the staying an hour in a cold bath (for the wind was very high and sharp) quite refreshed me, so that all my faintness was gone, and I was perfectly well when I concluded.

Wed. 15. I went on by Durham to Sunderland. Saturday 18, I preached at Biddick. It was fair while I was preaching; but rained very fast both before and after. Sunday 19, I preached at the East end of the town. I think, to the largest congregation I ever saw at Sunderland. The rain did not begin till I had concluded. At two I preached at the Fell, at five in the Orphan-house.

Monday 20. About nine I set out for Horseley, with Mr. Hopper and Mr. Smith. I took Mrs. Smith, and her two little girls, in the chaise with me. About two miles from the town, just on the brow of the hill, on a sudden, both the horses set out, without any visible cause, and flew down the hill, like an arrow out of a bow. In a minute John fell off the coach-box. The horses then went on full speed, sometimes to the edge of the ditch on the right, sometimes on the left. A cart came up against them: they avoided it as exactly as if the man had been on the box. A narrow bridge was at the foot of the hill. They went directly over the middle of it. They ran up the next hill with the same speed; many persons meeting us, but getting out of the way. Near the top of the hill

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was a gate which led into a farmer's yard. It stood open. They turned short, and run through it, without touching the gate on one side, or the post on the other. I thought, "However the gate which is on the other side of the yard, and is shut, will stop them." But they rushed through it as if it had been a cobweb, and galloped on through the corn-field. The little girls cried out, "Grandpappa, save us." I told them, "Nothing will hurt you: do not be afraid;" feeling no more fear or care, (blessed be God!) than if I had been sitting in my study. The horses ran on, till they came to the edge of a steep precipice. Just then Mr. Smith, who could not overtake us before, galloped in between. They stopped in a moment. Had they gone on ever so little, he and we must have gone down together!

I am persuaded both evil and good angels, had a large share in this transaction: how large we do not know now: but we shall know hereafter.

I think some of the most remarkable circumstances were, 1. Both the horses, which were tame and quiet as could be, starting out in a moment just at the top of the hill, and running down full speed. 2. The coachman's being thrown on his head with such violence, and yet not hurt at all. 3. The chaise running again and again to the edge of each ditch, and yet not into it. 4. The avoiding the cart. 5. The keeping just the middle of the bridge. 6. The turning short through the first gate, in a manner that no coachman in England could have turned them, when in full gallop. 7. The going through the second gate as if it had been but smoke, without slackening their pace at all. This would have been impossible, had not the end of the chariot-pole struck exactly on the center of the gate: whence the whole, by the sudden impetuous shock, was broke into small pieces. 8. That the little girl, who used to have fits, on my saying, "Nothing will hurt you," ceased crying, and was quite composed. Lastly, that Mr. Smith struck in just then: in a minute more, we had been down the precipice. And had not the horses stopped at once, they must have carried him and us down together! "Let those give thanks,

thanks, whom the Lord hath redeemed, and delivered from the hand of the enemy!"

Frid. 24. I read over Dr. Wilson's tract, on the Circulation of the Blood. What are we sure of but the Bible! I thought nothing had been more sure, than that the heart is the grand, moving power, which both begins and continues the circulation. But I think the Dr. has clearly proved, that it does not begin at the heart: and that the heart has quite another office: only *receiving* the blood, which then moves on through its channels, on the mere principal of suction, assisted by the ethereal fire, which is connected with every particle of it.

Sunday 26. In the morning I preached at the Ballast-hills, among the glass-men, keel-men, and sailors. As these had nothing to pay, I exhorted them, "to buy wine and milk without money and without price."

Monday 27. I took my leave of this lovely place and people, and about ten preached to a serious congregation at Durham. About six I preached at Stockton-upon-Tees, on a text suited to the congregation, "Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

Tuesday 28. This being my birth-day, the first day of my seventy-second year, I was considering, how is this, that I find just the same strength, as I did thirty years ago? That my sight is considerably better now, and my nerves firmer than they were then? That I have none of the infirmities of old age, and have lost several I had in my youth? The grand *cause* is, the good pleasure of God, who doth whatsoever pleaseth him. The chief *means* are, 1. My constantly rising at four, for about fifty years: 2. My generally preaching at five in the morning, one of the most healthy exercises in the world. 3. My never travelling less, by sea or land, than four thousand five hundred miles in a year.

In the evening I preached at Yarm: about eleven the next day, at Osmotherly; and in the evening at Thirsk. Thursday 30, I preached at Hutton-rudby, and found still remaining a few sparks of the uncommon flame, which was kindled there ten years ago.

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It was quenched chiefly by the silly, childish contentions of those, who were real partakers of that great blessing.

Friday, July 1. I preached in Stokesley at six : and many determined to set out anew. In Gisborough I was constrained to preach abroad : and the whole multitude was as silent as the subject--death ! I never before had such an opportunity at this place. In the afternoon, through miserable roads, we at length got to Whitby.

Sunday 3. We had a solemn hour at five, with the Society only : and another at eight, while I enforced those words on a numerous congregation, " How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation ? " While we were at Church a poor man would needs divert himself by swimming : but he sunk, and rose no more. The Minister preached in the afternoon a sermon suited to the occasion, on, " Be ye likewise ready, for ye know not the hour when the Son of Man cometh." At five I preached in the Market-place, on, " Though I speak with the tongue of men and angels, &c. and have not charity, I am nothing." I spoke exceeding plain, and the people were attentive. Yet few of them, I doubt understood what was spoken. The Society however are well established, and adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour.

Monday 4. At eleven I preached in the little Square at Robinhood's Bay. At six I preached to a numerous congregation, in the new house at Scarborough. It is plain ; and yet is one of the neatest and most elegant preaching-houses in England. Now let the people walk worthy of their calling, and there will be a good work in this place.

Wed. 6. I went on to Burlington-key, and in the evening preached in the town, to as stupid and ill-mannered a congregation as I have seen for many years.

Thursday 7. I preached at Beverley and Hull, where the house would not near contain the congregation. How is this town changed, since I preached on the Carr ! Saturday 9. I preached at Pocklington and York.

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Sunday

Sunday 10. Some of Tadcaster informing me, That the Minister was willing I should preach in the Church, I went thither in the morning. But his mind was changed. So I preached in the street to a listening multitude, from the lesson for the day, on the *righteousness* which exceeds that of the Scribes and Pharisees. In the morning and evening at York.

Tuesday 12. Was the quarterly meeting. It was a busy and yet a comfortable day. Many were refreshed both at the Love-feast, and while I was describing the "hundred forty and four thousand, standing with the Lamb on Mount Sion." Who is ambitious to be of that number?

Thursday 14. About nine I preached at Wakefield, and in the evening at Doncaster. Here also God has a few names. Friday 15. About eleven I preached at Thorne, and in the evening at Rotherham, to a people who both understand and love the Gospel.

Sat. 16. I went to Epworth, and preached in the Market-place to a numerous and quiet congregation. Sunday 17. About eight I preached at Mifferton. The sun shining in my face was a little troublesome at first: but was soon covered with clouds. We had a useful sermon at Haxey Church. About one I preached at Overthorpe: And between four and five, the rain being stayed, I began in Epworth Market-place. Such a congregation never met there before. And they did not meet in vain.

Monday 18. I reached Brig before eight, and, by the request of the chief persons in the town, preached at nine in the Market-place, to a large and attentive congregation. Hence I went on to Tealby, and preached near the Church to a multitude of plain, serious country people. Very different from the wild, unbroken herd, to whom I preached at Horncastle in the evening.

Tuesday 19. I preached at Lowth about noon, and at Grimsby in the evening. At ten, on Wednesday 20, I preached at Wimberton. None of the hearers was more attentive than an old acquaintance of my father's, Mr. George Stovin, formerly a Justice of the Peace near Epworth, now as teachable as a little child,

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child, and determined to know nothing save Christ crucified. About two I preached in an open place at Scotter, and in the evening at Owston. One of my audience here was Mr. Pinder, a cotemporary of mine at Oxford. But any that observed so feeble, decrepid an old man, tottering over the grave, would imagine there was a difference of *forty*, rather than *two* years between us!

On Friday and Saturday I made a little excursion into Yorkshire. Sunday 24, I preached at eight, at Gringley in the Hill, to a huge congregation, among whom I could observe but one person that was inattentive. Here I received an invitation from Mr. Harvey, to give him a Sermon at Tinningly. I came thither a little before the service began; and the church was filled, but not crouded. Between three and four I returned to Epworth. The congregation there was large last Sunday. But it was nearly doubled now: and never had we from the beginning a more solemn and affectionate parting.

Monday 25. I went to Sheffield, and on Tuesday met the Select Society. But it was reduced from sixty to twenty: and but half of these retained all that they once received. What a grievous error, to think those that are saved from sin, cannot lose what they have gained! It is a miracle if they do not: seeing all earth and hell are so enraged against them! While, meantime, so very few even of the children of God, skilfully endeavour to strengthen their hands.

Wed. 26. About one we reached Leake in Staffordshire. I could not imagine who the Quaker should be, that had sent me word he expected me to dinner: and was agreeably surprized to find, that it was my old friend Joshua Strongman of Mountmellick, in Ireland, whom I had not seen for many years. I found he was the same man still; of the same open, friendly, amiable temper. And every thing about him was (not costly or fine) but surprizingly neat and elegant. It began to rain soon after we came in; but the rain stayed while I was preaching: and it seemed the whole town, rich and poor, were gathered together, and listened while I explained, "God is a Spirit,

and they that worship Him, must worship him in spirit and in truth." I preached at Borslem in the evening: and on Thursday 28, in the afternoon came to Shrewsbury.

Sat. 30. I went on to Madeley; and in the evening preached under a Sycamore-tree in Madeley-Wood, to a large congregation, goodpart of them colliers, who drank in every word. Surely never were places more alike, than Madeley-Wood, Gateshead Fell, and Kingwood!

Sunday 31. The church could not contain the congregation, either morning or afternoon. But in the evening I preached to a still larger congregation at Broseley, and equally attentive. I now learned the particulars of a remarkable story, which I had heard imperfectly before.—Sometime since, one of the colliers here coming home at night, dropped into a coal-pit, twenty-four yards deep. He called aloud for help, but none heard all that night and all the following day. The second night being weak and faint, he fell asleep, and dreamed, that his wife, who had been some time dead, came to him and greatly comforted him. In the morning, a Gentleman going a hunting, a hare started up just before the hounds, ran strait to the mouth of the pit, and was gone, no man could tell how. The hunters searched all round the pit, till they heard a voice from the bottom. They quickly procured help, and drew up the man unhurt!

Monday, August 1. I preached at Bewdly, in an open place, at the head of the town; and in the evening at Worcester, which still continues one of the liveliest places in England. Here I talked with some who believe, God has lately delivered them from the root of sin. Their account was simple, clear, and scriptural: so that I saw no reason to doubt of their testimony.

Tuesday 2. I preached at ten in the Town-hall at Everham, and rode on to Broadmarston. Thursday 4. I crossed over to Tewksbury, and preached at noon in a meadow near the town, under a tall oak, I went thence to Cheltenham. As it was the high season for drinking the waters, the town was full of gentry. So  
I preached



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I preached near the Market-place in the evening, to the largest congregation that was ever seen there. Some of the footmen, at first made a little disturbance. But I turned to them, and they stood reprov'd.

Saturday 6. I walked from Newport to Berkley-Castle. It is a beautiful, though very ancient building; and every part of it kept in good repair, except the lumber-room, and the chapel; the latter of which having been of no use for many years, is now dirty enough. I particularly admired the fine situation, and the garden on the top of the house. In one corner of the Castle is the room, where poor Richard II. was murdered: his effigy is still preserved, said to be taken before his death. If he was like this, he had an open, manly countenance, though with a cast of melancholy. In the afternoon we went to Bristol.

The Conference, begun and ended in *love*, fully employed me on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. And we observed Friday 12, as a day of fasting and prayer for the success of the Gospel.

Monday 15. I set out for Wales, but did not reach Cardiff, till near eight o'clock. As the congregation was waiting in the Town-hall, I went thither without delay. And many, I believe, did not regret the time they had waited there.

Tuesday 16. I preached about noon in the Great Hall at Landaff, on, "It is appointed unto men once to die." Strange doctrine, and not very welcome to the inhabitants of palaces!

Wednesday 17. At eleven I preached in the Town-Hall at Cowbridge: the neatest place of the kind I have ever seen. Not only the floor, the walls, the ceiling are kept exactly clean, but every pane of glass in the windows.

Hence I hastened on to Swansea, and at seven preached in the Castle to a large congregation. The next morning I went on to Llanelly. But what a change was there! Sir Thomas Stepney, the father of the poor, was dead! Cut down in the strength of his years! So the family was broke up, and Wilfred Colley, his butler, the father of the Society, obliged to remove. Soon after, John Deer, who was next in usefulness

to him, was taken into Abraham's bosom. But just then Col. St. Leger, in the neighbourhood, sent to Gatway for Lieutenant Cook to come and put his house into repair, and manage his estate. So another is brought, just in time, to supply the place of Wilferd Colley! I preached at five near sister Deer's door, to a good company of plain, country people; and then rode over to the old ruinous house, which Mr. Cook is making all haste to repair. It is not unlike old Mr. Gwynne's house at Garth, having a few large handsome rooms. It is also situated much like that; only not quite so low. For it has the command of a well-cultivated vale, and of the fruitful side of the opposite mountain.

Friday 19. We rode on to Larn-Ferry; and seeing a person just riding over the Ford, we followed him with ease, the water scarce reaching above our horses knees. Between two and three we came to Pembroke.

Sunday 21. At nine I began the service at St. Daniel's and concluded a little before twelve. It was a good time. *The power of the Lord was unusually present*, both to wound and to heal. Many were constrained to cry, while others were filled with speechless awe and silent love.

After dinner I went over to Haverford West, but could not preach abroad, because of the rain. Both here and at Pembroke, I found the people in general to be in a cold, dead, languid state. And no wonder, since there had been for several months a total neglect of *discipline*. I did all I could to awaken them once more, and left them full of good resolutions. Tuesday 23, I went to the New Inn, near Llandilo, and on Wednesday 24, to Brecknock.

In the evening I preached in the Town-hall, to most of the gentry in the town. They behaved well, though I used great plainness of speech, in describing the *narrow way*.

Thursday 25. At eleven I preached within the walls of the old Church at *the Haye*. Here and every where I heard the same account of the proceedings at ———. The Jumpers (all who were there informed me) were first in the court, and afterwards in  
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the house. Some of them leaped up many times, men and women, several feet from the ground: they clapped their hands with the utmost violence; they shook their heads; they distorted all their features: they threw their arms and legs to and fro, in all variety of postures. They sung, roared, shouted, screamed with all their might; to the no small terror of those that were near them. One gentlewoman told me, "She had not been herself since, and did not know when she should." Meantime the person of the house was delighted above measure, and said, "Now the power of God is come indeed!"

Saturday 27. Being detained some hours at the Old Passage, I preached to a small congregation; and in the evening returned to Bristol.

Monday 29. I set out for Cornwall, and preached at Collumpton in the evening. I spoke strong words to the honest, sleepy congregation: perhaps some may awake out of sleep. Thursday 30, I preached to a far more elegant congregation at Launceston. But what is that, unless they are alive to God?

Wednesday 31. The rain, with violent wind, attended us all the way to Bodmin. A little company are at length united here. At their request I preached in the Town-hall, (the most dreary one I ever saw) to a mixt congregation of rich and poor. All behaved well: and who knows but some good may be done even at poor Bodmin!

In the evening I preached at Redruth. Thursday, September 1. after preaching at St. John's about noon, I went on to Penzance. When the people here were as roaring lions, we had all the ground to ourselves. Now they are become lambs, Mr. S—h, and his friends step in, and take true pains to make a rent in the Society. But hitherto (Blessed be God!) they stand firm in one mind and in one judgment. Only a few, whom we had expelled, they have gleaned up: if they can do them good, I shall rejoice. In the evening, I took my stand at the end of the town, and preached the whole gospel to a listening multitude. I then earnestly exhorted the Society, to *follow after peace and holiness.*

Friday

Friday 2. I preached in the market place at St. Ives, to almost the whole town. I could not but admire the number of serious children, as well behaved as the eldest of the congregation. This was a happy meeting: so was that of the Society too, when all their hearts were as melting wax.

Saturday 3. We had the quarterly meeting at Redruth. This is frequently a dull, heavy meeting; but it was so lively one to-day, that we hardly knew how to part. About six I preached at Treverga, and applied closely to the Methodists, *What do ye more than others?* One cried out, "*Damnable doctrine!*" True; it *condemns* all those who hear and do not obey it.

Sunday 4. The rain drove us into the house at St. Agnes. At one it was fair; so I preached in the street at Redruth. But the glorious congregation was assembled at five, in the Amphitheatre at Gwenap. They were judged to cover four-score yards, and yet those farthest off could hear.

To-day I received the following note.

"The sermon you preached last Thursday evening, was, by the grace of God, of great good to my soul. And when you prayed so earnestly for backsliders (of whom I am one, an arrow dipt in blood reached my heart. Ever since I have been resolved, never to rest till I find again the rest that remains for the people of God. I am, Dear Sir, a vile backslider, from the pure love of Jesus, and from the society at Gwenap.

Monday 5. I preached at St. Cuthberts'. Tuesday 6, at Port Isaac. Wednesday 7. Having preached at Camelford and Launceston. I did not think of preaching at Tavistock; but finding a congregation waiting, I began without delay. I had scarce half finished my discourse in the square at Plymouth-Dock, when the rain began. At first I did not regard it: but as it grew heavier, I thought it best to shorten my Sermon.

It seems, after a long interval of deadness, God is again visiting this poor people. The Society is nearly doubled within this year, and is still continually increasing. And many are athirst for full salvation; particularly

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ticularly the young men. Friday 9. I set out early from the Dock : and the next afternoon reached Bristol.

Friday 16. We had a solemn watch-night at Kingswood. It seemed, every one felt that God was there, so that hardly any went away till the whole service was concluded.

In the following week I visited many of the country Societies. At Frome I learned the remarkable case of sister Whitaker. Last Sunday she met her Class as usual : and after saying, " I know that my Redeemer liveth," dropped down, and in a few minutes, without any struggle or pain, expired.

Tuesday 27. I preached at Freshford and Bradford. Wednesday 28. At Bath, where many of the people seemed much moved : chiefly those who had long imagined they were *built on a rock*, and now found they had been *building upon the sand*.

Thursday 29. I preached at Pill, on, *The worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched* : If haply some of these drowsy ones might awake and escape from everlasting burnings.

Monday, October 3, and on Tuesday and Wednesday I examined the Society.

Thursday 6. I met those of our Society who had votes in the ensuing election, and advised them, 1, To vote, without fee or reward, for the person they judged most worthy ; 2, To speak no evil of the person they voted against ; and 3, To take care their spirits were not sharpened against those that voted on the other side.

Sunday 9. The evening being fair and mild, I preached in the New Square. It was a fruitful season, " Soft fell the word, as flew the air ;" even as the rain into a fleece of wool. Many such seasons we have had lately : almost every day one and another has found peace, particularly young persons and children. Shall not they be a blessing in the rising generation ? In the evening we had a solemn opportunity of renewing our covenant with God : a means of grace, which I wonder has been so seldom used, either in Romish or Protestant churches !

Monday

Monday 10. I preached at Salisbury, and on Tuesday 11, set out for the Isle of Purbeck. When we came to Carf-Castle, the evening being quite calm and mild, I preached in a meadow near the town, to a deeply attentive congregation, gathered from all parts of the Island. I afterwards met the Society, artless and teachable, and full of good desires. But few of them yet have got any further, than to *see men as trees walking*.

Wed. 12. I preached to a large congregation at five, who seemed quite athirst for instruction. Afterwards we took a walk over the remains of the Castle, so bravely defended in the last century, against all the power of the parliament-forces, by the widow of the Lord Chief Justice Banks. It is one of the noblest ruins I ever saw: the walls are of an immense thickness, defying even the assaults of time, and were formerly surrounded by a deep ditch. The house, which stands in the middle, on the very top of the rock, has been a magnificent structure. Some time since the proprietor fitted up some rooms on the South-West side of this, and laid out a little garden, commanding a large prospect, pleasant beyond description. For a while he was greatly delighted with it: but the eye was not satisfied with seeing: it grew familiar; it pleased no more, and is now run all to ruin. No wonder. What can delight always, but the knowledge and love of God?

About noon I preached at Langton, three or four miles from Carf-Castle, to a large and deeply serious congregation. Here is likewise a little Society; but I did not find any among them, who knew in whom they had believed. In the evening I preached in a meadow, near Swanage, to a still larger congregation. And here at length I found three or four persons, and all of one family, who seemed really to enjoy the faith of the Gospel. Few others of the Society (between thirty and forty in number) appeared to be convinced of sin. I fear the preachers have been more studious to *please* than to *awaken*, or there would have been a deeper work.

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The Isle (or properly Peninsula) of Purbeck, is nine or ten miles broad, and perhaps twenty long, running nearly from North-East to South-West. Two mountains run almost the whole length, with valleys both between them and on each side, but poorly cultivated. The people in general are plain, artless, good-natured, and well-behaved. If the labourers here are zealous and active, they will surely have a plentiful harvest.

Thursday 13. I set out early, and reached Gosport, (seventy-two miles) not long after six. Finding a boat ready, I crossed, and went straight to the room. It was full enough; so I began without delay, and enforced our Lord's words, (one of my favourite subjects) "My yoke is easy and my burthen is light." Friday 14, I visited as many as I could, sick or well, and endeavoured to settle those that had been shaken, by those bigots who are continually waiting, to receive the weak *unto doubtful disputations*. I had intended, after preaching in the evening, to meet the Society alone. But the eagerness of the people to stay, induced me to suffer a great part of them. Yet it was little to their satisfaction; for when I warned our brethren, not to have *itching ears*, they ran away in all haste.

Saturday 15. Setting out (as usual) at two, I reached London early in the evening. Monday 17, I set out for Oxfordshire, and preached at Wallingford in the evening. Tuesday 18. About nine I preached at Newnham; at noon in the garden at Oxford; and in the evening at Finstock, (a village near Carnbury-house, built by the great Earl of Clarendon, but not inhabited by any of his descendants!) to a plain, artless people. Wednesday 19, I rode to Witney, and found more life than I expected, both in the congregation and the Society. Thursday 20, I preached at Watlington, at the front of Mr. Stonehill's house. The whole congregation was seriously attentive. In the evening I preached at High Wycombe, to many more than the room would contain. And I believe, not in vain.

Friday 21. I preached in Chesham, and on Saturday returned to London.

Monday

Monday 24. I set out for Northamptonshire, and received a particular account of one that eminently adorned the Gospel.

1. "Sufannah Spencer was born at Whittlebury, in the year 1742. When she was young, she contracted a very general acquaintance, and was exceedingly beloved by them, having an agreeable person, a good understanding, and much sweetness of temper. And being modest and decent in her whole behaviour, she seemed, like others, to think she had religion enough.

2. In 1760. Thomas Grover came down and preached several times at Whittlebury and at Towcester. She went to hear him, but with a fixt resolution, "Not to be caught," as she called it. But her resolution was vain. In a sermon she heard at Towcester, she was cut to the heart. Her convictions grew deeper and deeper from that time, for about a year. She was then hearing him preach, but felt her heart as hard as the nether millstone. Yet at the Love-feast which followed, it was suddenly broke in pieces, and she was all melted into tears, by those words applied to her inmost soul, in an inexpressible manner,

"My God is reconciled;  
His pard'ning voice I hear!  
He owns me for his child;  
I can no longer fear."

3. The day following, being exercised with strong temptation, she gave up her confidence. But the next night, wrestling with God in prayer, she received it again with double evidence. And though afterwards she frequently felt some doubts, yet they never continued long; but she had in general, a clear abiding sense, of the pardoning love of God.

4. From that time she walked steadily and closely with God and was a pattern to all around her. She was particularly exact in reproofing sin, and lost no opportunity of doing it. In her whole conversation she was remarkably lively, and yet gentle towards all men. Her natural temper indeed was passionate; but the grace of God left scarce any traces of it.

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5. From the very time of her justification, she clearly saw the necessity of being wholly sanctified; and found an unspeakable hunger and thirst after the full image of God. And in the year 1772, God answered her desire. The second change was wrought in as strong and distinct a manner, as the first had been. Yet she was apt to fall into unprofitable reasonings; by which her evidence was often so clouded, that she could not affirm, she was saved from sin, though neither could she deny it. But her whole life bore witness to the work which God had wrought in her heart. She was as a mother in Israel, helping those that were weak and tenderly concerned for all; while she sunk deeper into the love of God, and found more and more of the mind that was in Christ.

6. In the summer 1773, she took cold by lying in a damp bed. This threw her into a violent fever, which not only brought her very low, but fixt a deep cough upon her lungs, which no medicine could remove. It quite wore her down; especially when there was added the loss of both her sisters and her mother, who were all taken away within a little time of each other. She had likewise a continual cross from her father, and was at the same time tried, by the falshood of those friends, in whom she confided, and whom she tenderly loved. The following year 1774, she had a presage of her death; in consequence of which, she was continually exhorting the young women, Betty Padbury in particular, to fill up her place, when God should remove her from them.

7. In the beginning of winter I \* understood, that weak as she was, she had not proper nourishment; being unable to procure it for herself, and having no one to procure it for her. So I took that charge upon myself: I worked with her in the day; (for she would work as long as she could move her fingers) lay with her every night, and took care that she should want nothing which was convenient for her.

8. For some time her disorder seemed at a stand, growing neither better nor worse. But in the spring,  
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after she had taken a quantity of the bark, she was abundantly worse. Her cough continually increased, and her strength swiftly decayed: so that before Easter, she was obliged to take to her bed; and having now a near prospect of death, she mightily rejoiced in the thought, earnestly longing for the welcome moment: only still with that reserve, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."

9. Mr. Harper (the preacher) took several opportunities of asking her many questions. She answered them all, with readiness and plainness, to his entire satisfaction. She told him abundance of temptations which she underwent from time to time: but still witnessed, that the blood of Christ had cleansed her from all sin. She often said to us,

"The race we are all running now!

And if I first attain,

Ye too your willing heads shall bow;

Ye shall the conquest gain!"

10. Commonly when I came into her room, I was not able to speak for a time. She would then say, "Why do not you speak? Why do you not encourage me? I shall love you better when we meet in heaven, for the help you give me now."

11. In the last week or two, she was not able to speak many words at a time; but as she could, with her feeble, dying voice, she exhorted us to go forward. Yet one day, some of her former companions coming in, her spirit seemed to revive, and she spoke to them, to our great surprize, for near an hour together. They seemed deeply affected: and it was some time before the impression wore off.

12. Her father now frequently came, sat by her bedside, and expressed tender affection; weeping much, and saying, "He should now be quite alone, and have no one left to whom he could speak." She spoke to him without reserve. He received every word, and has never forgotten it since.

13. A few days before she died, after we had been praying with her, we observed she was in tears, and asked the reason. She said, "I feel my heart

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heart knit to you, in a manner I cannot express. And I was thinking if we love one another now, how will our love be enlarged when we meet in heaven? And the thought was too much for me to bear: it quite overcame me."

14. On Friday she seemed to be just upon the wing: we thought she was going almost every moment. So she continued till Tuesday. We were unwilling to part with her, but seeing the pain she was in, could not wish it should continue, and so gave her up to God. I sat up with her that night, and the next day, June 7, she fell asleep."

Monday 31. And the following days, I visited the Societies near London. Friday, November 5. In the afternoon John Downs (who had preached with us many years) was saying, "I feel such a love to the people at West-Street, that I could be content to die with them. I do not find myself very well: but I *must* be with them this evening." He went thither, and began preaching, on, "Come unto me, ye that are weary and heavy laden." After speaking ten or twelve minutes, he sunk down, and spake no more, till his spirit returned to God.

I suppose, he was by nature full as great a genius as Sir Isaac Newton. I will mention but two of three instances of it. When he was at school, learning Algebra, he came one day to his master, and said, "Sir, I can prove this proposition a better way than it is proved in the book." His master thought it could not be; but upon trial, acknowledged it to be so. Some time after, his father sent him to Newcastle, with a clock which was to be mended. He observed the clock-maker's tools, and the manner how he took it in pieces, and put it together again. And when he came home, first made himself tools, and then made a clock, which went as true as any in the town. I suppose such strength of genius as this, has scarce been known in Europe before.

Another proof of it was this. Thirty years ago, while I was shaving, he was whistling the top of a

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sick. I asked, "What are you doing?" He answered, "I am taking your face, which I intend to engrave on a copper plate." Accordingly, without any instruction, he first made himself tools and then engraved the plate. The second picture which he engraved, was that which was prefixt to the Notes upon the New Testament. Such another instance, I suppose, not all England, or perhaps Europe can produce.

For several months past, he had far deeper communion with God, than ever he had had in his life. And for some days he had been frequently saying, "I am so happy that I scarce know how to live. I enjoy such fellowship with God, as I thought could not be had on this side heaven." And having now finished his course of fifty-two years, after a long conflict with pain, sickness and poverty, he gloriously rested from his labours, and entered into the joy of his Lord,

Tuesday 8. I baptized two young women: one of whom found a deep sense of the presence of God in his ordinance: the other received a full assurance of his pardoning love, and was filled with joy unspeakable.

Sunday 13. After a day of much labour, at my usual time, (half hour past nine) I lay down to rest. I told my servants, I must rise at three, the Norwich-coach setting out at four. Hearing one of them knock, though sooner than I expected, I rose and dressed myself: but afterwards, looking at my watch, I found it was but half hour past ten. While I was considering what to do, I heard a confused sound of many voices below; and looking out at the window towards the yard, I saw it was as light as day. Meantime many large flakes of fire were continually flying about the house; all the upper part of which was built of wood, which was near as dry as tinder. A large deal yard, at a very small distance from us was all in a light fire: from which the North-West wind drove the flames directly upon the Foundery. And there was no probability of help; for no water could be found. Perceiving I could be of no use, I took my Diary and

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and my papers, and retired to a friend's house. I had no fear; committed the matter into God's hands, and knowing he would do whatever was best. Immediately the wind turned about from North-West to South-East. And our pump supplied the engines with abundance of water: so that in a little more than two hours, all the danger was over.

Monday 14. In the evening I preached at Bury: Tuesday 15. About one at Loddon, to a people the most athirst for God, of any I found in the county.

In the afternoon I went on to Yarmouth. When was "confusion worse confounded?" Division after division has torn the once-flourishing Society all in pieces. In order to heal the breach in some measure, I enforced those deep words, "Though I have all knowledge and all faith, so as to remove mountains, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." One of our former Leaders, being asked, "What he thought of this?" Frankly answered, "It is damnable doctrine."

Thursday 16. About noon I preached at Lowestoff, where the little flock are remarkably lively. The evening congregation at Yarmouth was all attention. And truly the power of God was present to heal them,

In the evening I returned to Norwich. Never was a poor Society so neglected, as this has been for the year past. The morning preaching was at an end; the Bands suffered all to fall in pieces, and no care at all taken of the Classes, so that whether they met or not, it was all one. Going to Church and Sacrament were forgotten, and the people rambled hither and thither as they listed.

On Friday evening I met the Society, and told them plain, I was resolved to have a regular Society or none. I then read the rules, and desired every one to consider, whether he was willing to walk by these rules or no? Those in particular of meeting their Class *every week*, unless hindered by distance or sickness (the only reason for not meeting which I could allow) and being constant at Church and Sacrament? I desired those who were so minded to meet me the next night, and the rest

to stay away. The next night we had far the greater part; on whom I strongly enforced the same thing. Sunday 20. I spoke to every Leader, concerning every one under his care; and put out every person whom they could not recommend to me. After this was done, out of 204 members, 174 remained. And these points shall be carried if only, fifty remains in the Society.

Monday 21. I examined the Society at Loddon. There are near fifty of them, simple and teachable, all of one mind, and many of them able to rejoice in God their Saviour. Tuesday 22, I took a solemn and affectionate leave of the Society at Norwich. About twelve we took coach. About eight, Wednesday 23, Mr. Dancer met me with a chaise, and carried me to Ely. O what want of common sense! Water covered the high road for a mile and a half. I asked, "How must foot people come to the town?" "Why they must wade through!"

About two I preached in a house well filled with plain, loving people. I then took a walk to the Cathedral, one of the most beautiful I have seen. The western Tower is exceeding grand; and the nave of an amazing height. Hence we went through a fruitful and pleasant country, though surrounded with fens, to Sutton. Here many people had lately been stirred up. They had prepared a large barn. At six o'clock it was well filled; and it seemed as if God sent a message to every soul. The next morning and evening, though the weather was uncommonly severe, the congregation increased rather than diminished.

Friday 25. I left them in much hope, that they will continue in this earnest, simple love.

I set out between eight and nine in a one-horse chaise, the wind being high and cold enough. Much snow lay on the ground, and much fell, as we crept along over the fen-banks. Honest Mr. Tubbs would needs walk and lead the horse through water and mud up to his mid-leg, smiling and saying, "We fen-men do not mind a little dirt." When we had gone about four miles, the road would not admit of a chaise. So I borrowed a horse  
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and rode forward. But not far; for all the grounds were under water. Here therefore I procured a boat, full twice as large as a kneading trough. I was at one end, and a boy at the other who paddled me safe to Erith. There Miss L — waited for me with another chaise, which brought me to St. Ives.

No Methodist, I was told, had preached in this town: so I thought it high time to begin: and about one I preached to a very well-dressed, and yet well-behaved congregation. Thence my new friend (how long will she be such?) carried me to Godmanchester near Huntingdon. A large barn was ready, in which Mr. Berridge and Mr. Venn used to preach. And though the weather was still severe, it was well filled with deeply attentive people. Saturday 26. I set out early, and in the evening reached London.

Monday 28. I paid a visit to the amiable family at Shoreham, and found the work of God there still increasing. Wednesday 30, I crossed over to Ryegate, and had a larger congregation than ever before.

Thursday, December 1. I preached at Dorking, and was much pleased with the congregation, who seemed to *taste the good word*. Friday 2, I returned to London.

Monday 5. I preached at Canterbury, and Tuesday 6, at Dover. As I was setting out thence on Wednesday morning, a waggon jostling us, disabled our chaise. Our coach-man went back to procure another, saying, "He would soon overtake us." He did so, after we had walked nine or ten miles, and brought us safe to Canterbury, where I spent a day or two with much satisfaction, and on Saturday returned home.

Monday 12. I opened the new house at Sevenoaks. Tuesday 13. About one I preached at Newbounds. And in the evening at Sevenoaks again; where our labour has not been in vain.

Wednesday 14. I rode to Chatham, and found that James Wood, one of our local preachers, who being in a deep consumption, had been advised to  
spend

spend some time in France, had come back thither two or three days before me. The day after he came he slept in peace. And two days after, his body was interred, all our brethren singing him to the grave, and praising God on his behalf. I preached his funeral Sermon to a crouded audience, on the text he had chosen, " Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his ! "

Monday 19. And the following days I read with the preachers what I judged most useful : and we endeavoured to *provoke one another to love and good works.*

Thursday 22. I walked with one that belongs to the family, through the Queen's house. The apartments are nothing so rich as those in Blenheim-house, but full as elegant. Nor is any thing in Blenheim itself more grand, than the staircase and the Saloon. But I was quite disappointed in the Cartoons. They are but the shadow of what they were. The colours are so intirely faded, that you can hardly distinguish what they were once !

Sunday 25. I buried the body of Esther Grimaldi, who died in the full triumph of faith. *A mother in Israel hast thou been ; and thy work shall praise thee in the gates !* During the twelve festival days, we had the Lord's-Supper daily ; a little emblem of the Primitive Church. May we be followers of them in all things, as they were of Christ !

Sunday, January 1, 1775. We had a larger congregation at the renewal of the Covenant, than we have had for many years : and I do not know, that we ever had a greater blessing. Afterwards many desired to return thanks, either for a sense of pardon, for full salvation, or for a fresh manifestation of his grace, healing all their backslidings.

Tuesday 10. I set out for Bedfordshire, and in the evening preached at Luton. Wednesday 11. I crept on through a miserable road to Bedford, but was well rewarded by the behaviour of the congregation.

Thursday 12. We crossed over the country to Godmanschester. The whole town seemed to be moved.



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moved. The people flocked together from all parts, so that the barn would in no wise contain them. I found great liberty of speech among them, and could not doubt, but God would confirm the word of his messenger.

Friday 13. Even at poor, dead Hertford was such a concourse of people, that the room would not near contain them. And most of them were deeply attentive while I explained these awful words, "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God."

Sunday 29. Finding many were much dejected, by the threatening posture of public affairs, I strongly enforced our Lord's words, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" And of a truth God spoke in his word. Many were ashamed of their unbelieving fears; and many enabled, to *be careful for nothing*; but simply to *make all their requests known unto God with thanksgiving*.

Sunday, February 5. I saw a glorious instance of the power of faith. Thomas Vokins, a man of a sorrowful spirit, used always to hang down his head like a bulrush. But a few days since, as he was dying without hope, God broke in upon his soul. And from that time he has been triumphing over pain and death, and rejoicing with joy full of glory.

Wednesday 8. I had a particular conversation with Mr. Ferguson, on some difficulties in philosophy: He seemed thoroughly satisfied himself. But he did not satisfy *me*. I still think both Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Jones have fully proved their several points.

Wednesday 22. I had an opportunity of seeing Mr. Gordon's curious garden at Mile-end, the like of which I suppose is hardly to be found in England, if in Europe. One thing in particular I learned here, the real nature of the Tea-tree. I was informed, 1. That the green and bohea are of quite different species. 2. That the bohea is much tenderer than the green. 3. That the green is an evergreen, and bears not only in the open air, but in the frost perfectly well. 4. That the herb of  
Paraguay

Paraguay likewise bears the frost, and is a species of tea. 5. And I observed, that they are all species of bay or laurel. The leaf of green tea, is both of the colour, shape, and size of a bay leaf: that of bohea is smaller, softer, and of a darker colour. So is the herb of Paraguay, which is of a dirty green, and no longer than our common red sage.

March 1. Being Ash-Wednesday, I took a solemn leave of our friends at London, and on Thursday 2, met our brethren at Reading. A few were awakened, and perhaps converted here, by the ministry of Mr. Talbot. But as he did not take any account of them, or join them together, we found no trace of them remaining. A large room was presently filled, and all the spaces adjoining: And I have hardly ever seen a people who seemed more eager to hear.

Friday 3. The mild weather changed into cold and blustering, with heavy showers of rain; notwithstanding which we had a very large congregation at Ramsbury-Park. Saturday 4. At noon I preached to a still larger congregation, in the new house at Seend: in the afternoon I went on to Bristol, whence, on Monday 13, I set out for Ireland.

Tuesday 14. At noon I preached in Tewksbury, now the liveliest place in the circuit. Many here have been lately convinced of sin, and many converted to God. Some have been made partakers of the great salvation, and their love and zeal have stirred up others. So that the flame now spreads wider and wider. O let none be able to quench it!

In the evening I preached at Worcester. Here also the flame is gradually increasing. While I was here, there was a very extraordinary trial at the assizes. A boy being beaten by his master, ran away, and wandering about till he was half starved, was then allowed to lie in the hay-loft of an Inn. In the night he stole into the room where two gentlemen lay, (probably not very sober) and without waking them, picked the money out of both their pockets, though their breeches lay under their head. In the morning, having confessed the fact,

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fact, he was committed to gaol. He made no defence: so one of the counsellors rose up, and said, "My lord, as there is none to plead for this poor boy, I will do it myself." He did so, and then added, "My lord, it may be this bad boy may make a good man. And I humbly conceive, it might be best to send him back to his master. I will give him a guinea towards his expences." And I will give him another," said the Judge: which he did with a mild and serious reproof. So he was sent back full of good resolutions.

Friday 17. In the evening, though it was cold, I was obliged to preach abroad at Newcastle. One buffoon laboured much to interrupt. But as he was bawling, with his mouth wide open, some arch boys gave him such a mouthful of dirt, as quite satisfied him.

On Saturday and Sunday I preached at Congleton and Macclesfield. Monday 20, at Stockport, and Manchester. Tuesday 21, I preached at Knutsford; but the house would by no means contain the congregation. The street too was filled: and even, those which could not hear, were silent. This is uncommon: especially in a town little accustomed to this strange way of preaching: those who cannot hear themselves, usually taking care to hinder others from hearing.

In the evening I opened the new house at Northwich, which was sufficiently crowded both this night and the next. After preaching at many places in the way, on Saturday 25, I came to Liverpool. The congregations here, both morning and evening, were so large and so deeply attentive, that I could not be sorry for the contrary winds, which detained us till Thursday the 30th, when we went on board the Hawk. We were scarce out of the river, when the wind turned against us, and blew harder and harder. A rolling sea made my companions sick enough. But so fine a ship I never failed in before. She never shipped one sea, and went more steady than I thought was possible. On Friday morning it blew hard: but the next day we had a fair, small wind. So about six, on Sunday, April 2. We landed

ended at Dunlary, and between nine and ten reached Whitefriars-Street.

On Monday and Tuesday I examined the Society, in which two years ago, there were three hundred and seventy-six persons. And I found three hundred and seventy-six still, not one more or less. But I found more peace and love among them, than I had done for many years.

Thursday 6. I visited that venerable man, Dr. Ruty, just tottering over the grave; but still clear in his understanding, full of faith and love, and patiently waiting till his change should come. Afterwards I waited on Lady Moira, and was surprized to observe, though not a more grand, yet a far more elegant room, than any I ever saw in England. It was an octagon, about twenty feet square, and fifteen or sixteen high: having one window, (the sides of it inlaid throughout with mother-of-pearl) reaching from the top of the room to the bottom; the ceiling, sides, and furniture of the room were equally elegant. And must this too pass away like a dream!

Sunday 9. The good old Dean of St. Patrick's, desired me to come within the rails, and assist him at the Lord's Supper. This also was a means of removing much prejudice, from those who were zealous for the church. Monday 10. Leaving just four hundred members in the Society, I began my tour through the kingdom. I preached at Edin-derry in the evening; on Tuesday and Wednesday at Tyrrell's-pass. Thursday 13. Sending my chaise strait to Athlone, I rode to Mullingar, and thence, through miserable roads, to Longford. A large number of people attended the preaching, both in the evening and at eight in the morning, being Good-Friday. But I found very little of the spirit which was here two years ago. About eleven I preached at Loughan, and in the evening at Athlone. On Easter-day I would willingly have preached abroad; but the weather would not permit. Monday 17. I preached at Aughrim; and Tuesday-noon at Eyre-court. Afterwards I was desired to walk down to Lord Eyre's. I was a little surprized at the in-

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scription over the door, "Welcome to the house of liberty." Does it mean, liberty from sin?

It is a noble, old house. The stair-case is grand; and so are two or three of the rooms. In the rest of the house, as well as in the ruinous out-houses, gardens, and fish-ponds, the owner seemed to say to every beholder, "All this profiteth me nothing!"

I preached in the evening at Birr, with a good hope that God would at length revive his work.

Wednesday 19. About noon, I preached in the Market-place at Clara. It was the market-day: but that did no lessen the congregation. The poor people early flocked from the market; and there was no buying or selling till I concluded.

After preaching at Coolyough, Tullamore and Portarlinton, (still *unstable as water*) Saturday 22, I found at Mount Mellick, a little company who appeared to be better established. I spent Saturday and Sunday comfortably among them, building them up in our most holy faith.

Monday 24. The minister of Maryborough inviting me to preach in his church, I began reading prayers about nine, and afterwards preached to a numerous congregation. For the present, every one seemed affected. Will not some bring forth fruit with patience?

In the evening I was scandalized both at the smallness and deadness of the congregation at Kilkenny. The next evening it was a little mended, but not much. Of all the dull congregations I have seen, this was the dullest!

Wednesday 26. I went to Waterford, where the rain drove us into the preaching house, the most foul, horrid, miserable hole which I have seen since I left England. The next day I got into the open air, and a large congregation attended. I had designed to set out early in the morning: but doubting if I should ever have such another opportunity, (the Major of the highland regiment standing behind me, with several of his officers, many of the soldiers before me, and the centinel at the entrance of the court) I gave notice of preaching at ten the next morning, and at four in the afternoon. I did

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so, to a well-behaved congregation, and in the evening went on to Carrick.

Saturday 29. Early in the evening we reached Rothcormuck: but found the Inn filled with officers. It is true, they were but five, and there were seven beds, but they had bespoke all, and would not spare us one! So we were obliged to go some miles further. We drove this day just threescore (English) miles.

Sunday 30. I came to Cork time enough to preach. The congregation was not small, and it was not large. But it was very large in George-Street at four in the afternoon, as well as deeply attentive. At six I preached in the room, and could not but observe such singing as I have seldom heard in England. The women in particular, sang so exactly that it seemed but one voice. Monday, May 1. I examined the Society, and found it in such order, so increased both in grace and number, as I apprehend it had not been before, since the time of William Pennington.

Wednesday 3. I rode to Bandon, and preached in the main street to a very numerous congregation. All behaved well, except three or four pretty gentlemen, who seemed to know just nothing of the matter!

I found this society likewise much established in grace, and greatly increased in number: so has God blessed the labours of two plain men, who put forth all their strength in his work.

Saturday 6. - I returned to Cork, and in the evening preached at Blackpool. It rained a little all the time I was preaching, but the people regarded it not.

Sunday 7. I was desired to preach on 1 John v. 7. "There are three that bear record in heaven." The congregation was exceeding large; but abundantly larger in the evening. I never saw the house so crowded before. It was much the same the next evening. Tuesday 9, I preached my farewell sermon in the afternoon; and going to Mallow in the evening, went on the next day to Limerick.

Saturday

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Saturday 13. I preached to a large congregation of Papists and Protestants, in the yard of the custom-house, where many could hear within as well as without.

Monday 15. Having waited for a chaise to go to Balligarane as long as I could, I at length set out on horse-back. But T. Wride loitering behind, I might as well have spared my pains: for though I came to the town at the time appointed, I could find neither man, woman, nor child, to direct me to the Preaching-house. After gaping and staring some time, I judged it best to go to Newmarket, where I was to preach in the evening. I began about six. The congregation was deeply serious; great part of whom came again at five in the morning. And were it only for this opportunity, I did not regret my labour.

Wednesday 17. I examined the society at Limerick, containing now a hundred and one persons, seven less than they were two years ago. I a little wonder at this: considering the scandal of the cross is well nigh ceased here, through the wise and steady behaviour of our brethren. But they want zeal: they are not fervent in spirit: therefore they cannot increase.

Thursday 18. In the evening I preached at Galway, in the county court-house, to a more civil and attentive congregation, than I ever saw there before.

Friday 19. About one, I preached at Ballinrobe, in the assembly room, and was agreeably surprised, both at the unusual number and seriousness of the hearers. I had purposed to go on to Castlebarr, but now thought it might be worth while to stay a little longer. In the afternoon I took a view of the Castle. Col. Cuffe's father took great delight in this place, laid out beautiful gardens, and procured trees of all sorts, from all parts of the kingdom. Part of these placed on the slope of the hill, (at the side of which runs the river) form a lovely wilderness, at the end whereof are regular rows of elms. But the Colonel has no pleasure therein. So all is now swiftly running to ruin.

I preached again at six to a large congregation, and the next evening at Castlebarr. Monday 22, I spent two or three hours in one of the loveliest places, and with one of the loveliest families in the kingdom. Almost all I heard put me in mind of those beautiful lines of Prior,

“ The nymph did like the scene appear,  
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;  
Soft fell her words as flew the air.” }

How willingly could I have accepted the invitation; to “ spend a few days here !” Nay : at present I *must be about my Father’s business* : but I trust to meet them in a still lovelier place.

Between Limerick and Castlebarr, I read over the famous controversy between Drs. Clark and Leibnitz. And is this he whom the king of Prussia extols, as something more than human ! So poor a writer have I seldom read, either as to sentiments or temper. In sentiment he is a thorough Fatalist ; maintaining roundly, and without reserve, that God has absolutely decreed from all eternity, whatever is done in time ; and no creature can do more good or less evil, than God has peremptorily decreed. And his temper is just suitable to his sentiments. He is haughty, self-conceited, sour, impatient of contradiction, and holds his opponent in utter contempt ; though in truth he is but a child in his hands.

Wednesday 24. I reached Sligo. My old friend, Andrew Maban, did not own me. However, a few did : to whom, with a tolerable congregation, I preached at six, in the Barracks. The next evening I preached at the Market-house, to a far larger congregation. We seem by all the late bustle and confusion to have lost nothing. Here is a little company as much alive to God, and more united together than ever.

Friday 26. I preached at Mannor-Hamilton, and the next evening, near the bridge at Swanlingbar. Knowing a large part of the congregation to have *tasted of the powers of the world to come*, I spoke on the glory that shall be revealed. And all seemed deeply



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deeply affected, except a few gentry, so called, who seemed to understand nothing of the matter.

Sunday 28. I preached at ten to a far larger congregation, on, "God now commandeth all men every where to repent;" and after church to a still greater multitude, on, "It is appointed unto men once to die."

Monday 29. Being desired to give them a sermon at Belturbet, about eight I preached in the Town-hall. It was not in vain. God opened, as it were, the windows of heaven, and showered his blessing down.

I called afterwards at Ballihays, and spent an hour with that venerable old man, Col. Newburgh. It does me good to converse with those who have just finished their course, and are quivering over the great gulph. Thence I went on to Clones, (that is its proper name; not Clownish, as it is vulgarly called.) It is a pleasant town, finely situated on a rising ground, in the midst of fruitful hills: and has a larger Market-place than any I have seen in England, not excepting Norwich or Yarmouth. At six I preached in the Old Danish Fort, to the largest congregation I have had in the kingdom. The next morning I preached to a great part of them again: and again the word sunk *as the rain into the tender herb.*

I preached at Rosky at noon, and Sydere in the evening. Wednesday 31, I hobbled on, through a miserable road, as far as wheels could pass, and then rode on to Lisleen. After dinner we hastened to Darg-bridge, and found a large congregation waiting. They appeared one and all to be deeply serious. Indeed there is wonderful reformation spreading throughout this whole country, for several miles round. Outward wickedness is gone: and many, young and old, witness that the kingdom of God is within them.

Thursday June 1. I reached Londonderry, but I had so deep a hoarseness, that my voice was almost gone. However pounded garlick applied to the soles of my feet, took it away before the morning. June 4, being Whitsunday, the Bishop preached

a judicious, useful sermon, on the Blasphemy of the Holy Ghost. He is both a good writer, and a good speaker. And he celebrated the Lord's Supper with admirable solemnity.

Hence I hastened to the New-Buildings. The sun was intensely hot; as it was on Monday and Tuesday. Six such days together, I was informed have not been in Ireland for several years.

Monday 5. I examined the Society, growing in grace, and increased in number from fifty-two to near seventy. Tuesday 6, the Bishop invited me to dinner, and told me, "I know you do not love our hours, and will therefore order dinner to be on table between two and three o'clock." We had a piece of boiled beef and an English pudding. This is true good breeding. The Bishop is entirely easy and unaffected in his whole behaviour, exemplary in all parts of public worship, and plenteous in good works.

Wednesday 7. About noon I preached a few miles from Strabane; in the evening at Lisleen: and the next at Castle Caulfield. In the night the rain came plentifully through the thatch into my lodging-room. But I found no present inconvenience, and was not careful for the morrow.

Friday 9. I preached at eight to a numerous congregation, in the Market-place at Dungannon: at eleven, and at five in the afternoon, in the main street at Charlemount. I lodged at a gentleman's, who shewed me a flower, which he called the Gum Cystus. It blooms in the morning, with a large, beautiful, snow-white flower. But every flower dies in the evening: new flowers blow and fall every day. Does not this short-lived flower answer to that short-lived animal, the Ephemeron-fly?

Saturday 10. I preached at nine to a large congregation at Killeman. The rain began as soon as I concluded. But it ceased time enough for me to preach in Mr. M'Gough's avenue at Armagh.

June 11. Trinity Sunday, I preached at nine, on, "So God created man in his own image:" and in the evening to a huge congregation. But I could not find the way to their hearts,

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Monday 12. Having taken a solemn leave of Armagh, about eleven I preached at Blackwater: and in the evening at Clanmain, where many seemed cut to the heart. O why should they *heal the wound slightly!*

Tuesday 13. I was not very well in the morning, but supposed it would soon go off. In the afternoon, the weather being extremely hot, I lay down on the grass in Mr. Lake's orchard at Cockhill. This I had been accustomed to do for forty years, and never remember to have been hurt by it. Only I never before lay on my face, in which posture I fell asleep. I waked a little, and but a little out of order, and preached with ease to a multitude of people. Afterwards I was a good deal worse. However the next day I went on a few miles, to the Grange. The table was placed here in such a manner, that all the time I was preaching, a strong and sharp wind blew full on the left side of my head. And it was not without a good deal of difficulty that I made an end of my sermon. I now found the deep obstruction in my breast: my pulse were exceeding weak and low. I shivered with cold, though the air was sultry hot, only now and then burning for a few minutes. I went early to bed, drank a draught of treacle and water, and applied treacle to the soles of my feet. I lay till seven on Thursday 15, and then felt considerably better. But I found near the same obstruction in my breast: I had a low, weak pulse, I burned and shivered by turns, and if I ventured to cough, it jarred my head exceedingly. In going on to Derry Anvil, I wondered what was the matter, that I could not attend to what I was reading; no, not for three minutes together, but my thoughts were perpetually shifting. Yet all the time I was preaching in the evening, (although I stood in the open air, with the wind whistling round my head) my mind was as composed as ever. Friday 16, in going to Lurgan, I was again surprised, that I could not fix my attention on what I read: yet while I was preaching in the evening on the Parade, I found my mind perfectly composed; although it rained.

rained a great part of the time, which did not well agree with my head. Saturday 17, I was persuaded to send for Dr. Laws, a sensible and skilful physician. He told me, "I was in a high fever, and advised me to lay by." But I told him, "That could not be done; as I had appointed to preach at several places, and must preach as long as I could speak." He then prescribed a cooling draught, with a grain or two of Camphor, as my nerves were universally agitated. This I took with me to Tandragee: but when I came there, I was not able to preach: my understanding being quite confused, and my strength intirely gone. Yet I breathed freely, and had not the least thirst, nor any pain from head to foot.

I was now at a full stand, whether to aim at Lisburn, or to push forward for Dublin? But my friends doubting whether I could bear so long a journey, I went strait to Derry-Aghy, a gentleman's seat on the side of a hill, three miles beyond Lisburn. Here nature sunk and I took my bed: but I could no more turn myself therein, than a new-born child. My memory failed as well as my strength, and well nigh my understanding. Only those words ran in my mind, when I saw Miss Gayer on one side of the bed, looking at her mother on the other,

"She sat, like patience on a monument

"Smiling at grief."

But still I had no thirst, no difficulty of breathing, no pain from head to foot.

I can give no account of what followed for two or three days, being more dead than alive. Only I remember it was difficult for me to speak; my throat being exceeding dry. But Joseph Bradford tells me, I said on Wednesday, "It will be determined before this time to-morrow;" That my tongue was much swoln, and as black as a coal; that I was convulsed all over, and that for some time my heart did not beat perceptibly; neither was any pulse discernable.

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In the night of Thursday, the 24, Joseph Bradford came to me with a cup, and said, "Sir, you must take this." I thought, "I will, if I can swallow, to please him: for it will do me neither harm nor good." Immediately it set me vomiting: my heart began to beat, and my pulse to play again. And from that hour, the extremity of the symptoms abated. The next day I sat up several hours, and walked four or five times across the room. On Saturday I sat up all day, and walked across the room many times, without any weariness. On Sunday I came down stairs, and sat several hours in the parlour. On Monday I walked out before the house: on Tuesday I took an airing in the chaise: and on Wednesday, trusting in God, to the astonishment of my friends, I set out for Dublin.

I did not determine how far to go that day, not knowing how my strength would hold. But finding myself no worse at Banbridge, I ventured to Newry. And after traveling thirty (English) miles, I was stronger than in the morning.

Thursday 29. I went on to the Man of War, forty (Irish) miles from the glebe at Newry. Friday 30. We met Mr. Simpson, (with several other friends) coming to meet us at Drogheda: who took us to his country seat at James-Town, about two miles from Dublin.

Tuesday, July 4. Finding myself a little stronger, I preached for the first time, and I believe most could hear. I preached on Thursday again: and my voice was clear, though weak. So on Sunday I ventured to preach twice, and found no weariness at all. Monday 10, I began my regular course of preaching morning and evening,

While I was in Dublin I read two extraordinary books; but of very different kinds, Mr. Sheridan's Lectures on Elocution, and the life of Count Marfay, and was disappointed in both. There is more matter in the penny tract "On Action and Utterance," abundantly more, than in all Mr. S——'s book: though he seems to think himself a mere phoenix.—Count Marfay was, doubtless, a pious man,

man, but a thorough Enthusiast: guided in all his steps, not by the written word, but by his own imagination, which he calls *the spirit*!

Sunday 23. I again assisted at St. Patrick's in delivering the elements at the Lord's Supper. In the evening I embarked in the Nonpareil and about ten on Tuesday morning landed at Park-gate. Wednesday 26, I found one relick of my illness; my hand shook so that I could hardly write my name. But after I had been well electrified, by driving four or five hours over very rugged, broken pavement, my complaint was quite removed, and my hand was as steady as when I was ten years old.

About noon I preached in the shell of the house at Wigan. In the middle of the sermon came an impetuous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, which added much to the solemnity of the occasion. Thursday 27, I went on to Miss Bosanquet's, and prepared for the Conference. How willingly could I spend the residue of a busy life, in this delightful retirement! But,

“ Man was not born in shades to lie!”  
up and be doing! Labour on, till

Death “ sings a requiem to the parting soul.”

Sunday 30. I preached under Birstal-Hill, and the greater part of the huge audience could hear, while I enforced, “ When the breath of man goeth forth, he turneth again to his dust, and then all his thoughts perish.” I preached at Leeds in the evening, and found strength in proportion to my work.

Tuesday, August 1. Our Conference began, having received several letters, intimating that many of the Preachers were utterly unqualified for the work, having neither grace nor gifts sufficient for it: I determined to examine this weighty charge, with all possible exactness. In order to this, I read those letters to all the Conference: and begged, that every one would freely propose and enforce whatever objection he had to any one. The objections proposed were considered at large: in two or three difficult cases, committees were appointed for that purpose. In consequence of this, we were  
all

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all fully convinced, that the charge advanced was without foundation: that God has really sent those labourers into his vineyard, and has qualified them for the work. And we were all more closely united together, than we have been for many years.

Friday 4. I preached at Bradford, where the people are all alive. Many here have lately experienced the great salvation, and their zeal has been a general blessing. Indeed this I always observe: whenever a work of sanctification breaks out, the whole work of God prospers. Some are convinced of sin, others justified, and all stirred up to greater earnestness for salvation.

I breakfasted at Great Horton. Two or three of the neighbours then came in to prayer. Quickly, the house was filled: and a few minutes after, all the space before the door. I saw the opportunity, and without delay, got upon the horse-block in the yard. Abundance of children crowded round me, and round them a numerous congregation. So I gave them an earnest exhortation, and then commended them to the grace of God.

Sunday 6. At one I proclaimed the glorious gospel, to the usual congregation, at Birstal, and in the evening at Leeds. Then, judging it needful to pay a short visit to our brethren at London, I took the stage coach, with five of my friends about eight o'clock. Before nine, a gentleman in a single-horse chaise, struck his wheel against one of ours. Instantly the weight of the men at top, overset the coach; otherwise, ten times the shock would not have moved it. But neither the coachman, nor the men at top, nor any within were hurt at all. On Tuesday, in the afternoon we were met at Hatfield, by many of our friends, who conducted us safe to London.

Having spent a few days in town, on Monday 14, I set out for Wales, and Wednesday 16, reached the Haye. Being desired to give them one sermon at Trevecka, I turned aside thither, and on Thursday 17, preached at eleven to a numerous congregation. What a lovely place! And what a lovely family! Still consisting of about six-score persons,  
So

*So the good man is turned again to his dust ! But his thoughts doth not perish.*

I preached at Brecon the next day : and on Saturday 19, went on to Carmarthen. How is this wilderness become a fruitful field ! A year ago I knew no one in this town, who had any desire of fleeing from the wrath to come : and now we have eighty persons in society. It is true, not many of them are awakened ; but they have broke off their outward sins. Now let us try, whether it be not possible to prevent the greater part of these from drawing back.

About this time I received a remarkable letter, from one of our preachers at West Bromwick, near Wednesbury. The substance of it is as follows :

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" About three weeks since, a person came and told me, " Martha Wood, of Darlaston, was dying and had a great desire to see me. When I came in, to the house, which with all that was in it, was scarce worth five pounds, I found in that mean cottage such a jewel, as my eyes never beheld before. Her eyes even sparkled with joy, and her heart danced, like David before the Ark : in truth she seemed to be in the suburbs of heaven, upon the confines of glory.

She took hold of my hand and said, I am glad to see you ; you are my father in Christ. It is twenty years since I heard you first. It was on that text, " Now ye are in sorrow. But I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." In that hour God broke into my soul, delivered me from all sorrow, and filled my heart with joy. And, blessed be his name, I never have lost it, from that hour to this."

For the first ten years, she was sometimes in transports of joy, carried almost beyond herself. But for these last ten years, she has had the constant witness, that God has taken up all her heart. " He has filled me, said she, with perfect love ; and perfect love casts out fear. Jesus is mine : God and heaven, and eternal glory are mine. My heart,



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heart, my very soul is lost, yea swallowed up in God."

There were many of our friends standing by her bedside. She exhorted them all, as one in perfect health, to keep close to God. "You can never, said she, do too much for God: when you have done all you can, you have done too little. O, who that knows him, can love, or do, or suffer too much for him!"

Some worldly people came in. She called them by name, and exhorted them to repent and turn to Jesus. She looked at me, and desired I would preach her funeral sermon on those words, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge will give me at that day."

She talked to all round about her in as scriptural and rational a manner, as if she had been in her full strength, (only now and then catching a little for breath) with all the smiles of heaven in her countenance. Indeed several times she seemed to be quite gone; but in a little while the taper lighted up again; and she began to preach, with divine power, to all that stood near her. She knew every person, and if any came into the room, whom she knew to be careless about religion, she directly called them by name, and charged them to seek the Lord while he might be found. At last she cried out, "I see the heavens opened: I see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with numbers of the glorified throng, coming nearer and nearer. They are just come!" At that word, her soul took its flight, to mingle with the heavenly host. We looked after her, as Elisha after Elijah: and I trust, some of us have caught her mantle!"

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After making a little tour through Carmarthen-shire, Pembrokeshire, and Glamorganshire, on Monday 28, setting out early from Cardiff, I reached Newport about eight; and soon after preached to a large and serious congregation. I believe it is five and thirty years since I preached here before,

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to a people who were then wild as bears. How amazing is the scene changed! O what is too hard for God!

We came to the New-Passage, just as the boat was putting off: so I went in immediately. Some friends were waiting for me on the other side, who received me as one risen from the dead. The room at Bristol was thoroughly filled in the evening: and we rejoiced in him *that heareth prayer*. Having finished my present business here, on Wednesday 30, I set out at three; and at twelve, preached in the great Presbyterian Meeting-house in Taunton: and indeed with such freedom and openness of spirit, as I did not expect in so brilliant a congregation. In the evening I preached in the dreary Preaching-house at Tiverton. The people appeared as dull as the place. Yet who knows, but that many of them may again, hear the voice that raiseth the dead?

On Thursday and Friday I preached at Launceston, Bodmin, and Truro: on Saturday, in the main street at Redruth, to the usual congregation, on "Happy are the people that have the Lord for their God."

Sunday, Sept. 3. I preached at eight in St. Agnes' Church-town, on, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." A young woman followed me into the house, weeping bitterly, and crying out, "I *must* have Christ; I *will* have Christ. Give me Christ or else I die:" Two or three of us claimed the promise in her behalf. She was soon filled with joy unspeakable, and burst out, "O let me die! Let me go to Him now! How can I bear to stay here any longer?" We left her full of that peace, which passeth all understanding. About eleven I preached at Redruth: at five in the evening in the amphitheatre at Gwenap. I think this is the most magnificent spectacle, which is to be seen on this side heaven. And no music is to be heard upon earth, comparable to the sound of many thousand voices, when they are all harmoniously joined together, singing praises to God and the Lamb.

Monday

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Monday 4. I went on to our friends at St. Ives, many of whom are now grey-headed, as well as me. In the evening I preached in the little meadow above the town, where I was some years ago. The people in general here, (excepting the rich) seem *almost persuaded to be Christians*. Perhaps the prayer of their old pastor, Mr. Tregoss, is answered even to the fourth generation.

Wednesday 6. About nine I preached at Crarick, and crossed over to St. Cuthberts', where I found my good old friend, Mr. Hoskins, quivering over the grave. He ventured however to the Church town, and I believe found a blessing under the preaching.

Thursday 7. About eleven I preached in the Town-hall at Liskard, to a large and serious congregation. At Saltash some of our brethren met me with a boat, which brought me safe to Plymouth-Dock.

Understanding some of our friends here were deeply prejudiced against the King and all his Ministers, I spoke freely and largely on the subject, at the meeting of the Society. God applied it to their hearts: and I think there is not one of them now, who does not see things in another light.

Friday 8. I preached at noon on the Quay in Plymouth; in the evening, in the new Square at the Dock. Many here seemed to feel the application of those words, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Saturday 9. I preached at Exeter at four in the afternoon, and about seven at Collumpton. Sunday 10, I came to Wallington in an acceptable time; for Mr. Jesse was ill in bed; so that if I had not come, there could have been no service, either morning or evening. The Church was moderately filled in the morning. In the afternoon it was crowded in every corner. And a solemn awe fell on the whole congregation, while I pressed that important question, "What is a man profited, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Monday 11. I preached again in the new Meeting at Taunton, to such a congregation as I suppose was never there before. I was desired to preach on the same text as at Wallington: and it was attended with the same blessing. On Tuesday I went on to Bristol. On Thursday and Friday, I preached at Keinsham, Bradford and Bath. On Tuesday 19, at Frome: and on Wednesday at Pensford. Thence I went on to the lovely family at Publow, a pattern for all the Boarding-schools in England. Every thing fit for a christian to learn, is taught here; but nothing unworthy the dignity of the christian character. I gave a short exhortation to the children, which they received with eagerness. Many of them have the fear of God. Some of them enjoy his love.

Thursday 21. At the earnest request of the prisoner, who was to die the next day, (and was very willing so to do; for after deep agony of soul, he had found peace with God) I preached at Newgate to him and a crowded audience; many of whom felt that God was there. Sunday 24, I preached abroad in the afternoon, to a lovely congregation. Friday 29, we observed as a fast-day, meeting at five, nine, one, and in the evening. And many found a strong hope, that God will yet be intreated for a guilty Land.

Sunday, October 3. The weather favoured us again: I preached once more abroad, and concluded at the point where I begun, in opening and strongly applying those words, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Monday 2. I set out early, and preaching at the Devises, Sarum, Winchester, and Portsmouth in my way; on Friday 6, in the afternoon, I returned to London.

Sunday 8. I preached in Moorfields to a larger congregation than usual. Strange, that their *curiosity* should not be satisfied yet, after hearing the same thing near forty years!

Monday 9. I preached at Chesham, on, *The Strait gate*: and all that heard seemed affected for the present. Tuesday 10, I went on to Wycombe, and  
was

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was much refreshed by the earnest attention of the whole congregation. Wednesday 11, I took a walk to Lord Shelburne's house. What variety, in so small a compass! A beautiful grove, divided by a serpentine walk, conceals the house from the town. At the side of this runs a transparent river, with a smooth walk on each bank. Beyond this is a level lawn; then the house with sloping gardens behind. Above these is a lofty hill: near the top of which is a lovely wood, having a grassy walk running along, just within the skirts of it. But can the owner rejoice in this Paradise? No; for his wife is snatched away in the bloom of youth!

Thursday 12. About noon I preached at Wattleton: and in the evening at Oxford, in a large house, formerly belonging to the Presbyterians. But it was not large enough. Many could not get in. Such a congregation I have not seen at Oxford, either for seriousness, or number, for more than twenty years.

I borrowed here a volume of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, which I had heard very highly commended. And what did I learn? That he was a man of much wit, middling sense, and some learning: but as absolutely void of virtue, as any Jew, Turk, or Heathen that ever lived. I say, not only void of all religion, (for I doubt whether he believed, there is a God: though he tags most of his letters with the name, for better sound sake) but even of virtue, of justice, and mercy, which he never once recommended to his Son. And truth he sets at open defiance: he continually guards him against it; half his letters inculcate deep dissimulation, as the most necessary of all accomplishments. Add to this, studiously instilling into the young man, all the principles of debauchery, when himself was between seventy and eighty years old. Add, his cruel censure of that amiable man, the Archbishop of Cambray, (*Quantum dispar illi!*) as a mere time-serving hypocrite! And this is the favourite of the age! Whereas if justice and truth take place, if he is rewarded according to his desert, his name will sink to all generations.

F 9

Saturday

Saturday 14. I preached at Finstock. How many days should I spend here if I was to do my own will! Not so: I am "to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." Therefore this is the first day I ever spent here: and perhaps it may be the last.

Sunday 15. About eight I preached at Witney. I admired the seriousness and decency of the congregation at church. I preached at five, on "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," a word that is sufficient to convince all mankind of sin. In meeting the select Society, I was much comforted to find so few of them losing ground, and the far greater part still witnessing "that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Monday 16. We had a lovely congregation at five. About nine I preached at Oxford: in Newnham at one, and in the evening at Wallingford.

Tuesday 17. I went over the Downs to Kingston-lodge, a lone house: yet we had a numerous, as well as serious congregation. In the evening I preached in the large room at the poor-house in Ramsbury. The people flocked together from every side. And God gave us his blessing.

Wednesday 18. I returned to Newbury. Some of our friends informed me, there were many red-hot patriots here. So I took occasion to give a strong exhortation, to "fear God and honour the King."

Thursday 19. I preached at Reading, and on Friday returned to London.

Monday 23. I set out for Northamptonshire, and in the evening preached at Towcester.

Tuesday 24. About noon we took horse for Whittlebury in a fine day. But before we had rode half an hour, a violent storm came, which soon drenched us from head to foot. But we dried ourselves in the afternoon and were no worse. Wednesday 25. I preached at Northampton, and on Thursday noon at Brixworth, a little town about six miles North of Northampton. I believe very few of the townsmen were absent, and all of them seemed to be much affected. So did many at Northampton in the

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the evening, while I described him "that builds his house upon the rock." Friday 27. I preached about noon at Hanslip. In my way I looked over a volume of Dr. Swift's Letters. I was amazed! Was ever such trash palmed upon the world, under the name of a great man? More than half of what is contained in those sixteen volumes, would be dear at two-pence a volume; being all, and more than all the dull things which that witty man ever said. In the evening I preached at Bedford, and the next evening came to London.

Sunday 29. I visited one who was full of good resolutions—if he should recover. They might be sincere or they might not; but how far will these avail before God? He was not put to the trial, how long they would last: quickly after God required his soul of him.

Monday and the following days I visited the little Societies in the neighbourhood of London. Saturday, November 11, I made some additions to the "Calm Address to our American Colonies." Need any one ask from what motive this was wrote? Let him look round: England is in a flame! A flame of malice and rage against the King, and almost all that are in authority under him. I labour to put out this flame. Ought not every true patriot to do the same? If hireling writers on either side judge of me by themselves, that I cannot help.

Sunday 12. I was desired to preach in Bethnal-Green Church, a Charity Sermon for the widows and orphans of the soldiers that were killed in America. Knowing how many would seek occasion of offence, I wrote down my Sermon. I dined with Sir John Hawkins and three other gentlemen that are in commission for the peace; and was agreeably surprized at a very serious conversation, kept up during the whole time I stayed.

Wednesday 15. I preached at Dorking: the next evening at Ryegate-place, I think, to the largest congregation that I have seen there. But still I fear we are plowing upon the sand: we see no fruit of our labours. Friday 17, I crossed  
over

over to Shoreham, the most fruitful place in all the circuit, and preached in the evening to a people just ripe for all the gospel promises, on, "Now, why tarriest thou? Arise, and wash away thy sins." The next morning I returned to London.

Monday 20. I went to Robertsbriidge, and preached to a deeply attentive congregation. Tuesday 21, Several were with us in the evening at Rye, who had never heard a Methodist-Sermon before. However, considering the bulk of the congregation, more than a handful of gentry, I earnestly besought them, "Not to receive the grace of God in vain." The next evening I applied part of the 13th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. Many were shaken when they weighed themselves in that balance. May we not be found wanting in that day!

Thursday 13. About noon I preached at Cranbrook, and in the evening at Staplehurst. Friday 24, I preached at Sevenoaks, and on Saturday returned to London.

In some of my late little journeys I read Mr. Wraxal's travels, in which are several ingenious remarks: but the account he gives of Count Struensee, is a mistake from beginning to end. Struensee was as bad a man, as most that ever lived. He caused many horrid abuses; but never reformed, or desired to reform one. And there was abundant proof of the crime for which he suffered: therefore the behaviour of King George was exactly right.

Monday 27. I set out for Norwich. That evening I preached at Colchester, Tuesday, at Norwich, Wednesday at Yarmouth.

About this time I published the following in Lloyd's Evening Post:

Sir,

I have been seriously asked, "For what motive did you publish your "Calm Address to the American Colonies?"

I seriously answer, not to get money. Had that been my motive, I should have swelled it into a  
Shilling



shilling pamphlet, and have entered it at Stationer's-Hall:

Not to get preferment for myself, or my brother's children. I am a little too old to gape after it for myself. And if my brother or I sought it for them, we have only to shew them to the world.

Not to please any man living, high or low. I know mankind too well. I know they that love you for political service, love you less than their dinner, and they that hate you, hate you worse than the devil.

Least of all did I write, with a view to inflame any: just the contrary. I contributed my mite toward putting out the flame, which rages all over the land. This I have more opportunity of observing, than any other man in England. I see with pain to what a height this already rises, in every part of the nation. And I see many pouring oil into the flame, by crying out, "how unjustly, how cruelly the King is using the poor Americans; who are only contending for their liberty, and for their legal privileges."

Now there is no possible way to put out this flame, or hinder its rising higher and higher, but to shew that the Americans are not used either cruelly or unjustly: that they are not injured at all, seeing they are not contending for *liberty*; (this they had even in its full extent, both civil and religious) neither for any *legal privileges*; for they enjoy all that their charters grant. But what they contend for, is, the *Illegal Privilege* of being exempt from parliamentary taxation. A privilege this, which no charter ever gave to any American colony yet: which no charter can give, unless it be confirmed both by King, Lords, and Commons: which in fact our colonies never had; which they never claimed till the present reign. And probably they would not have claimed it now, had they not been incited thereto by letters from England. One of these was read, according to the desire of the writer, not only at the Continental Congress, but likewise in many congregations throughout the combined provinces. It advised them, To seize upon all the  
King's

King's Officers, and exhorted them, "Stand valiantly, only for six months, and in that time there will be such commotions in England, that you may have your own terms."

This being the real state of the question, without any colouring or aggravation, what impartial man can either blame the King, or commend the Americans?

With this view, to quench the fire, by laying the blame where it was due, the Calm Address was written.

I am,

Sir,

Your humble Servant

JOHN WESLEY.

As to Reviewers, News-Writers, London-Magazines, and all that kind of Gentlemen, they behave just as I expected they would. And let them lick up Mr. Toplady's spittle still; a champion worthy of their cause!

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Thursday 30. I preached at Lowestoff at noon, and Yarmouth in the evening. Here a Gentleman who came with me from London, was taken ill (he informed me) of the bloody flux. This being stopped, I thought his head was disordered, and would fain have sent him back without delay, offering him my chaise and servant to attend him, though I could ill spare either one or the other. But he could not in any wise be prevailed on to accept of the proposal. I afterwards heard, he had been insane, before he left London. However I could now only make the best of it.

Friday, December 1. After preaching at Loddon, I returned to Norwich, and procured Mr. ——— a lodging in a friend's house, where I knew he would want nothing. I now again advised him to go straight to London in my chaise, but it was lost labour.

Saturday 2. I procured, "the History of Norwich," published but a few years since. The author shews, that it was built about the year 418. But it increased in succeeding ages, till it was more  
than

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than double to what it is now, having no less than sixty churches. Its populousness may be indisputably proved, by one single circumstance. The first time it was visited with the Sweating-Sickness, (which usually killed in ten hours) there died in about six months, upwards of fifty-seven thousand persons, which is a considerable greater number than were in the whole city a few years ago. He remarks concerning this unaccountable kind of plague, 1. That it seized none but Englishmen: none of the French, Flemings, or other foreigners then in the kingdom, being at all affected: 2. That it seized upon Englishmen in other kingdoms, and upon none else: and 3. That the method at last taken, was this. The patient, if seized in the day time, was immediately to lie down in his cloaths, and to be covered up. If in the night time, he was to keep in bed. And if they remained four and twenty hours without eating or drinking any thing, then they generally recovered.

In the evening a large mob gathered at the door of the Preaching-house, the Captain of which struck many (chiefly women) with a large stick. Mr. Randal going out to see what was the matter, he struck him with it in the face. But he was soon secured, and carried before the Mayor; who knowing him to be a notorious offender, against whom one or two warrants were then lying, sent him to jail without delay.

Tuesday 5. We set out a little before day and reached Lynn in the afternoon. In the evening, the new house would hardly contain one half of the congregation: and those who could not get in were tolerably patient, considering they could hear but a few words.

Wednesday 6. About one I heard a shrill voice in the street, calling and desiring me to come to Mr. ———. Going directly, I found him ill in body, and in a violent agony of mind. He fully believed he was at the point of death; nor could any arguments convince him of the contrary. We cried to him who has all power in heaven and earth, and who keeps the keys of life and death.

He

He soon started up in bed, and said with a loud voice, "I shall not die, but live."

In the day I visited many of those that remained with us, and those that had left us, since they had learned a New Doctrine. I did not dispute, but endeavoured to soften their spirits, which had been sharpened to a high degree. In the evening the chapel was quite too small; and yet even those who could not get in were silent: a circumstance which I have seldom observed in any other part of England.

Thursday 7. Mr. ——— was so thoroughly disordered, that it was heavy work to get him forward. At every stage, "he could not possibly go any farther; he must die there." Nevertheless we reached Bury in the afternoon. I preached at seven to the largest congregation I ever saw there. We used to have about a dozen at five in the morning. But on Friday 8, I suppose we had between forty and fifty. We set out between six and seven, hoping to reach Burntwood in the evening. But as we came thither some hours sooner than we expected, I judged it most advisable to push on. And the moon shining bright, we easily reached London soon after six o'clock.

Saturday 9. In answer to a very angry letter, lately published in the Gazetteer, I published the following:

To the Rev. Mr. CALEB EVANS.

Rev. Sir,

You affirm, 1. That I once "doubted whether the measures taken with respect to America could be defended either on the foot of law, equity, or prudence." I did doubt of this five years, nay indeed five months ago.

You affirm, 2. That I "declared (last year) the Americans were an *oppressed*, injured people." I do not remember that I did; but very possibly I might.

You affirm, 3. That I then "strongly recommended an argument for the exclusive right of the Colonies

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Colonies to tax themselves." I believe I did: but I am now of another mind.

You affirm, 4. "You say in the preface, *I never saw that book.*" I did say so. The plain case was, I had so entirely forgotten it, that even when I saw it again, I recollected nothing of it, till I had read several pages. If I had, I might have observed, that you borrowed more from Mr. P. than I did from Dr. Johnson. Though I know not whether I should have observed it, as it does not affect the merits of the cause.

You affirm, 5. "You say, *but I really believe he was told so.*" and add, "Supposing what I asserted was false, it is not easy to conceive what reason you could have for believing, *I was told so.*" My reason was, I believed you feared God, and therefore would not tell a wilful untruth: so I made the best excuse for you which I thought the nature of the thing would admit of. Had you not some reasons to believe this of me? and therefore to say (at least "*I hope he forgot it?*")

"But at this time I was perfectly *unknown* to you." No, *at this time* I knew you wrote that tract; but had I not, charity would have induced me to hope this, even of an entire stranger.

You now have my "feeble reply; and if you please to advance any new *argument*, (personal reflections I let go) you may perhaps receive a farther reply from

Your humble servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

London, Dec. 9.

I did not see your letter till this morning.

Monday 11. I began a little journey into Kent. In the evening I preached at Chatham, the next evening at Canterbury. I know not that ever I saw such a congregation there before. Tuesday 12. I preached at Dover. As many as could, squeezed into the house, and the rest went quietly away.

Thursday 14. I returned to Canterbury, and had a long conversation with that extraordinary man, Charles Perronet. What a mystery of providence!

G

Why:

Why is such a saint as this, buried alive by continual sickness? In the evening we had a larger congregation than before. I never saw the house thoroughly filled till now. And I am sure the people had now a call from God, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear.

Friday 15. In the evening I preached at Chatham, and on Saturday returned to London. In the evening I preached a kind of Funeral Sermon at Snow's-Fields, for that upright woman, Jane Bicknell. For many years she was a pattern of all holiness, and for the latter part of her life, of patience: yet as she laboured under an incurable and painful disorder, which allowed her little rest, day or night, the corruptible body pressed down the soul, and frequently occasioned much heaviness. But before she went the clouds dispersed, and she died in sweet peace: but not in such triumphant joy, as did Ann Davis, two or three weeks before. She died of the same disorder, but had withal for some years, racking pains in her head day and night, which in a while rendered her stone blind. Add to this, that she had a kind husband, who was continually reproaching her "for living so long," and cursing her for not "dying out of the way." Yet in all this she *did not charge God foolishly*; but meekly waited till her change should come.

To-day I read Dr. Beattie's Poems, certainly one of the best Poets of the age. He wants only the ease and simplicity of Mr. Pope.—I know one, and only one that has it.

Monday 18. I took another little journey, and in the evening preached at Bedford. Tuesday 19, I dragged on, through miserable roads, to St. Neots, and preached in a large room to a numerous congregation. Understanding, that almost all the Methodists, by the advice of Mr. ———, had left the Church, I earnestly exhorted them, to return to it. In the evening I preached at Godmanchester.

Wednesday 20. I preached at Luton; the next evening at Hertford, and on Friday morning returned to London.

This

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This day we observed as a day of fasting and prayer, and were much persuaded God will yet be intreated.

Thursday 29. I revised a volume of Latin poems wrote by a gentleman of Denmark. I was surprised. Most of the verses are not unworthy of the Augustan age! Among the rest, there is a translation of two of Mr. Pope's Epistles, line for line! And yet, in language, not only as pure as Virgil's but as elegant too!

Tuesday, January 2, 1776. Being prest to pay a visit to our brethren at Bristol, some of whom had been a little unsettled, by the patriots, so called. I set out early; but the roads were so heavy, that I could not get thither till night. I came just time enough not to see, but to bury poor Mr. Hall, my brother-in-law, who died on Wednesday morning, I trust, in peace; for God had given him deep repentance. Such another monument of divine mercy, considering how low he had fallen, and from what height of holiness, I have not seen, no not in seventy years! I had designed to visit him in the morning: but he did not stay for my coming. It is enough, if after all his wanderings, we meet again in Abraham's bosom.

F I N I S.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the transparency and accountability of the organization. The text outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data, ensuring that the information is reliable and up-to-date.

2. The second part of the document focuses on the implementation of the proposed changes. It details the steps involved in the process, from the initial planning stage to the final execution. The author highlights the challenges faced during the implementation and provides solutions to overcome them. The text also discusses the role of the management team in ensuring the successful completion of the project.

3. The third part of the document presents the results of the study. It includes a detailed analysis of the data collected, showing the impact of the proposed changes on the organization's performance. The author compares the results with the initial objectives and provides a clear conclusion on the effectiveness of the changes. The text also discusses the implications of the findings for future research and practice.

4. The fourth part of the document provides a summary of the key findings and conclusions. It reiterates the importance of accurate record-keeping and the successful implementation of the proposed changes. The author also provides recommendations for further research and practice, based on the findings of the study. The text concludes with a statement of the author's appreciation for the support and assistance provided by the management team and the research team.



